





James H. Prinsep.



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JOURNAL OF A NOBLEMAN.

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JOURNAL OF A NOBILMAN

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JOURNAL
OF A
NOBLEMAN;

COMPRISING AN ACCOUNT OF HIS

TRAVELS,

AND A

NARRATIVE OF HIS RESIDENCE

AT VIENNA,

DURING THE CONGRESS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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JOURNAL

OF A

NORFOLK MAN;

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF HIS

TRAVELS

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DURING THE CONGRESS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.



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INTRODUCTION.

THE sketches relating to the congress of Vienna which here follow the narrative of my travels, though embracing many curious facts and remarkable events, are intended as an introduction to a more extensive work on the same subject, which I may at a future day lay before the public.

An uninterrupted stay of several months in Vienna, during the memorable period of which this work will treat, had opened to me a field of observation from whence I have gathered materials not within the reach of every spectator of the

great drama of which that capital was made the principal scene.

Circumstances and localities both combined in affording peculiar facilities of remark to one situated as it was my good fortune to be. Each day seemed to pass with the rapidity of a moment, and each moment was fertile in incidents worth the experience of an age in ordinary times.

It was under the auspices of my relative and friend, the venerable Marshal Prince de Ligne, that I gained access to every thing that was worthy of notice. His rank and station, his seniority of age, his military and literary celebrity, and the personal friendship and esteem with which he was honoured by all the sovereigns assembled in Vienna, and other illustrious personages, gave him an universal access to, and consideration in the higher circles. His society was courted by all; and monarchs, sovereign princes, statesmen, great captains, and men distinguished in sciences and arts, daily crowded his *salons*.

The advantage of being led by such a guide,

and of hearing constantly his opinions and remarks on men and things, are considerations which induce me to think that the following pages will not be read without interest. They are written in a style suitable to the character of the sketches they embrace, and therefore differing in some respects from that of the narration of my travels. It has however been my object to render both instructive and amusing. It should be added that a few of these sketches have appeared in a periodical work.

CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction—Historical Sketch of Vienna—Description of the
City, &c. page 1

CHAPTER II.

The Prince de Ligne—His letter to Rousseau—Lord Glenbervie
—Count de Clary—Eugene Beauharnais—Emperor Alexander—
King of Prussia—Emperor of Austria—King of Bavaria—King of
Denmark—King of Wirtemberg—Prince Royal of Wirtemberg,
and the Duchess of Oldenburg—Prince Royal of Bavaria, and his
brother Prince Charles 9

CHAPTER III.

The Countess von Fuchs—Sir John Sinclair—Mr. George Sinclair
—Grand carousal at Vienna—The princesses of Courland—The

Canoness Kinski—Prince of Hesse-Homburg—Count Woina—The Prince de Ligne—The Prince de Lambesc—Count de Witt—Description of the Prater—General Tettenborn . . .	page 25
--	---------

CHAPTER IV

Romantic anecdote of the Prince de Ligne and the Empress Catherine—Mad. de Staël—Visit to Schœnbrun—Description of the castle and gardens—The Empress Maria Louisa—Mad. de Montesquiou—Napoleon's son, the young prince of Parma—Resemblance between his portrait and that of Joseph II.—Isabey, the painter—The king of Wirtemberg, &c.	38
--	----

CHAPTER V.

Party given by Princess Bagration—Drawing of a lottery after the manner of Louis XIV.'s court—The Grand-duke Constantine—The Emperor Alexander—Princess Maria Esterhazy—Count Capo d'Istria—Princess Wolkonsky—Princess Helena Suwaroff—Prince Ipsilanti—Prince de Ligne—General Ouwaroff—Count de Witt, &c.	51
--	----

CHAPTER VI.

A drive on the Prater—Lord Stewart—The Emperor Alexander—Duchess of Oldenburg—Prince Eugene Beauharnais—Prince Royal of Wirtemberg—Sir Sydney Smith—The Pacha of Widin—M. Luchesini—Prince Kos—ky — Ozeroff, the Russian poet . . .	64
---	----

CHAPTER VII.

Baron Ompteda—State of society in Vienna—Some distinguished characters—Romantic anecdote relative to Count and Countess Pletenberg	72
--	----

CHAPTER VIII.

M. Novossilsoff, the Russian statesman—Affairs of Poland—Prince de Ligne's opinion of, and writings on, the Poles—Count Arthur Potocki page 85

CHAPTER IX.

The Kalemberg—Prince de Ligne's country-house there—Prince Ipsilanti and the Greeks—Spot from which King Sobieski charged the army of the grand vizier, and saved Vienna—Prince de Ligne's interesting conversation 92

CHAPTER X.

Grand assembly at court—Living pictures—Dramatic romances—The Princess Esterhazy—The ex-queen of Holland—Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg's account of her—Diplomatic waltzing—Grand supper at court 105

CHAPTER XI.

Neapolitan diplomatists and others—Mausoleum of the Archduchess Christina—Facilities of meeting among the society at Vienna—Situation of the Neapolitan legation at the Congress—The Prater—Meeting with the Emperor Alexander and Prince Eugene 113

CHAPTER XII.

Prince Stahremberg—Prince Paul Sapiegha and Princess Sapiegha—More Remarks relative to Poland—Kosciusko 124

CHAPTER XIII.

Anecdote alluded to by Prince Stahremberg—Ruins of Durnstein—Unexpected meeting with a beautiful young girl among them—Her presence there accounted for page 133

CHAPTER XIV.

Masked ball at the Apollo Saal—The sovereigns *incognito* there—The king of Bavaria—His partiality for Count Rechberg—The minuet—Supper at the Saal 144

CHAPTER XV.

Introduction to Mr. R.—Isabey's unlucky leap—Narrow escape from Napoleon's resentment—Successful intercession of Josephine 156

CHAPTER XVI.

Mehl-Grub—Tombs of the royal family—Remarks thereon of Prince de Ligne—Anecdote of the Emperor Joseph—The Grand-duke Constantine—Monsieur Aïdé 164

CHAPTER XVII.

Particulars relative to my journey to Hamburg and Denmark—My *rencontre* in the park of Friedrichsberg—Interview with the

CONTENTS.

xiii

Crown Prince of Denmark—Some account of the bombardment of Copenhagen by Lord Nelson	page 178
--	----------

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Duke of Saxe Teschen's picture-gallery—The Emperor Alexander's inspection of it—Count Lucchesini—Dinner at Mr. Reilly's—Sir Sydney Smith—His mission at the congress—Mr. Reilly's ostentation—Loss of his wealth	190
--	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

Unexpected meeting with the Prince de Ligne—His amours, and notions about love—Count Zavadowski—His unlucky adventure	206
---	-----

CHAPTER XX.

Dinner at Prince Talleyrand's—His position at the congress—Some of his guests—The Duke of Richelieu—Count Pozzo di Borgo—Newly devised concert at court—Royal hunting party—The Empress of Austria's dexterity in shooting—Anecdote relative to the Queen Christina of Sweden	216
---	-----

CHAPTER XXI.

Dinner-party with some friends—Anecdotes related by them—Some particulars relative to Mr. Griffiths' Travels narrated by himself	228
--	-----

CHAPTER XXII.

The Court—Ridotto—Anecdote relative to Duport, the dancer—*Rencontre* with two fair masks—Sketch of M. de Talleyrand's career—Loss of opportunity—Consequences thereof—Prince Reuss's acknowledgment of the French republic—Humorous reply of M. de Talleyrand page 245

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Countess Z.'s scheme regarding Lord S.—Prince de Ligne's opinion of the Archduke Charles's military talents—Some account of Malmaison—Origin of the name given to that *château* . . . 258

CHAPTER XXIV.

Account of the celebrated tournament given at Vienna during congress—Lady Castlereagh wearing the insignia of the Order of the Garter as a diadem 273

CHAPTER XXV.

Visit to the porcelain manufactory, and to the imperial treasury—Account of a tournament in Sweden—Description of the battle of the bridge at Pisa 289

CHAPTER XXVI.

Some of Prince de Ligne's maxims—Prince Cz— —Claims preferred at the congress—Curious fête given to Lord S— —His lord-

CONTENTS.

XV

ship's splendid dinner in return—Discussion on London and Paris —Lord S—'s good manners	305
--	-----

CHAPTER XXVII.

Last moments of the Prince de Ligne—His death—Ceremonies observed at his funeral—Appendix	page 317
--	----------

CHAPTER I

THE first object of this work is to show the
importance of the study of the history of the
human mind.

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CHAPTER IV

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CHAPTER VI

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JOURNAL OF A NOBLEMAN

AT THE

CONGRESS OF VIENNA.

“ Enfin l’heure sonne, et des plaisirs, interprètes aussi sincères que gages éclatans des dispositions mutuelles les plus bienveillantes, introduisent gaiement les arbitres des destinées de l’Europe dans le sanctuaire où elles vont être décidées. . . . Le Congrès est ouvert.”—M. DE PRADT.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction—Historical Sketch of Vienna—Description of the City, &c.

WHEN the Abbé de Pradt made the Congress of Vienna the subject of a political work, he did not represent that memorable assembly in its most piquant point of view. He probably thought that minute detail might injure the imposing effect of his picture, and he therefore abstained from adverting to the private life of the actors in the grand drama. But in an assemblage which

confounded all ranks, and smoothed away all asperities, the hearts undesignedly laid open, and the traits of character unexpectedly developed, could not but afford a fertile source of interest to every observer of human nature.

The masters of the world and rulers of empires, who assembled at the Congress of Vienna, lived, for the first time, on a footing of intimacy with their equals; and cheerfully laying aside the burden of etiquette, they abandoned themselves without restraint to a varied series of amusements, leaving to able politicians the task of adjusting the future destinies of Europe.

Such complicated and important interests were certainly never before discussed amidst so much festivity and dissipation. A kingdom was dismembered or aggrandised at a ball—an indemnity granted at a dinner—a restitution proposed during a hunt—and a *bon mot*, or a happy observation, sometimes cemented a treaty which might otherwise have lingered through tedious discussion and correspondence. The most difficult transactions were arranged promptly and agreeably. Extraordinary couriers galloped in a few minutes from the cabinet of a king to the cabinet of an emperor, and with the rapidity of thought conveyed a conclusive answer to an important question.

The congress assumed the character of a grand solemnity for the celebration of the tranquillity of Europe. It was the festival of peace, and destined to restore that political equilibrium which the force of arms had so long suspended. The nations of Europe assembled at Vienna in the persons of their sovereigns, and negotiating through the medium of their most enlightened ministers, presented a unique spectacle perfectly in accordance with the extraordinary events that had occasioned it.

Meanwhile the hero of great catastrophes was once more preparing to appear upon the scene, surprised, no doubt, that the voice of reason was at length heard, and that treaties were concluded of a nature somewhat different from those which, for twenty years, he had been accustomed to ratify with his sword. He rekindled the brand of discord, and changed the aspect of those voluptuous scenes, upon which, in spite of ever-varying novelty, the languor of satiety was beginning to encroach.

I have often been surprised that no actor in the grand historical scene should have undertaken the task of describing a period calculated to excite such general curiosity. But most of them being engaged in discussing the great interests of man-

kind, devoted their attention wholly to that object—suffering all minor details to escape their observation. Subsequently, when the flame of the volcano was extinct, and things had resumed their proper level, some may have wished to retrace the scenes which I am about to describe; but not having taken notes on the spot, they have perhaps been discouraged by want of memory; justly conceiving that such a picture, however ably drawn, could excite no interest unless it bore the impress of truth. The artist who attempts to produce a landscape from recollection may steep his pencil in colours, but cannot accurately blend his tints on the canvass. Impressions which are not derived from their original source are like the rays reflected by our planet—they impart light, but not heat.

The congress was in full activity on my arrival at Vienna, which was about the middle of October, 1814. It was then reported that it would be speedily dissolved; but pleasure or business, which, I do not pretend to know, ordained it otherwise. Weeks and months passed away, and the sittings of the congress still continued. Sovereigns treating with each other like brothers, as Catherine the Great wished they should, amicably adjusted their little *family affairs*; and St.

Pierre's philosophic dream of a general peace seemed to be realised.

Before I introduce the reader to the *dramatis personæ* who figured at the congress, a brief sketch of the scene of action will not perhaps be deemed superfluous.

Vienna is situated on a plain surrounded by picturesque hills. The Danube, which intersects and partially surrounds this plain, branches off in various directions, and thus forms several little islands, on the most southern of which the Austrian capital is built. Vienna consists of two distinct portions : first, the city, which, being encircled by walls, bastions, and a dry ditch, is absolutely a fortress ; and, second, the suburbs, which are surrounded by a line of circumvallation, with barriers at the entries, and are separated from the city by a glacis, on which several pleasant promenades are formed. The most southern suburb, called Leopoldstadt, is detached from the town by one of the branches of the river.

The population of Vienna is estimated at between 280,000 and 300,000 individuals, 200,000 of whom occupy the suburbs.

The history of Vienna abounds in curious and interesting facts. It was for some time one of the stations of the Roman legions, and was successively a prey to the Goths and the Huns, until,

in 791, Charlemagne united it to the empire of the Franks.

Under the dominion of the margraves and dukes the city was gradually enlarged and fortified. Duke Rudolph IV. founded the University, which four centuries afterwards Maria Theresa raised to such importance. In 1484 the Hungarians became masters of Vienna, where their king, Mathias, established his court. Maximilian having been received there as archduke, Vienna became the residence of the house of Austria. In 1529 it was unsuccessfully besieged by the Turks ; but in 1583 the Vizir Kara Mustapha would undoubtedly have become master of it, had not John Sobieski, with his Poles, marched to the aid of Leopold. From that time, during the successive reigns of Joseph I., Charles IV., Maria Theresa, Joseph II., Leopold II., and the present emperor, public buildings and useful institutions have multiplied beyond calculation. In 1797 Vienna was threatened with siege by the French ; but the danger was averted by the treaty of Leoben. The French, however, became masters of the place in 1803 ; and again in 1809, after the victory gained by Napoleon over Archduke Charles. Since that time the Austrians, convinced of the impossibility of effectually defending a city commanded on all sides, have con-

verted its ramparts to more tranquil and agreeable uses than those for which they were originally destined.

The streets of Vienna are as narrow as those in the towns of Italy ; but the houses of many persons of rank are magnificent, and not inferior to the palaces of Florence. Vienna is in fact quite unlike the rest of Germany, except in a few old buildings, which recall recollections of the middle ages. Of these, the most remarkable is the Tower of St. Stephen, which majestically rears its head above all the other churches of the city. It was commenced in the year 1144, by Margrave Henry II., and it is said that its completion occupied two centuries. This venerable structure is in some measure connected with the history of Austria. The tomb of Prince Eugene is erected in the chapel of the Holy Cross, which forms part of St. Stephen's Tower.

Vienna contains some good squares. On the Graben is erected a monument in commemoration of the cessation of the plague, which ravaged the city in 1679 ; and St. Joseph's Square is adorned with an equestrian statue of the philosophic prince whose name it bears, and whose memory will live eternally in the hearts of his subjects. There are, besides, many remarkable monuments of antiquity and art, which I will

notice in connection with the circumstances I am about to describe.

A friend of mine had resided for some years at Vienna; and on my arrival at his magnificent residence, the Jægerzeil, I found all the *comfort* which he had brought from his native country in reality as well as in name.

After giving vent to the first effusions of friendship, a traveller (unless, indeed, he be one of the inquisitive species mentioned by Sterne) will always be impatient to enjoy a night's rest. I accordingly betook myself to bed as early as I could, full of the joyful anticipation of becoming a spectator in a scene to which history presented no parallel.

CHAPTER II.

The Prince de Ligne—His letter to Rousseau—Lord Glenbervie—Count de Clary—Eugene Beauharnais—Emperor Alexander—King of Prussia—Emperor of Austria—King of Bavaria—King of Denmark—King of Wirtemberg—Prince Royal of Wirtemberg, and the Duchess of Oldenburg—Prince Royal of Bavaria, and his brother Prince Charles.

DR. JOHNSON somewhere says, in allusion to the great wall of China, that the grandson of a man who has seen it has some reason to be proud of the circumstance. This, I think, is an exaggeration no less oriental than the object to which it refers ; and the remark might, perhaps, with more justice be applied to great men and memorable events. For my own part, I must confess I am proud of having been at the Congress of Vienna ; for though I had not the honour of being acquainted with all the illustrious individuals who assisted at that memorable assemblage, yet, if a recollection of their persons prompts to an imi-

tation of their characters and conduct, it cannot be a matter of indifference even to have seen them.

The day after my arrival I went to pay my respects to the Prince de Ligne,* who readily con-

* Charles Joseph, Prince de Ligne, who was born at Brussels in 1735, was descended from a family celebrated in the history of the Netherlands for several centuries. He entered the army in 1752, and made his first campaign in 1757. In 1758 he was engaged at the victory of Hochkirchen, and gained his rank of colonel on the field of battle. He was made a major-general at the coronation of Joseph II., and he had the honour to accompany that sovereign on his interview with Frederick II. in 1776. In the following year he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general. On the conclusion of peace he returned to France. His amiable character and chivalrous manners rendered him a great favourite at Versailles, where he had already made a distinguished figure in 1759. Queen Marie Antoinette received him with marked condescension. At Versailles he became acquainted with the Marchioness de Coigny, to whom he addressed, from the banks of the Boristhenes, the most remarkable portion of his correspondence. When he was sent to Russia, in 1782, his talent and fine person distinguished him among the courtiers of the Empress Catherine. She made him a field-marshal, and permitted him to accompany her on her journey to the Crimea. Joseph II. having conferred upon him the rank of general of artillery, he joined Prince Potemkin, who was then besieging Oczakow. In the following year he took the command of a corps of the Austrian army, and shared with Laudon the glory of taking Belgrade. This was the close of his military career. The revolution of the Netherlands deprived him of his property; a misfortune which he bore with most philosophic fortitude. The Emperor Francis made him a captain of the Trabans in 1807, and a marshal in 1808, and he

descended to be my guide and instructor, whenever circumstances brought me near him. I was of course delighted at the opportunity of being aided by his intelligence in observing the interesting picture I was now about to behold; and I was therefore the more sensible to the friendly reception I experienced from him.—“ You have come just at the right moment,” said he. “ All Europe is here; and if you are fond of fêtes and balls, you will have enough of them, I promise you; for dancing is the chief business at the

always presided at the council of the order of Maria Theresa. In the latter part of his life he devoted himself entirely to literary occupation. His collected works are published in thirty volumes. Many of them have attained considerable celebrity, particularly those in which he describes the events of which he was a witness, and the distinguished individuals he intimately knew.

My grand-uncle, the Marquis de C * * *, having married a Princess de Ligne,* I have the honour of being allied to that illustrious family. When I first went to Vienna, in 1807, the prince received me as a relative, and introduced me at court and every where as his cousin. At subsequent periods when I visited Vienna, he invariably treated me with parental kindness. I always listened to him with deep interest when he conversed about the good old time, of which he had seen so much, and he took pleasure in storing my mind with his excellent advice, and the fruits of his long experience.

* It was at the residence of the Duchess du Maine, in the Arsenal, that the Marquis de C. was married to the Princess Claire de Ligne. The nuptial ceremony was performed by the Cardinal Polignac, the Marquis's maternal uncle.

congress.* There is absolutely a royal mob here. Every one is exclaiming *peace! justice! equilibrium! indemnity!* Who is to clear the chaos and stem the torrent of pretension, I know not. As for me, I am a quiet looker-on. At any rate, all the indemnity I shall ask for is a new hat; for I have worn one out in bowing to the sovereigns, whom I meet at the corner of every street. But in spite of Robinson Crusoe,† a general peace will be concluded by the representatives of the nations of Europe, who now unanimously exclaim *cedant arma togæ.*”

While he was questioning me about Paris, my family, my journey, and my projects, a servant came in to inform him that his carriage was ready. “Come and dine with me to-morrow,” said he, “and in the evening we will go to the Ridotto, where reason wears the mask of folly. I will show you all the curiosities of the great figured tapestry. You will see many people you have known in other places, and you will be convinced that if Austria has ever been conquered, it is not in hospitality.”

The prince kept up the old-fashioned practice of dining early, and I accordingly arrived at his

* Le congrès danse et ne marche pas.

† Thus the Prince de Ligne nicknamed Napoleon, in allusion to his abode at the Isle of Elba.

residence, on the ramparts, about four o'clock. We were soon summoned to dinner, at which all the prince's family assembled. The repast, like the suppers of the celebrated Madame Scarron,* certainly required the seasoning of interesting conversation. His highness himself did full honour to the light dishes that were served; yet he so completely possessed the art of engaging the minds of his guests, that it was not until they rose from table that they became fully sensible of the *spiritualité* of the entertainment.

On our return to the drawing-room we found some visitors assembled. They were almost all persons of distinction from different parts of Europe, who, being in Vienna, sought an introduction to the living monument of the past age, were it only for the sake of saying "I have seen the Prince de Ligne." They listened with great interest to his anecdotes and *bon mots*, with which, no doubt, they afterwards enlivened other saloons. Some, who pretended to place themselves on a level with him, annoyed him with

* Madam de Maintenon, when the wife of Scarron the poet, was accustomed to give suppers twice a week at her house in the Place Royal, to all the *beaux esprits* of the time. Scarron's circumstances did not afford her the means of providing very liberally for the entertainment of her guests, and when the banquet happened to be more scanty than usual, her servant would whisper in her ear, "*Encore une histoire, Madame, le rôti nous manque.*"

trifling questions and insipid remarks. Of this class of people he used to say, "There is no greater proof of mediocrity of mind than that whispering of secrets, and grave discussion of trifles which takes place in the embrasures of windows, where newspaper stories are repeated, and declared to be private intelligence. How unfortunate it is to come in contact with people whose conversation is like a picture wanting breadth!"*

The prince having made his escape from one of these dull groups, stepped up to his grandson, the Count de Clary, with whom I was at that moment speaking: "I recollect," said he, "once writing a letter to Jean Jacques Rousseau, which I commenced with these words: 'As I know you dislike both importuners and importunity,' &c.†

* The prince had lived sufficiently at Vienna to conceive disgust for the practice which he here censures. Austrian statesmen and diplomatists are, above all other men in Europe, most given to hole-and-corner conversations on the merest trifles. To them it is next to high treason to discuss politics or government affairs of the most trivial nature otherwise than with an appearance of mystery, or in the tone of confidential conversation.

† When I met Lord Glenbervie at Bath, shortly before his death, he informed me that the Prince de Ligne wrote the letter here alluded to at his lordship's apartments in Paris. This letter excited a good deal of interest at the time. It was written on a piece of paper in which some chocolate had been wrapped, and was as follows:

There are some persons here to whom one might very aptly address such a hint; but they are so dull that they would not take it. Suppose we

“ I, Sir, am the person who called on you the other day. I will not repeat my visit, much as I long to do so, because I know that you dislike importunity and importuners.

“ Pray consider of the proposition I have made. The people in my country cannot read, therefore you will neither be admired nor persecuted.

“ You shall be free of my library and my pleasure-grounds. You may see me or not, as you please. You shall have a little country house to yourself, at a quarter of a league from mine, where you may plant and sow, or do any thing you like.

“ Jean Baptiste and his talent died in Flanders; but he only wrote poetry. Jean Jacques and his genius will live there. Beneath my roof, or let me rather say your own, continue—*vitam suspendere vero*. If you would prefer being still more at liberty, I have a little bit of land entirely independent, and where some of the finest sheep in the world are grazing.

“ At the other habitation which I offer you there is a colony of bees. If you like I will leave them; if not, they shall be removed elsewhere. However, their republic will treat you better than the Genevese, which has so ill requited you for the honour you reflect upon it.

“ Like you, I am no lover of thrones or arbitrary government. You will rule nobody, and nobody will rule you. If you accept my offer, I will myself come and fetch you, and conduct you to the Temple of Virtue, which will be the name of your retreat, though we will not call it so. I will spare your modesty the compliments you so well deserve.

“ If all this should not be agreeable to you, Sir, let it be supposed that I have said nothing. I shall not see you, but I shall continue to read and admire you, without telling you so.”

escape to society more congenial to our taste. Follow me ; I will show you how to take leave *à la Française*." So saying, this extraordinary man, though then in his eightieth year, tripped out of the room as lightly as a page ; and when seated in his carriage, laughed heartily at the boyish trick he had played, and the disappointment that would be experienced by some of the *beaux parleurs* when they turned round to see whether he was listening to them.

About nine o'clock we reached the Imperial Palace, called the *Burg*, where the Ridotto balls are held. The large room, which was splendidly lighted, was encircled by a gallery leading to the supper rooms. Round the principal room was seated an elegant assemblage of ladies, some in dominos, and some in fancy dresses, while bands of music, stationed at certain distances round the circle, alternately performed waltzes and Polonaises. In the adjoining rooms some of the company, who were dancing minuets with true German gravity, formed by no means the least comical part of the picture.

Vienna, as the prince had truly observed, now presented an epitome of Europe, and the Ridotto might be said to be an epitome of Vienna. It is impossible to conceive any thing more singular than this multitude, partly masked and partly

unmasked, amidst which the rulers of mankind were seen, mingling in the crowd without any sort of distinction. "Observe," said the prince, "that graceful and martial figure who is walking with Eugene Beauharnais :* that is the Emperor Alexander. Yonder tall, dignified-looking man, on whose arm a fair Neapolitan is playfully hanging, is no less a personage than the king of Prussia. The lively mask, who seems to put his majesty's gravity somewhat to the test, is perhaps an empress, or perhaps a *grisette*. Beneath that Venetian habit, which but ill disguises the amiable affability of the crowned Amphitryon, you see our emperor, the representative of the most paternal despotism that ever existed. Here is Maximilian, king of Bavaria, in whose open countenance you may read the expression of his excellent heart. On the throne he does not forget his former rank of colonel in the French service, and he entertains for his subjects the same paternal affection which he once cherished for each private of his regiment. Beside him you see a little pale man, with an

* When Prince Eugene arrived at Vienna with his father-in-law, the king of Bavaria, the court of Austria evinced some hesitation as to the rank that was to be assigned to him. However, the Emperor Alexander and the king of Bavaria expressed their sentiments so decidedly on this point, that it was agreed he should receive the honours due to the son-in-law of a powerful monarch.

aquiline nose and fair hair: that is the king of Denmark, whose cheerful manners and happy repartees enliven the royal parties. He is called the *Lustig** of the sovereign brigade. Judging from the simplicity of his manners, and the perfect happiness which his little kingdom enjoys, one would never imagine him to be the most absolute monarch in Europe. Such, nevertheless, is the fact; and in Denmark the royal carriage is preceded by an equerry armed with a loaded carbine, and the king, as he drives along, may, if he choose, order any of his subjects to be shot. That colossal figure, whose bulk is not diminished by the ample folds of his domino, is the king of Wirtemberg. Near him stands his

* *Lustig*, which means a merry fellow, is the name given in the German regiments to the soldier who amuses his comrades by his gaiety and humour. This title was very appropriately given to the king of Denmark at the Congress of Vienna. Political considerations had prejudiced against him most of the sovereigns in the early part of the congress; but his agreeable manners, his ready wit, and unaffected humour, soon gained for him the best wishes of his brother monarchs. When about to quit Vienna, the Emperor Alexander, who had conceived an affectionate regard for him, in taking leave said to him, "Sire, you carry all hearts away with you." The king unhesitatingly replied with a good-natured smile, "Hearts, perhaps, Sire; but not a single soul." This witty allusion to the unprofitable part he had taken in the proceedings of the congress can hardly undergo translation without losing its force.

son, the prince royal, whose attachment to Catherine, Grand-duchess of Oldenburg, detains him at the congress, where he shows himself more anxious to please the lady of his heart than intent on the arrangement of interests which will one day be his own. Those two young men who have just passed us, are the prince royal of Bavaria, and his brother Prince Charles. The head of the latter may vie with that of the Antinous; and the taste of the other for literature and the fine arts, which he cultivates with success, promises to Bavaria an illustrious reign. This crowd of people, as various in dress as in appearance, who are buzzing about in every direction, are either reigning princes, archdukes, or dignitaries of different countries. With the exception of a few Englishmen, who are easily distinguishable by the richness of their dresses, I do not perceive a single individual who has not a title tacked to his name. But now I think I have sufficiently introduced you, so you may go and work your own way; always recollecting that in any case of difficulty I am at hand to pilot you."

The Prince de Ligne now left me, and as I sauntered through the rooms, I met numbers of persons with whom I had been acquainted in different parts of the world, from Naples to St.

Petersburg, and from Stockholm to Constantinople. I felt, as if for the first time, all the fascination of a masked ball. The music, the general incognito, the intrigues which it was calculated to favour, the unrestrained gaiety, and the whole combination of enchantments, had well-nigh turned my head. I soon found myself amidst a group of friends, among whom were Zibini, Rouen, Bulgari, Borel, Cariati, and Rechberg. We agreed to sup together, in order to make arrangements for meeting each other every day during our stay in Vienna. My English friend Mr. Griffiths, who had been long searching for me in the crowd, joined us. He was also accompanied by several friends; and after amusing ourselves for an hour or two, a party of about twenty of us sat down to conclude the evening with a good supper.

“How came you here? where have you been? what have you been doing since last we met?”—were the questions which all eagerly addressed to me; and I was equally impatient to question my interrogators on what concerned them. One who had been only a lieutenant when I last saw him was now a general; another who had been attached to an embassy was now himself an ambassador. Most of them were adorned with the decorations they had won by

their courage and talents; and amidst the effervescence of gaiety and champagne, some of them began to relate their adventures. From what fell from them, I could easily perceive that they had all drawn a prize from the wheel of fortune. Griffiths and I being anxious to hear their curious histories at a more convenient time and place, engaged them all, in turn, to visit the Jægerzeil. As Nature dispenses her flowers on spring, it would seem that Fortune loves to bestow her favours on youth; for the oldest of my friends was not yet thirty.

Zibini, about whom I felt most curiosity, was engaged to breakfast with us next morning. Just as I had finished dressing, I saw him enter the court-yard in a brilliant uniform of the hussars of the imperial guard, which, with its gay colours and profusion of gold lace, admirably became his handsome little figure. On our return from a journey to the Crimea, we parted at Tulczim,—he to follow the Countess Potocka to St. Petersburg, and I to join the Duke de Richelieu at Odessa. Since then, to the time of my meeting him in Vienna, scarcely eighteen months had elapsed. When we parted, he had not entered the army; he was now a lieutenant-colonel, aide-de-camp to General Ozarowski, and decorated with several orders. “Yes,” said Zibini,

on my expressing surprise and satisfaction at his altered circumstances, “I am not yet twenty-three years of age ; but when Fortune determines to waft us into port, she fills the sails with a steady breeze, and is often quite indifferent to the age or even to the merit of her favourite. On my arrival at St. Petersburg, I found that lounging in drawing-rooms would lead neither to fame nor fortune. The army offered every chance, and I accordingly entered the service, uncommissioned, as a volunteer. My relationship to Adjutant-General Ozarowski procured me an ensigncy at the opening of the campaign. For every thing else I am indebted to mere accident.”—“Not exactly to accident, Zibini,” observed I, “if I may judge by that cross of St. George which you wear on your breast, and which, in Russia, I know is only conferred as the reward of the highest merit.”—“Though,” replied he, “I received it from the hands of the emperor himself on the field of battle, it is nevertheless a convincing proof of those unforeseen chances to which I have just alluded. You shall hear how I got it. My general said to me one morning, ‘Zibini, take fifty cossacks and scour the adjacent country ; the enemy is retreating, and you will pick up a few stragglers.’ I mounted my horse, and followed by my men, proceeded along the high road, re-

garding the excursion merely as a matter of form. I was not more than a league from the camp, when one of the cossacks coming up to me, said, 'Captain, do you not perceive something black concealed yonder among the reeds? It may be men or booty.'—'Go and see,' said I. Off he galloped, and in a few minutes he was in the midst of the marsh, cutting his way through the reeds, and exclaiming: 'Captain! Captain! it is artillery which the enemy has left behind him!'

"We hastened to the spot, where we found buried in the mud sixteen pieces of cannon, which the enemy no doubt hoped would escape our observation. I ordered my troop to dismount: the horses were harnessed to the carriages; and a few hours after I left the camp I returned master of a whole park of artillery.

"The emperor was not far off, and the general directed me to carry him the intelligence myself; attributing to me all the merit of a capture which was entirely the work of chance. Alexander having read the report, alighted from his horse, and taking my hand said: 'Captain Zibini, I make you a major;' and unfastening his cross of St. George, he tied it to my button-hole. My subsequent prosperity has been the natural consequence of this event. I have received other decorations; and as if Fortune had determined to over-

whelm me with her bounty, I have won no less than five hundred thousand roubles at play." I congratulated him on the rapid succession of good fortune he had experienced, and during breakfast he mentioned some other circumstances, which, though not in themselves interesting, served to confirm me in the opinion, that human destiny is oftener than is generally supposed, the work of chance.

"It is twelve o'clock," said Zibini, as he rose from table; "and the pleasure of conversing with an old friend must not make me forget that a chapter of the order of St. George is to be held to-day, and that the emperor afterwards gives a dinner to the knights. As I am the last on whom the decoration has been conferred, I have certain duties to perform, the honour of which I cannot forego for any consideration whatever. Farewell," added he; "forgive my hasty departure; but I hope it is understood that we are to see each other every day as we did at Moscow, at Tulczim, and in the Crimea. We have only exchanged the fraternity of arms for the fraternity of pleasure."

With these words he lightly sprung across his horse, which was waiting for him in the courtyard, and set off at a gallop, his elegant plume floating in the air like a comet's tail.

CHAPTER III.

The Countess von Fuchs—Sir John Sinclair—Mr. George Sinclair—Grand carousal at Vienna—The princesses of Courland—The Canoness Kinski—Prince of Hesse-Homburg—Count Woina—The Prince de Ligne—The Prince de Lambèse—Count de Witt—Description of the Prater—General Tettenborn.

I NOTE down only my recollections ; and it is no part of my plan to notice political events, which, however interesting and important, are now too well known and understood to require further detail. Besides, the right developement of such matters belongs properly to the province of history ; and my aim is merely to paint a few cabinet pictures, whose chief merit will be their accurate representation of reality.

As soon as Zibini left me I went to pay a visit to the Countess von Fuchs, at her residence, the Wall-zeil, where I had left a circle of valued friends when I last quitted Vienna. The countess, as lovely and amiable as ever, received me with as

much kindness as in 1808. I now found her surrounded by a family of beautiful children. She introduced me to her sister, the Countess von Pletenberg, wife of the reigning count of that name. Here, as at the Ridotto, I was overwhelmed with questions. I had to relate my adventures in Russia, my shipwreck in the Black Sea, the danger I had incurred during the plague at Constantinople; and in return I received short biographical accounts of some of my acquaintance, whom, I was happy to learn, fortune had not neglected. Nostitz, Tettenborn, Walmoden, and Hesse-Homburg, were now lieutenants-general; Borel, Palhem, and Omteda, were ministers; and others, though less celebrated, had not been less favoured. "Your friend, Mr. Griffiths," said the countess, "is still in Vienna. He is riveted here by links which are not easily broken. But what has become of the young Englishman, Mr. Sinclair, whose adventure with Bonaparte excited so much interest in Vienna?"*—"I have not seen him," I

* Shortly before the battle of Jena Mr. George Sinclair, on his way to Vienna, was arrested by some French scouts, and conveyed to the head-quarters of the French army. "Whence do you come? and where are you going?" inquired Bonaparte, in that tone of voice which usually preceded a sentence of death. "I have come from the University of Jena," was the reply, "and am proceeding to Vienna, where I shall find letters and orders from my father."—"And who is your father?"—"Sir John Sinclair."—"Sir John

replied, “ since we parted here ; but Lady Davy, whom I met last year at the palace of the archbishop of Tarentum in Naples, informed me that he is now a member of the English House of Commons, and a distinguished speaker on the opposition side.”

Our conversation was broken off by the entrance of the princesses of Courland and the Canoness Kinski, who were accompanied by General Tetenborn. I was delighted at this accidental opportunity of again meeting the beautiful Duchess de Sagan, and the lively and intelligent canoness. The conversation turned on the congress, and the foreigners who had come to Vienna to attend it, of whom some received praise, and others censure.

The Prince of Hesse-Homburg and the young Count Woina were announced ; and they brought intelligence of the preparations that were making for a grand carousal, which was to take place in

Sinclair?—He who writes on agriculture?”—“ The same, sire.” Napoleon said something to General Duroc, and then continued his interrogatory in a somewhat milder tone. Mr. Sinclair, who was at this time scarcely eighteen years of age, joined to a prepossessing person a vast fund of information on geography and history, and was well acquainted with the genealogy of all the sovereign houses of Germany. His acquirements astonished Bonaparte ; who, after conversing with him for two hours, told Duroc to let him be escorted to the advanced posts, and allowed to continue his journey. This unexpected favour was the more flattering to Mr. Sinclair, inasmuch as he was indebted for it entirely to his own merit.

the imperial mews, and which they said would be one of the finest spectacles ever witnessed. All the engravings and descriptions of the celebrated carousals of the reign of Louis XIV. had been consulted, in order to give all possible *éclat* to the entertainment. The Countess Edmund Perigord, (before her marriage Princess of Courland,) who was one of twenty-four ladies appointed to preside at the fête, observed that the dresses prepared for the occasion would surpass in magnificence all that was recorded of the luxury of the ladies of the court of the *Grand Monarque*. “I really believe,” said she, “that we shall wear all the pearls and diamonds of Hungary, Bohemia, and Austria. Some of the ladies presidents have even put the ornaments of their relations under requisition; and family jewels which have not seen the light for a century past, will be worn on this occasion.”

“Next to the ladies,” said the young Count Woina, “whose presence will of course form the principal attraction, our superb horses will, I am sure, claim their share of admiration. Some of them will show their paces, and walk minuets as gracefully as court cavaliers.” While the count was describing the colours of the different quadrilles, and quoting some of the devices adopted by the champions, Tettenborn drew me aside,

observing, "We have a great deal to say to each other, and this is not the proper place to commence our communications. But meet me at three o'clock in the grand alley of the Prater, and we will go and dine together at the Augarten. There we can converse without interruption."

The princesses having departed, escorted by Tettenborn, the Countess von Fuchs kindly invited me to spend my evenings at her house whenever I should not be otherwise engaged. After taking leave of her, I hastened to call on the Prince de Ligne, being anxious to avail myself of every moment he might be pleased to devote to me.

It was rather late when I arrived, and I found the prince just stepping into his carriage, in company with the Prince de Lambèse, who was so celebrated in the early part of the French revolution.* They were going to Schoenbrun to see the son of Napoleon, and invited me to accompany them. This invitation, however, I was obliged to decline, as I could not have returned in time to keep my appointment with Tettenborn. "I shall be there again to-morrow," said the Prince de Ligne, "and if you can go then I

* The Prince de Lambèse, who entered the Austrian service with the permission of Louis XVI., still bears the title of grand equerry of France.

will announce you to Madame de Montesquiou ; for you must know I perform, *ad honores*, the duty of grand chamberlain to the little duke, who was born a king. “ At what hour shall I wait upon you ? ” I inquired. “ At eleven,” said he, pressing my hand ; and we parted.

As I was returning home to order my horse I met the Count de Witt, who turned and walked a short way with me. I expressed my surprise at the prodigious number of carriages which drove past us, alike in form and colour, some with two, and others with four horses, and all adorned with the imperial arms. “ The Emperor of Austria,” said the count, “ wishing that none of the sovereigns, or persons of their suite, should use any carriages but his, has ordered three hundred to be prepared all alike ; and at every hour of the day and night they are at the service of our illustrious visitors.” As we were crossing the bridge of the Danube, General Ouwaroff took the count’s arm, upon which I bade him adieu, and soon after I was galloping on the Prater.

Numbers of court carriages, vehicles of every description, horsemen and pedestrians, diffused animation over one of the most charming spots of which any city can boast. No park or public promenade in Europe presents such a combination of attractions as the Prater. The numerous

coffee-houses, to which the inhabitants of Vienna resort for recreation after the labours of the day, and the various amusements, suited to the taste of every age, present the aspect of a perpetual fair, held beneath the shade of beautiful plantations of trees. The luxury of all the different states adjacent to Austria seems collected in the wide alley of chestnut-trees, which is continually crowded with splendid equipages, and equestrians mounted on horses of every breed, displaying their horsemanship with true Hungarian skill. In a modest-looking phaeton the sovereign of these vast dominions drives his young and charming consort with as little ostentation as a humble tradesman; while a hired cabriolet unceremoniously whisks past him, and is in its turn outstripped by a Bohemian magnat, or a Polish palatin driving four-in-hand. The variety of objects, the bustle and the gaiety which, though increased by the crowd of foreigners, was still tempered by German gravity, presented altogether an interesting and curious picture. It was a scene of Teniers, in a landscape of Ruysdall, and beneath a sky of Claude. At the extremity of the alley the majestic waves of the Danube heighten the magical effect of the picture; and when on a fine spring evening the fumes of Turkish coffee penetrate through the trees of the Lust-Haus, every sense is gratified,

and one cannot help reflecting, that while every thing cloyes and wearies in the circle of artificial enjoyments, nature alone presents charms ever fresh and imperishable.

From a reverie of this sort I was roused by the appearance of my friend Tettenborn, who immediately introduced a very different train of ideas. "We must make the best of our way to the Augarten," said he, "where I have ordered dinner. It is a rare thing to get a good dinner from any of the Vienna restaurateurs; but I have some little influence among them, and Jann has promised me to do his best." Our repast was indeed remarkable for quantity rather than quality. However, we had a good dessert; and when the tokay was introduced Tettenborn commenced his story as follows:—

"Since I last saw you the incidents of my life have succeeded each other no less rapidly than the events which gave rise to them. You know that I accompanied Prince Schwartzenberg on his embassy to France. I was in Paris at the time of the birth of the young King of Rome, and I was despatched as a courier to communicate the intelligence to the Emperor of Austria."—"I know it," observed I; "and I recollect having seen it stated in the newspapers that you performed the journey (a distance of three hundred and twenty

leagues) in four days and a half.”—“That is easily accounted for,” replied he. “From Paris to Strasburg I rode Prince Schwartzenberg’s race-horses; and from the Austrian frontier to Vienna, Prince Joseph of Schwartzenberg ordered relays to be stationed for my accommodation. I need not enter into any detail of the gay life I led in Paris after my return. France was then in the zenith of her prosperity and glory, and the Austrian embassy enjoyed the marked favour of the court. Fêtes succeeded each other with no less spirit than they now do here. Amidst the universal revelry, I unfortunately neglected to balance my expenditure with my receipts. My creditors became impatient, and I soon found that the only means of extricating myself from embarrassment was to quit the scene of temptation. From the enchanting saloons of Paris I withdrew to the barracks of my regiment, then garrisoned at Baden; and, in truth, if I had retired to a convent of the Trappistes, the transition could not have been greater. I had been for some time in this sort of expiatory quarrantine, when the torch of war suddenly blazed over the whole continent of Europe. I determined to take part in the general conflict, being heartily tired of a life so utterly at variance with all my former habits. At Baden I was quartered with Baron — —, whom I had known from my boyhood, and who was a major in my

regiment. He like myself perceived that there was but little chance of rapid promotion in the Austrian service. 'Baron,' said I to him one day, 'we have now a good opportunity to try our fortune. Suppose we enter the Russian army as partisans. The service will not be hard; we shall be well paid, and in all probability get rapidly advanced. Besides, I would a thousand times rather trust to fate than continue the life I am leading here. I shall set off. What say you? Will you go with me?' It often happens that one moment in the course of life decides our future destiny. The baron declined the proposition, and I set out alone. Alas! he often afterwards repented that he did not accompany me."*

"No doubt," interrupted I, "when the reports of your success were spread abroad, regret and disappointment turned his brain. He lodged at the inn at which I put up at Gesth on my return from Constantinople, and he blew out his brains

* Count Las Cases, in his "Journal of the Life and Conversations of Napoleon at St. Helena," recounts this further instance of the uncertainty of destiny:—

"Serrurier and the younger Hedouville, as Napoleon informed him, while proceeding together to emigrate into Spain, were encountered by a party of patrol. Hedouville, by means of his youth and activity, escaped over the frontier, and thought himself lucky in being able to pass a miserable existence in Spain. Serrurier, compelled to fly back into the interior, and full of despair at the circumstance, became afterwards a marshal of France.

in a chamber adjoining mine.”—“ I deeply deplore his melancholy end,” said Tettenborn. “ He was a sincere friend and a brave officer, and had he followed my example, I doubt not that fortune would have been as favourable to him as to me. But we must float with the current if we wish to be carried forward. On joining the Russian army, I received orders to raise a regiment of Hanoverians. I speedily organised it : it was placed under my command ; and three months after my departure from Baden I was signing commissions for a rank equal to that which I had myself held in the Austrian service. I was soon made a major-general, and you have probably learned from the newspapers that I was lucky enough to capture Bonaparte’s military chest. A portion of its contents fell to my lot by way of reward.

“ When Davoust evacuated Hamburg the command of that place devolved on me. I abolished many of the severe regulations which the French marshal thought it necessary to introduce ; and the inhabitants, in token of their gratitude, presented me with the freedom of their city in a splendid gold box.

“ Glory and rewards now crowded thick upon me. I received the decorations of most of the military orders of knighthood ; and the allied sovereigns, to crown the liberality they had evinced

towards me, have bestowed on me the estates of two convents in Westphalia, the revenues of which amount to forty thousand florins per annum. This accumulation of good fortune has of course released me from pecuniary difficulty, and my creditors have not been the last to rejoice at my success. I am now a reformed rake, and on the point of being married. My intended bride is a lady to whom I have long been ardently attached; and though the *dénouement* of my romance may be somewhat abrupt, it will not, I hope, on that account prove the less happy."

"I congratulate you, my dear Tettenborn," said I; "and all who know you will, I am sure, heartily rejoice at your happiness. When fortune smiles on men like you one can scarcely help regarding it as a favour conferred on oneself."

We sat chatting together in this manner, without thinking how time flew, and it was nine o'clock before we reached the Carlenthur theatre, which we had agreed to visit that evening. The performance was Haydn's oratorio of the creation. The house was splendidly lighted, and the boxes were hung with magnificent draperies. Several of the boxes were set aside for the sovereigns, and the rest were occupied by the *corps diplomatique*. As to the pit, it exhibited such a blaze of decorations, that it might have been called a pit of

knights, as the pit of the Erfurt theatre was called a pit of kings and princes. "It must not be inferred," said Tettenborn, "that all these cordons are the just rewards of merit. Eminent distinctions are like the pyramids, only to be reached by two sorts of beings, reptiles and eagles."

We did not stay till the conclusion of the oratorio, though the performance exhibited all that perfection in which instrumental music is invariably executed at Vienna. We concluded the evening by supping with the Countess von Fuchs, at whose house I found assembled a circle of friends, who had not suffered absence to obliterate me from their recollection.

CHAPTER IV.

Romantic anecdote of the Prince de Ligne and the Empress Catherine—Mad. de Staël—Visit to Schoenbrun—Description of the castle and gardens—The Empress Maria Louisa—Mad. de Montesquiou—Napoleon's son, the young prince of Parma—Resemblance between his portrait and that of Joseph II.—Isabey, the painter—The king of Wirtemberg, &c.

IT would seem that the sun daily rises only to shed light on that strength which in every condition of human society is so greatly abused. Man, at his birth, is endowed with a tyrannical instinct, which, when restrained, becomes a misfortune to himself; and, when gratified, is a source of misery to others. For example: if sovereigns indulge in the full plenitude of their power, they become the tyrants of their subjects; to whom they in their turn fall victims, if they use their authority with moderation and indulgence. A just medium cannot be observed. Masters and

slaves, tyranny and servitude, weakness and violence—such are the elements of which this world is composed !*

When I called to keep my appointment with the Prince de Ligne I was informed that he had not yet risen. I was shown into the library, which he had converted into his bed-chamber, and there I found him, sitting up in bed and writing ; for his active mind allowed not a moment to pass unoccupied. “ You are very exact,” observed he, when he saw me enter ; “ and though you cannot say, with Louis XVIII., that *punctuality is the politeness of kings*, yet I have always remarked that it is a quality which is always sure to please ; therefore I advise you never to lose sight of it. Allow me only to conclude this chapter, on one of the pictures of the day, and I am at your service. I note down my ideas just as they occur, lest they should escape me. The extraordinary events now passing in the world seem to inspire me ; and perhaps a thought may arise in my mind which will be useful or amusing to somebody. I am more of an observer than an actor in the busy scene that is passing around me, which I cannot help comparing to an ant-hill disturbed by a kick.” He then resumed his writing ; but in the course of a

* In speaking thus, the author has, of course, none but some of the continental nations of Europe and Asia in view.—*Translator.*

few minutes, having occasion to refer to a book, he said—"Have the goodness to hand me the volume on the third shelf." I did not exactly see which book he pointed to, and I hesitated for a moment. The prince immediately jumped out of bed, and holding by the cornice of the bookcase, reached the book himself, and then lay down again. Observing that I was not a little astonished at this feat of agility, he said, "I was always active, and my activity has often been very useful to me. Of this I will tell you an instance. When I accompanied Catherine the Great in her journey to the Crimea, the imperial yacht doubled the Parthenon promontory, where, it is said, the temple of Iphigenia once stood. We were conversing about the probability of this fact, when Catherine pointing to the shore, said to me:—'Prince, I give you the disputed ground.' I immediately jumped into the sea, with my uniform on, and swam ashore to the promontory, from whence, having landed, I exclaimed: 'May it please your majesty, I take possession.' That rock has since borne my name, and been my property.—So much for a little agility!" While chatting in this way, he dressed himself, and when he put on his brilliant uniform of colonel of the trabans, adorned with half a dozen cordons, he said, "If Illusion would once again hold her mirror before me, how gladly

would I exchange all this finery for the plain uniform I wore when an ensign in my father's regiment ! To be sure I was but sixteen when I first put it on ; and then I thought thirty a good old age. But every thing changes with time ; and now, at fourscore, I still think myself young. Ill-natured people, indeed, do not scruple to say I am too young ; but at all events I take care to prove that I am young enough. After all, few lives have been happier than mine ; its smooth current has never been troubled by remorse, ambition, or envy. I have guided my bark as well as others have done ; and until I fairly step into Charon's boat, I shall still think myself young, in spite of those who persist in declaring I am old." All this was uttered in that tone of charming gaiety which characterised the Prince de Ligne, and of which those who did not know him can form no idea.

As we were going out we met a visitor, one of those pedantical people by whom he was frequently beset. The prince politely got rid of him, and then turning to me, said,—“ How I hate those men whose learning consists of words only ! They are a sort of walking dictionaries, with nothing to recommend them but memory. The world is the best book after all.” We now set off

for Schoenbrun, in a carriage which appeared to be nearly as old as its owner, though infinitely worse for wear than he.

The charm of the prince's conversation was calculated to shorten distance, as well as to supply the deficiencies of a scanty dinner. We reached Schoenbrun long before I thought we were near our journey's end, for I had been amused by a thousand pleasant anecdotes. The prince described to me the enthusiasm which Madame de Staël excited when she visited Vienna in 1808. "Immediately on her arrival," said he, "I went to pay my respects to her; and having inquired the cause of her journey to Vienna—'I am come,' she replied, 'to place my son at the engineer school (*l'école de génie*).'—'He has been at the school of genius since his birth, madame,' observed I. This little compliment quite won her heart, and she affected all the admiration for me which I really and sincerely felt for her. If, when she asked Bonaparte who was the greatest woman of the age, he had indulged her harmless vanity, and replied, 'You,'—instead of churlishly saying she who had most children, I will venture to affirm that we should not now be driving to the castle of Schoenbrun for the object we have in view. It cannot be denied that Corinne, and her Genevese coterie,

had no small share in Napoleon's fall."* As he uttered these words, the carriage stopped at the castle gate.

As we passed through the court-yards, which are exceedingly spacious, the prince pointed out to me the spot where a young political fanatic attempted to assassinate Napoleon about the time of the battle of Wagram. "Though such a crime," said he, "can never be pardonable, yet one cannot but admire the cool courage with which that young man met death."

We soon reached the grand staircase of the palace, which is beautifully constructed. In the vestibule we were met by a French servant, still wearing the livery of Napoleon. He knew the Prince de Ligne, and immediately went to announce him to Madame de Montesquiou. "We shall not have to wait long," said the prince; "for, as I have already told you, I am a sort of Count de Segur at Schœnbrun."† Madame de Montesquiou soon made her appearance, and politely apologised for not being able to admit us at that moment. Young Napoleon, she said, was sitting to Isabey for a portrait, which was intended

* But it must be confessed that this share was by no means as great as the Prince de Ligne would make it.—*Translator.*

† The Count de Segur was grand-master of the ceremonies at the court of the Tuileries.

for the empress, his mother ; and she knew that the appearance of the Prince de Ligne, of whom he was particularly fond, would immediately unsettle him. “ Will you, therefore,” added she, “ have the goodness to take a turn through the gardens, and I will get the sitting over as soon as I can.”—“ Most willingly, ” replied the Prince de Ligne, “ for I wish to go over the castle and grounds with my young relation, whom I have the honour to present to you, Madam. He, like many others, is of course curious to examine the residence of your interesting pupil.”—“ As this gentleman is introduced by you, sir,” said Madame de Montesquiou, “ I shall at all times be happy to receive him. Whenever you have seen all you wish, you may come in, without the ceremony of being announced.”

“ It would have been well if I had waved that ceremony on my first visit here,” observed the prince, as soon as Madame de Montesquiou had left us ; “ for when the child was informed that the Marshal Prince de Ligne had come to see him, he exclaimed, ‘ Is he one of the marshals who betrayed my papa ? If he is, he shall not come in.’ It was very difficult to convince him that there were other marshals besides French ones.”

Having passed through a suite of spacious and elegantly furnished apartments, which, however

presented nothing very remarkable, we entered a little cabinet, the walls of which were adorned with drawings, executed by the different arch-duchesses. "Here," said the prince, "Napoleon, during his abode at Schœnbrun, used to retire for several hours every day, to read and write. It was in this cabinet that he first saw the portrait of Maria Louisa; and here he no doubt first conceived the project of forming the union which had so great an influence on his destiny."*

A staircase leads from this cabinet to the gardens, which are very well laid out. One of the principal ornaments is a beautiful pavilion, on the top of a little eminence. It was built by Maria Theresa, who gave it the name of *La Gloriette*. We visited the hot-houses, which are, perhaps, the finest in the world, and which contain all the botanical treasures of the universe. "The emperor," observed the Prince de Ligne, "who is particularly fond of the study of botany himself, cultivates these rare plants." The menagerie,

* "On the 10th of May, at nine in the evening, some howitzer shells were fired into the city of Vienna. The young Archduchess Maria Louisa was then lying ill in the palace. As soon as this circumstance was made known the firing was directed on another point, and the palace was respected. How capricious are the sports of fortune! Could Maria Louisa have foreseen that the hands which then made Vienna tremble would shortly place a crown on her head!"—*Memorial de St. Helene*.

which we next inspected, is a large circular space, in the centre of which is a pavilion, forming the termination of the enclosures occupied by the various animals. Each species has a den and garden furnished with plants and trees analogous to those of the animals' native climate. By this admirable plan, the animals enjoy a degree of freedom and comfort highly favourable to their health. As we were returning to the castle, the gardener drew our attention to a little enclosed plot of ground. "That," said he, "is the Prince of Parma's garden. There he amuses himself in rearing flowers, which he every morning forms into bouquets for his mother and his *maman-quiou*, as he calls his governess."

We proceeded to the apartments of Madame de Montesquiou, who received us with the most lady-like politeness. As soon as we entered the young prince jumped from the chair in which he was sitting, and ran to embrace the Prince de Ligne. He was certainly the loveliest child imaginable. His brilliant complexion, his bright and intelligent eyes, his beautiful fair hair, falling in large curls over his shoulders—all rendered him an admirable subject for the elegant pencil of Isabey. He was dressed in a hussar uniform, and wore the star of the Legion of Honour. On the prince introducing me, bearing in mind Rousseau's remark, that

nobody likes to be questioned, and least of all children, I contented myself with stooping down to embrace him. He then ran into a corner of the apartment in quest of a little regiment of houlans made of wood, which the Archduke Charles had given him, and he made them manœuvre, while the marshal drew his sword and commanded the evolutions.

Madame de Montesquiou, who, by her fondness for her interesting charge, well justified Napoleon's choice, related several clever remarks made by the child, which were calculated to confirm the idea that talent is hereditary. "A striking instance of his presence of mind," said she, "occurred yesterday, when Commodore ——, who accompanied the emperor to Elba, came to visit us. 'Are you not glad,' said I, presenting the commodore, 'to see this gentleman, who left your papa only the other day?'—'O yes,' he replied, 'I am very happy to see him; but,' laying his finger on his lip, 'I must not say so.'—'Your papa,' said the commodore, taking him in his arms, 'desired me to embrace you.' The child, who happened to have a toy in his hand, threw it down on the ground and broke it. Then bursting into tears, he exclaimed, 'Poor papa!' What was passing in his mind at that moment?" added Madame de Montesquiou. "Doubtless

the same train of ideas which suggested the resistance he evinced when about to be removed from the Tuileries. He exclaimed that his father was betrayed, and that he would not quit the palace. He held by the curtains and clung to the furniture, saying it was his father's house, and he would not leave it. I was obliged to exert all my authority in order to get him away, and I succeeded at last, only by promising to take him back again."

We stepped up to Isabey, who had nearly finished the portrait. The likeness was striking and the picture possessed all the grace which characterise the works of that distinguished artist.* "What particularly interests me in this portrait," observed the Prince de Ligne, "is its remarkable resemblance to that of Joseph II. when a boy. I should like to compare it with the portrait of Joseph, which was presented to me by Maria Theresa. This similarity, though merely a matter of accident, nevertheless affords a happy presage for the future." He then paid some well-merited compliments to the artist. "I have come to Vienna," said Isabey, "in the hope of painting all the celebrated personages who are here, and I ought to have commenced with you."—"Why

* It was this same miniature which Isabey presented to Napoleon on his return from Elba in 1815.

certainly," replied the prince, "in my rank of seniority."—"Not so," resumed Isabey, "but as the model of all that is illustrious in the present age."

The Empress Maria Louisa was now announced, and we made our obeisance and withdrew, leaving Isabey, who wished to show her the portrait.

"Ah!" said the prince, as we drove homewards, "when Napoleon received at Schœnbrunn the submission of the city of Vienna, and when, after the memorable battle of Wagram, he reviewed his victorious troops in those vast courtyards, he little foresaw that in that very castle the son of the conqueror and the daughter of the conquered would be kept as hostages by the sovereign whose destiny was then at his disposal. How extraordinary is the fall of that man! But the other day, the title of king was too humble for him. His ambition was like that of Alexander when he wished to be Jupiter.* In the course of

* It is hardly worth while to interrupt the reader's attention by calling it to a discussion as to the truth of the prince's comparison. The Prince de Ligne spoke on this occasion like all who had long entertained feelings of enmity in regard to every form of government which had succeeded to that of the Bourbons. But as excessive ambition was the great crime of which Napoleon had been accused by all his enemies in Europe, the Prince de Ligne's ears were perhaps too familiar with the accusation not to have brought conviction.

my long life I have seen many remarkable instances of good fortune and adversity, but none comparable with that which now rivets the attention of the world. If the reflections suggested by all that we have seen and felt were always present to our minds, how wise we should be !” I could not help asking him how it happened that, during so long a series of different wars, his military talent and experience had not been called into active exercise. “ Ah !” replied he with a sigh, “ I died with Joseph II.”—“ Rather say like him than with him, prince, for Europe proclaims him immortal.”—“ His is the immortality of genius ; but mine, if I be doomed to any, will be like that of the sibyl, merely the endurance of age.”

As we were crossing the glacis between the suburbs and the city, we saw a large open carriage occupied by a gentleman of most voluminous bulk. “ Stop,” said the prince, “ let us make our obeisance. This is another king, by the grace of God and Robinson Crusoe.”* It was his majesty the king of Wirtemberg.

on his mind that it was Napoleon’s predominant passion.—*Translator.*

* The nickname given by the prince to Napoleon.

CHAPTER V.

Party given by Princess Bagration—Drawing of a lottery after the manner of Louis XIV.'s court—The Grand-duke Constantine—The Emperor Alexander—Princess Maria Esterhazy—Count Capo d'Istria—Princess Wolkonsky—Princess Helena Suwaroff—Prince Ypsilanti—Prince de Ligne—General Ouwaroff—Count de Witt, &c.

THE most agreeable of all illusions to some persons is the hope of being an object of attention after they have ceased to live. The wish to possess this shadow of glory is not unreasonable, and it frequently operates as a stimulus to all that is great and honourable. It leads to brilliant achievements in war, to the erection of great edifices, and to the production of works of imagination and science. In the same manner the desire of attaining a rapid, and, as it were, spontaneous advancement in the world, inspires those bold projects, which fortune is often pleased to

crown with success. Chance not unfrequently arranges things for the best.

Being informed one morning that a gentleman wished to speak with me, I desired that he might be shown up ; and a young man of pleasing exterior was ushered in. Presenting to me a letter, he said, “ I bring this, sir, from Monsieur Roy, with whom you dined some time ago at the house of M. de Bondy, the prefect of Lyons.” I requested my visitor to sit down, and I broke open the letter, in which, after a few compliments, the writer stated that, hearing I was at Vienna, he took the liberty of requesting I would interest myself in behalf of the bearer, M. Castaing, with the view of procuring him a place. “ Judging from the date of this letter,” said I, addressing the young man, “ it must be some time since you left Lyons.”—“ I did not take the most speedy mode of travelling, sir, for I came all the way on foot.”—“ Really ! It must have required some courage to undertake such a journey, especially for the purpose of bringing me a letter from a person whom I never saw but once, and that about a year ago. You certainly deserve to obtain what you want ; yet I am sorry to say I can give you but little hope. If you had come to the congress to claim a kingdom, a province, or a good indemnity, you might have some chance of success ; but to

get a place for a Frenchman in the Austrian states is no such easy matter. There are many obstacles in the way.”—“I have served in the guard of honour, and am capable of filling the situation of secretary, or any other post civil or military.”—“You are exceedingly accommodating. But let me have a few days to think about it, and I will see what I can do.”—He then gave me his address, and bade me good morning, leaving me strongly impressed with the idea that he had performed his intrepid journey in vain.

I had a few friends to dine with me that day, and our conversation happened to turn on those sudden resolutions by which the fate of a man's life is frequently decided. Of this, Generals Tettenborn, Zibini, Nostitz, and various others, were quoted as examples. “I know an instance of headlong enterprise,” said I, “not less remarkable than any that have been mentioned; though I doubt whether it will be attended by any successful result.”—I then related M. Castaing's visit to me, his economical journey, and its object. One of the party, General Count de Witt,* having

* Count de Witt, only son of the Countess Potocka, by her first husband, General Count de Witt, is a descendant of the grand pensionary of Holland. His military career has been no less rapid than brilliant. He became a colonel at sixteen, and at eighteen obtained the command of one of the finest regiments in Europe (the

listened to the story with some degree of interest, said, "Since this young man has served in the guard of honour, he can, of course, ride on horseback. Send him to me to-morrow morning." M. Castaing happened to please the general, and he made him his secretary. He came to tell me of his good fortune, and stayed to dine with me. That same evening he went to the theatre of Leopoldstadt, where he was arrested, (the police of Vienna being at that time very strict with regard to foreigners,) and thrown into prison. On his examination next day, he referred to his new patron, Count de Witt, who was in the suite of the Emperor of Russia ; and the general bearing testimony in his favour, he was liberated. But for this circumstance he would, not being provided with a passport, have been conducted as a vagabond beyond the Austrian frontier.*

empress's cuirassiers). In the year 1812, in the short space of six weeks, he raised and equipped on his mother's estates four cossack regiments, which he presented to the Emperor Alexander in the Russian campaign. On the conclusion of peace the emperor created him a lieutenant-general, and gave him the superintendence of the military colonies in the south of Russia. Count de Witt commanded the army of reserve in the campaign of 1828 against the Turks, which concluded with the taking of Varna.

* I have since learned from the Abbé de Chalenton, tutor to the Messieurs de Polignac, that M. Castaing having accompanied the Count de Witt to Russia, married at Tulczin a young lady of good

I went with Count de Witt, and the other friends who dined with me, to an evening party given by the Princess Bagration, the wife of the field-marshal of that name. The princess might be said to do the honours of reception to her countrymen at Vienna. With a cultivated education she unites that amiability of manner for which the Russian ladies are so remarkable. Her short sight gives her an air of timidity and hesitation which heightens, rather than diminishes, her beauty. Her countenance is full of sweetness and sensibility; and when she speaks on any subject that interests her, the smile that plays on her lips discloses a matchless set of teeth. I did not know her much;—but it is impossible to see her without feeling convinced that the amiable qualities of her mind are no way inferior to the charms of her person. In all that regards elegance of manner, she had at that time but few rivals in the drawing-rooms of St. Petersburg.

Among the company were several sovereigns, and a multitude of distinguished foreigners. One of the evening's entertainments consisted of the drawing of a lottery—the revival of a favourite family, who brought him a fortune of 2,000 Dutch ducats per annum. Three years afterwards he returned to Lyons in somewhat better style than when he left it.

amusement of the gallant court of Louis XIV., where it is said to have been introduced for Mdlle. de la Valiere. Each of the sovereigns sent to the Princess Bagration one or more presents, which being drawn as prizes by a few fortunate gentlemen, were by them presented in token of their homage to some of the ladies of the company. These lotteries were much in vogue at the Vienna parties during the congress. At Princess Bagration's the Grand-duke Constantine won two porcelain vases, which the king of Prussia had ordered from his manufactory at Berlin, and he presented them to his fair hostess. The Emperor Alexander's prize was a box of mosaic work, which he begged the Princess Maria Esterhazy to accept. Count Capo d'Istria won a casket adorned with steel ornaments, which he gave to Princess Wolkonsky ; and various minor prizes were drawn, all of which were mutually satisfactory both to givers and receivers.

The drawing-room was so crowded with company that I did not perceive Prince Ypsilanti until he advanced to receive a sable pelerine, which was his prize in the lottery, and which he presented to Princess Helena Suwaroff. I speedily took an opportunity of paying my devoirs to them both ; and we were all overjoyed at a meeting

which revived a thousand agreeable recollections of St. Petersburg. When I had last seen Ypsilanti, five years previously, he was only a cornet in the guards: he was now a major-general, brilliantly decorated with orders, but wanting an arm, which he lost at the battle of Bautzen. As to Princess Helena, she was just as I had left her at St. Petersburg—well deserving the surname of *fair and good*, by which she was distinguished by all who visited the house of her father, the grand chamberlain Narishkin, where she officiated as mistress.

The company withdrew to an adjoining drawing-room, to witness the performance of a young French actress, recently arrived from Paris, and who was patronised by the Princess Bagration. “We have a great deal to talk over,” said Princess Helena: “suppose you both come and breakfast with me to-morrow at twelve, and we can then converse at leisure; in the meanwhile, let us follow the crowd.” We accordingly entered the room in which Madlle. Lombard was to exhibit.

This young lady, who was a pupil of Talma, recited with considerable effect some passages from *Zaire*; and she was particularly happy in the fine scene of the dream of *Athalie*. Her performance consequently elicited considerable approbation; and I dare say few theatrical *débutantes*

ever had the honour of appearing before so distinguished an audience.*

When the sovereigns had retired, music and dancing commenced, after which there was an elegant supper. In short, the whole evening, like all those I spent at Vienna, was an uninterrupted scene of gaiety and pleasure.

Next morning, before the hour of my engagement with Princess Helena, I went to call on the Prince de Ligne, whom I found, according to custom, writing in bed, with a little desk before him, and surrounded by ramparts of books. The conversation of the Prince de Ligne was marked by all the elegance of the old French school of high life. No man could tell a story more gracefully; and this happy endowment was combined with manners the most dignified and agreeable. But his strongest claim to admiration and respect was the fact, that during his long and adventurous life, he had preserved unshaken integrity of principle and spotless honour. "I have just received a letter," said I, "from Prince Sherbatoff, who informs me that he is about to leave Moscow on a visit to Vienna."—"I am sorry to hear it," observed the Prince de Ligne; "he is a man

* Madlle. Lombard has since married Count Fries, principal of the banking-house of that name at Vienna.

whom I highly esteem ; but I cannot say I wish to see him, since his presence will revive in my mind a thousand painful recollections of a friend whose loss I yet deplore.”—“ You of course allude to M. de Saxe ?” said I.—“ I do,” he replied. “ Alas ! that fatal duel deprived me of a valued friend, and embittered all the pleasure I had enjoyed at Tœplitz. In figure and features, Saxe bore a resemblance to his royal ancestor, while he inherited no small share of the courage and *sang froid* of the great Marshal de Saxe. After receiving his death-wound in the unfortunate duel, he placed his hand on his heart, and exclaimed, ‘ *I am dead.*’ Then immediately firing at his adversary, whom he very narrowly missed, he fell and expired. His death may be regarded as the history of his life. The picture can never be effaced from my memory ; though time has had its effect in soothing the grief, which, however, the sight of Sherebatoff will not fail to revive.”

After endeavouring to divert away this melancholy train of reflection, I rose to take my leave, for it was now near twelve o’clock. “ Call on me to-morrow early,” said he, “ and we will go and dine together at my Gloriette, on the Kalemberg.” *

* A hill near Vienna, where the Prince de Ligne’s summer residence was situated.

Princess Helena's breakfast was delightful. The talent and amiable feeling which characterised this distinguished lady rendered her conversation peculiarly interesting, and every sentiment she uttered possessed the charm of coming sincerely from the heart. We talked over the news of St. Petersburg, and all that concerned the mutual friends whom we had left in that part of the world:—the hopeless, but still constant attachment of her brother Leon for the beautiful Maria Antonia Narishkin—Wielhorsky's second marriage with Madlle. de Biron—the *bons mots* of Prince Galitzin—the severity of the Grand-duke Constantine—and the humorous sallies of her father, the grand chamberlain Narishkin. One story succeeded another so rapidly, that I almost fancied myself again on the banks of the Neva.

Next came Prince Ypsilanti's turn to speak; and I observed that he had lost none of that exalted enthusiasm for which he was always remarkable from his early youth. He had recently lost his father, the hospodar of Wallachia, who, after effecting his escape from the mutes of the seraglio, sought an asylum with his family at the court of Alexander. Enjoying all the respect due to his birth and talents, he subsequently fixed his residence at Kioff, where he died, bequeathing to the prince, his son, the greater part of his

immense fortune. The young prince was now crowned with well-earned military glory, and recent events had had the effect of stimulating his natural enthusiasm. It was obvious from all that fell from him that his hopes of future glory dwelt upon Greece, whose subjugation he deplored, and longed to avenge.* I perceived that he was not a little encouraged in his dreams of liberty by Princess Helena, who, in common with most of the Russian nobility, cherished a hope which has been transmitted from generation to generation as a philanthropic and pious inheritance. “The period is at hand,” said Ypsilanti. “I am called upon from all sides. I have received addresses from the islands of the Archipelago, from the two principalities, and from yet higher quarters. Mine shall be the blood that is wanting to fill up the measure.”—“And why delay?” said the princess. “Could you wish for higher glory than to be, at three and twenty, the regenerator of an oppressed people? The present may be called the era of youth, which now outstrips mature age. Think how Alexander wept at the tomb of Achilles, and regretted, at his age, having

* This estimable man was doomed to a melancholy fate. In politics misfortune often constitutes crime. Ypsilanti expiated his unsuccessful enterprise by a long confinement in the dungeons of Montgatz, whence he was liberated only to die at Vienna.

achieved nothing so great. Is there any thing comparable to the independence of Greece?"

I, in my turn, began to participate in the inspiration; and the words Athens, Sparta, Pericles, Leonidas, soon became the burden of our discourse. As to Ypsilanti, his countenance was the presage of the emancipation of his country. Greece was on the point of being liberated,—when, to our surprise, General Ouwaroff entered unexpectedly, and without the formality of being announced. We then turned to subjects of a less lofty kind; for, though possessing many excellent qualities, the worthy aide-de-camp general was by no means remarkable either for conversational talent, or depth of information.

The general talked about the regiments which the sovereigns had presented to each other, and the handsome compliments that were interchanged by their appearing at reviews in the uniforms of their newly-acquired colonelcies. In short, Ouwaroff contrived to substitute a lecture on military equipment for our dithyrambic on Greek liberty. He entered into a minute comparison of the facings, shakos, and buttons of the different corps, and gave us a complete dissertation on the accoutrements both of man and horse. This sort of knowledge, which was Ouwaroff's forte, was, at that time, a great recommendation in the eye of

the czar. I was by no means sorry when he was interrupted by the announcement that the princess's carriage was ready, and it was proposed that we should take a drive to the Prater. There, in obedience to a custom borrowed from Italy, the higher classes in their carriages, and the common people on foot, repair every day at the same hour, bad weather being the only interruption of this recreation. No such impediment prevailed, however, during the sitting of the congress, and we had many delightful days in Vienna at the end of October.

CHAPTER VI.

A drive on the Prater—Lord Stewart—The Emperor Alexander—Duchess of Oldenburg—Prince Eugene Beauharnais—Prince Royal of Wirtemberg—Sir Sidney Smith—The Pacha of Widin—M. Luchesini—Prince Kos—ky—Ozeroff, the Russian poet.

It is the business of the historian to record the important events which change empires, laws, and governments: mine is the lighter task of tracing those familiar pictures which are sure to interest when they bear a faithful resemblance to reality.

To an inhabitant of Vienna the Prater must possess, in a high degree, the charm of reviving pleasing recollections. It must be the mirror of the past at every period of life, reflecting alike the diversions of childhood, the pleasures of youth, and the dreams of early love. Where else shall we find, in a great capital, a place so rich in the beauties of wild and cultivated nature?

The majestic forest which extends to the banks

of the Danube is inhabited by deer, who, sportively bounding from place to place, animate the delicious solitude.

How delightful is the picture, when the whole population of the city is seen assembled beneath the shade of the magnificent trees, or pursuing their various amusements on the grass, to which the Danube imparts constant freshness and verdure!

It is a high treat to enter on a holiday one of the redoubts which border the grand alley of the Prater. Nothing is more amusing than to see a minuet danced in the style of ludicrous gravity, by a few stately couples, who, in spite of the interruptions they continually experience from the surrounding bystanders, continue the dance with the most imperturbable solemnity, as though every step were a serious affair of conscience. The dull monotonous minuet is at length succeeded by the animated and graceful waltz, and the couples frequently wheel round for an hour without stopping. At another part of the Prater a sort of carousal is got up, and some worthy citizen, seated on a wooden horse, adroitly carries off the ring, without losing his equilibrium in the saddle. Then there are abundance of swings, which are a favourite amusement in all countries, parties of itinerant actors, &c.

Amidst this motley assemblage, a stranger cannot help being struck with the obvious comfort and prosperity of the population of Vienna. The families of the tradespeople and artisans collected round the tables testify at once, by the expense in which they indulge, their own industry, and the light burdens imposed on them by the government. No quarrelling or uproar disturbs the tranquillity of the multitude. Scarcely a voice is heard ; and this silence is not the effect of gloomy melancholy, but the result of a happy physical temperament, which in this country produces a dreaming of the senses, instead of the mental wandering so common in the more northern parts of Germany.

On our arrival at the Prater we found an immense number of persons of distinction, some on horseback, and some in carriages. Besides the numbers of carriages, which, as I have before mentioned, were provided for the use of the sovereigns and their suites, there was a throng of equipages belonging to the different foreigners who had come to Vienna from all parts of Europe. Lord Stewart, the English ambassador, drove four superb horses, which would have been the admiration of Newmarket. The Emperor Alexander and his interesting sister, the Duchess of Oldenburg, were taking their airing in an elegant cur-

ricle ; while Prince Eugene Beauharnais on the one side, and the Prince Royal of Wirtemberg on the other, paid their court to the illustrious pair from very different motives. In a large *berline*, richly emblazoned with armorial bearings, appeared Sir Sidney Smith. Next came the *calèche* of the pacha of Widin, entangled in a file of hackney-coaches, and followed by the carriages of the archdukes, who, in all their amusements, adopted the rank of private individuals, availing themselves of the privileges of their illustrious rank only in the fulfilment of their duties.

The gay scene was enlivened by a variety of interesting costumes,—Oriental, Hungarian, and Polish ; and, above all, the becoming cap worn by the wives and daughters of the citizens of Vienna, resembling the Phrygian head-dress, and displaying to the greatest advantage the fair hair and pretty features of the wearers.

Bands of music, paid by the keepers of the different coffee-houses, are stationed here and there, so that the Prater daily presents the aspect of a tranquil festival, where every one appears intent on present enjoyment, and free from all anxiety for the future.

On leaving the promenade, Ypsilanti and I took leave of the princess, mutually expressing the pleasure we felt in renewing an acquaintance

which had been interrupted by five years' separation. We went to dine at the *Empress of Austria* tavern, which was the rendezvous of the foreigners who were not provided for by the court, or who chose to decline its ceremonious hospitality.

We took our places at a table round which were already seated twenty individuals of different nations; for, in spite of the variety of interests, occupations, and ranks, all the foreigners who met at Vienna associated freely together. Accordingly, generals, diplomatists, and travellers were jumbled together at this banquet. Some were the high officers of despoiling monarchs, and others the advocates of monarchs despoiled. The first course of our dinner was marked by that silence which usually prevails among a party of persons who are strangers to each other, and a good band of music for a time supplied the place of conversation.

Next to me sat young Luchesini, who had been sent to Vienna by the Grand-duchess of Tuscany to consult with M. Oldini respecting the claims of Madame Bacciochi in the grand duchy and the principality of Lucca. I had formerly seen Luchesini, when very young; at his mother's house in Paris; but the great change that had taken place in his appearance, as well as in his circum-

stances, might well excuse me for not immediately recollecting him.

His father, the Marquis Luchesini, who was Prussian ambassador to Napoleon, enjoyed in Paris all the consideration due to his high reputation as a man of talent and an able diplomatist.* His son, to whom he gave a finished education, possessed, on his introduction into life, every advantage calculated to recommend him. On his presentation at the new court of Tuscany, he obtained the marked favour of the then grand-duchess. He was created chief equerry; and it was whispered that love contributed to render the destiny of the young favourite exceedingly enviable. I could easily perceive that the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed occasioned a certain degree of reserve in his conversation with me: and after a few inquiries respecting his family, who, he informed me, were still residing at their beautiful estate near Lucca, we exchanged

* M. Luchesini understood how to make his own conversational talent the means of showing off the king of Prussia's. He always contrived to draw his majesty out, by introducing those topics on which he was calculated to shine; and above all, he knew how to listen, which a fool never does. M. de Pinto once advised the king of Prussia to send M. Luchesini on an embassy, because he was a clever man:—"For that reason," replied the king, "I shall keep him here."

our cards of address, and promised to see each other again.

The conversation of the dinner-party gradually became more animated, and soon launched into all the noisy hilarity of a *table d'hôte*. Among the company was Prince Kos—ky, the ambassador from Russia to Turin,* who had been ordered to the congress by his sovereign, for the purpose of facilitating the junction of the states of Genoa and Piemont. He accompanied every glass of Tokay with a *bon mot* or sarcastic allusion; and he related various anecdotes, the obvious truth of which renders it prudent not to repeat them even now. Prince Kos—ky's open and animated countenance bore an expression which was calculated to win confidence and esteem. He was a favourite of the Emperor Alexander, whom he amused by his sallies, and he was on the best possible footing with every individual connected with the government and court of Russia, who found it convenient to wink at freedoms which they could

* He was afterwards appointed Russian minister to the court of Stutgard. He lived some time in England; and in that serious country, where many things are made subjects of ridicule, the prince was caricatured. He seemed, however, to be pleased, rather than offended at the circumstance, probably conceiving that celebrity of any kind is desirable in England.

not with safety check. Though he seemed tolerably indifferent to the horrors of exile, yet if he had spoken at St. Petersburg half as freely as he did at Vienna, he would, in all probability, have had the field-jæger and the kibit-ka at his door, ready to escort him to Siberia.

The dinner being ended, our party broke up, and all set out in quest of amusement for the evening. Ypsilanti was engaged at the Duchess of Oldenburg's, where the celebrated Russian poet Ozeroff* was to read the tragedy of Demetrius. He accordingly left me, and I accompanied Prince Kos—ky to the Leopoldstadt theatre, whither the grave members of the *corps diplomatique* frequently repaired to unbend at the drollery of the admirable comedian Schutz, after the more serious dramas which they had been planning during the morning.

* The unfortunate Ozeroff, who was at once the victim of persecuting envy and disappointed love, shared the fate which is so often reserved for genius. He lived unhappily, and died in 1816, in the flower of his age.

CHAPTER VII.

Baron Ompteda—State of society in Vienna—Some distinguished characters—Romantic anecdote relative to Count and Countess Pletenberg.

THE Prince Reuss was so impatient to go to the Countess Fuchs's, that we left the theatre on his account before the end of the third act. On our arrival at Woll-Zeil we found yet but few persons assembled; but by degrees the drawing-room was filled with the persons who usually spent their evenings there. I took my seat in a corner by the side of the Baron Ompteda, who, in consequence of the fall of his sovereign,* had been left without any official character, and only took the part of a spectator at the great diplomatic sanhedrim. To a prepossessing gravity of manner, the baron joined much wit; and no one possessed better

* The king of Westphalia.

than himself the art of giving a ludicrous colouring to a portrait. He was nevertheless a well-disposed man, and his epigrams were rather to be attributed to the turn of his mind than to any malignant impulses of his heart.

The baron amused himself with passing under review all the persons of our acquaintance who were present, and those who were successively coming in. “Although the city of Vienna,” said he, “has undergone a siege, and has been occupied by the enemy since you were last in it, you will find that hardly any material changes have occurred. With the exception of the style of dress among the lower orders, which has become more assimilated to that of the higher classes of society, and in which respect alone any progress has been made in the improvements of the age, every thing has remained in the same condition as formerly. The *salons* have not changed; and this one in particular has always been the rendezvous of the friends of the charming queen, whose subjects have never complained of the kind of yoke she has imposed on them. You see the proof of this in the eagerness of the crowds who surround her. Here you will always meet with politeness without dissimulation, candour without roughness, complaisance without flattery, and attentions without restraint.

“Foremost in the picture stands the good Count Fuchs, the fortunate and undisturbed possessor of the treasure which every body envies him, as enthusiastic as ever of the militia institution, to which he owes his rank of major, and on which he says that the safety of the Austrian monarchy depends. The Countess Laura, his wife, possessing a happy equality of humour, good hearted and sincere, and the expression of whose infantine countenance, heightened by the finest colours, seems as it were the mirror of her excellent heart, comes next. She has that enchanting turn of mind by which she can, without the use of compliment, show others to the best advantage. Then come Madame Kinski, the openness of whose countenance gives it a charm which it has long ceased to derive from bloom, the Princess of Courland, the beautiful Duchess de Sagan, passionately fond of every thing heroic and grand, and her sister, the Countess Edmond, whose gestures, attitude, deportment, and tone of voice, all harmonise together in the most enchanting manner. We have also the Count Walmoden, now a field-marshal, and who, during the last campaign, has been so greatly instrumental to the capture of Bremen. In the month of February, 1814, he crossed the Rhine with the Anglo-German troops. A few days ago he was appointed member of the commission

which is charged with the military organisation of Germany. Prosperity has not made a proud man of him ; he has retained the same mild and unassuming manners. This may also be said of the Prince of Hesse Hombourg,* who, though he has displayed the most brilliant valour, and unites to a majestic form a very handsome face, temperates his noble and imposing manners by a tone of extreme kindness. He commanded the reserve at the battle of Leipsic, and distinguished himself among the Austrian generals by his military science and a well exercised *coup d'œil*. I see Nostitz and Borel coming in. It was in the arms of Nostitz that the Prince Ferdinand Louis of Prussia, whose aide-de-camp he was, expired. The prince having refused to surrender to a French quarter-master at the battle of Saalfeld, received his death-blow from him. Nostitz arrived on the spot immediately after. In 1808 he made an unsuccessful attempt to enter the Austrian service. In Prussia he has been more fortunate. He has already attained the rank of a colonel, with a good prospect of further promotion.

“ Borel remains exactly as you have always

* Brother of the reigning prince, who has married an English princess. He has now the rank of a field-marshal, and was sent by the emperor of Austria as his commissioner to the Russian headquarters during the late Turkish war.

known him. He has as many friends as acquaintances, and goes on smoothly with the current of life.

“Do you see Prince Reuss seated by the side of Madame Kinski? How much his manners are spoiled by a sort of affected sensibility, which he has contracted in I know not what antiquated Germanic school! Not many days ago he wrote to a lady, who is not at this moment far off, ‘Either your love, or my death.’ The former was not vouchsafed him, and he has taken good care not to give himself the latter. This ridiculous incident became known, and you may easily judge how sadly the sentimental prince was laughed at. He is ever attempting to place himself in a lofty sphere; but having no experience in the world, he is unable to compare and judge for himself. He mistakes imagination for actual knowledge, the desire of knowledge for actual erudition, and obstinacy for firmness of character. In short, his case affords proof that the possession of some talent does not always suffice to gain the good-will of society when pains are not taken to conceal minor defects which must be obnoxious to it.”

“Pray explain to me, my dear baron, how it happens that in the midst of this brilliant and gay assemblage the Count and Countess Pletenberg bear an aspect of constraint so little in harmony with the appearance of others?”

“Your late arrival at Vienna,” said Ompteda, “can alone excuse your ignorance on that point. It is altogether a curious matter that you want me to explain to you, and might serve as a picture of manners from which an useful moral might be drawn. It is not many years since Pletenberg succeeded to the immense fortune of his uncle, the reigning count of that name. He became one of the richest, as he was one of the most elegant men in the monarchy. These advantages, with those of an extremely agreeable person, had engaged him in some brilliant adventures during his travels, the fame of which had preceded him at Vienna, and had raised his credit greatly among that class of ladies who attach more importance to the external appearance than to qualities of a more solid kind. It is by a false brilliancy that he has maintained during the whole period of his bachelor’s career that distinction which becomes fatal to women of weak minds, and often serves as a substitute for real merit. Hardly had he entered upon his twenty-fifth year when Durberg, his steward, whom he seldom saw on any other occasion than for the receipt of his rents, called one day, and sent in word to his master that he had to speak on business of the utmost importance. ‘Well, Monsieur Durberg,’ said the count, on the steward’s being admitted into his presence, ‘is it

for the purpose of preaching a new sermon about economy that you have requested to see me this morning?'—'Nothing of the kind, my lord; it is something of a different character, and of much greater consequence to your affairs. It is evident your lordship has forgotten the clause contained in your late uncle's will, which enjoins you to marry, before you have completed the age of your majority,* a young lady, the antiquity of whose noble descent is to be duly verified and attested; and that, failing to do so within the precise period specified, you forfeit the whole of the inheritance you hold from him by will. Now, as those who are to supersede you in this inheritance in the event of your failing to fulfil its conditions keep a vigilant eye on you, and will only remind you of your negligence when it is too late to repair it, I have thought it my duty to impress on your recollection that the period is so fast approaching that not a single moment should be lost. Young ladies of the description required are not to be met with every day; nor when they are, is their consent to be obtained at once, or to be looked upon beforehand as a matter of certainty. Think of it seriously, my lord, for every thing you are possessed of is at stake.'—'As well as your

* Twenty-five years.

stewardship, Mr. Durberg. I thank you for your advice, and you may rely that I will instantly set about what our common interest prescribes.'

"The count in fact lost no time in making inquiries after young ladies possessing the necessary qualifications. All his friends were set to work; and after a few days' search, they fixed upon Mademoiselle Adelaïde de Gallemberg, a young lady whose noble birth was fully attested for the required purpose. The decay of her parents' fortune made them sufficiently accessible to a proposal coming from such a quarter. The settlement of preliminaries did not therefore occupy much time; after which the count repaired to Newstadt to pay his respects to his future spouse, who was still in a convent there for the completion of her education. You may easily conceive the feeling of a young girl of fifteen to whom it is intimated that she is to be immediately united to a handsome young man, possessing an immense fortune, and sovereign power with it. The poor girl's imagination had been so worked upon by these thoughts, that she became deeply enamoured with the count at the very first moment she saw him. In spite of her extreme beauty, of which you may form an idea by what you now see, though she has attained her thirtieth year, and an

expression of melancholy is settled in her features, the count could not bring himself to look upon this union in any other light than one of mere compulsion and necessity. Soon after his marriage, therefore, he left his wife under the care of her governess, and the guidance of her mother.

“ Detesting a yoke imposed on him by circumstances, Pletenberg plunged with redoubled ardour into all kinds of dissipation. He gloried in his excesses ; and his unfeeling conduct towards his lovely wife became with him a subject of exultation. As for the poor young countess, loving her husband with all the force and sensibility of her age, she suffered without complaining, and only answered the consolations offered by those who surrounded her by shedding tears. Every domestic virtue, the most devoted attachment, and the utmost resignation, were called to aid, in hope of captivating by their demonstration, that heart, of the possession of which she thought herself deserving. But it was all to no purpose ; and rather than longer endure the wretchedness of beholding every day the man who made so cold a return to her affection, she solicited and obtained his permission, at the age of eighteen, to retire to one of his estates in Bohemia. She quitted Vienna, abandoning all its pleasures and delights,

determined to bury in the most absolute solitude those charms which ought to have secured a much more happy and brilliant destiny.

“ Misfortune operates in elevated minds as the storm does on the atmosphere, which it purifies. Opposing an irreproachable conduct to the insulting neglect with which she had been treated, and angelic virtues to the dissolute habits of her husband, she devoted herself to a life of piety and charitable exercises, which lasted during the many years that she spent in this solitude.

“ The count plunged still more heedlessly into dissipation upon ridding himself of the trifling restraint which had been imposed on his actions, and after satiating himself with every enjoyment that the resources of Vienna could afford, he set out for other countries to seek for new ones. Fourteen years elapsed in this state of things: at the end of that time Pletenberg became heartily tired of his dissipated life, and thought of his country and his wife. He proceeded to Bohemia, and once more beheld the object to which sacred vows had united him for ever. He found the countess still in her bloom. Time and reflection had soothed her sorrows; and in the tranquil life she had led, her personal charms had preserved their primitive freshness. The most extraordinary part of the

story is, that Pletenberg now fell desperately in love with his wife. He became her most enthusiastic admirer. But time had operated very differently on the countess from what he now wished it might have done. Her feelings of extreme tenderness were changed into hatred by the constant reflection of the worthless estimation in which they had been held. His debaucheries and his dissolute habits had been regularly reported to her by those who were desirous that they should produce on her their due impression. He therefore became an object of an aversion to her which nothing could alter. Every demonstration of repentance, affection, and sincerity, was now had recourse to by the count; but all to no purpose. She remained insensible to his entreaties, and treated with indifference the solicitations of her friends that she should consent to a reconciliation.

“The count urged a visit to Vienna, in the hope that on an occasion like the present, her mind might become more accessible to a change in his favour. In the tumult of festivity and dissipation he flattered himself that her heart would more easily open itself again to that feeling of affection which formerly it cherished. She consented to accompany him, and even, as you see, to take part with him in all the gaieties which now abound in this splendid capital. But she

continues insensible to all the demonstrations of his affections, and seems to look upon their present fruitless ardour as a punishment of which he has no right to complain. The poor man has become an object of ridicule by the servility of his devotion. Always sighing as at the age of eighteen, and as jealous as a sexagenarian, he never moves from her side. He is ever taking up her gloves, her handkerchief, and pressing them to his bosom in public. But all this only tends to increase the aversion he has raised. Proscribed from the nuptial bed, which he had so long disdained, he complains of this rigour in prose, and laments his fate in verse. In short, his enthusiasm has become so great, that if it continues for any length of time, his intellects must become affected by it. We may therefore expect to see one day in the count the case of a debauched husband, whose repentance has only begun when his vices have become unpardonable."

During the recital of this romantic story I could not help examining, with an intense interest, the person who was the principal subject of it. The excessive paleness of her countenance spread over it that melancholy and settled expression which is produced by long-wrought passions or sufferings. One would have supposed that La

Harpe had been gazing on her when he made this verse :

“Son regard triste, et doux implore la pitié.”

“You see,” said Ompteda, in conclusion, “the origin of that extreme paleness in the lady’s countenance which has so much attracted your notice. In her situation, there is something infinitely more natural in that settled melancholy her face evinces, than in a more animated expression.” Whilst he was concluding his remarks supper was announced. I contrived to sit next to him at table, in order to enjoy the pleasure of listening to his observations. His varied and picturesque sketches were the more interesting to me, as they related either to persons of my acquaintance, or to intimate friends.

CHAPTER VIII.

M. Novossilsoff, the Russian statesman—Affairs of Poland—Prince de Ligne's opinion of, and writings on, the Poles—Count Arthur Potocki.

ON the following day I met, at the house of the Prince de Ligne, M. Novossilsoff, a Russian statesman of some celebrity, who was held in high estimation by the Emperor Alexander. He was at that time a member of the provisional government of Poland, and when I came in he was conversing with the prince on the affairs of that country. The subject was one of never-failing interest to me, for I have spent in Poland the finest days of my life ; and the sentiments of attachment I have conceived for that unhappy land are of the most deep-rooted kind. The conversation turned chiefly on the constitution which it was in contemplation to give to the Poles, and of which M.

Novossilsoff was one of the framers. "The Polish nation," said the Russian statesman, "had too long relied on the promises of a man to whom, after all, their independence was a matter of personal indifference."—"Their illusions were excusable enough," answered the Prince de Ligne: "there are no sacrifices of which nations do not easily console themselves when they are called for by the prospect of such an achievement."—"Generally speaking," replied M. Novossilsoff, "this would be perfectly justifiable; but the Poles are ever carrying back their thoughts to the brilliant times of their history, and they want their country to re-assume that proud attitude of independence it enjoyed under the Batoris, the Sigismonds, the Sobieskis, without one moment thinking of the immense changes the political condition of Europe has since then undergone, and their peculiar geographical position, which makes it impossible that they should stand again on the same footing as formerly. Poland is now linked to us, and must be content with the fate which is unavoidably reserved for her political existence. If ever we allowed her to become completely independent, she would make an Asiatic nation of us, and we are not disposed to recede."—"Burke has said," observed the prince,

“that the partition of Poland would be paid dearly for by its authors: he might have added that such-might be the case with her defenders also; for Napoleon’s interference with her concerns has in no small degree contributed to the loss of his crown. I hope a better fate will be reserved for the Emperor Alexander; but all must depend upon the adoption of suitable measures, and their security on a firm basis. A people who are proud of themselves may suffer themselves to be conquered, but will not bear to be humiliated. The force of arms may achieve their conquest; but it is only through a generous and just policy that they may be thoroughly subjugated.” —“You need not apprehend any system of policy, my dear prince, of which the Poles will ever have reason to complain at our hands. If you read this manuscript, the margin of which is full of notes, written in the Emperor Alexander’s own hand, you will find how great is our desire to meet the wishes of the Polish nation. This is the constitution intended for them. It will enable you to judge whether the lofty sentiments which spring from the heart should not be taken as the guarantee of that monarch’s good intentions.* The institutions of

* Alexander’s subsequent crusade against liberal institutions has shown how far his “lofty sentiments” were to be taken as the guarantee of his good intentions. As to his Polish constitution,

that country, hereby fixed upon a solid foundation, will become the means by which the peace of Europe may be ever maintained.”—“ If the bases of the edifice are proportioned to its weight, and of comparative solidity, they will, no doubt, prove durable; but if not, you may have to fear the vengeance of men who are driven to desperate means. I wish you had time to read the memoirs on Poland, which I wrote in 1788. You may perhaps think that what was written so long back is not exactly applicable to the present period. Nevertheless you would meet with much useful information in that work, and a great deal of coincidence between your thoughts and mine on some material points.”*

he merely meant it as an acknowledgment on his part that his Polish subjects were not exactly placed on a level with his Muscovite slaves.—*Translator.*

* This work was chiefly circulated in Poland, where some copies of it are still to be found. One of these was presented to me by young Prince Zertwertinsky, whose father had received it from the hands of the Prince de Ligne himself. The national character of the Poles is most accurately described in it. An idea may be formed of the author's opinion of that people by the following extract from its introductory address:—

“ Who would not feel an affection for Poland, the Poles, and above all, the Polish women? Who would not admire the wit and courage of the men, and the grace and beauty of the women? The manners of the Polish ladies are more exquisitely fascinating than those of all others. To prefer another city to Warsaw is impossible.

This interesting conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Count Arthur Potocki, a friend of the Prince de Ligne. Though a Pole, and a well-known enthusiastic wellwisher to his country, his presence put a stop to the comments of Monsieur de Novossilsoff, who hastily packed up his papers, and took leave of us.

“ I come,” said Count Potocki, “ to inform you that every thing is now in readiness for the

There you find the most refined *ton* of Paris allied with oriental manners, the good taste of Europe, and the magnificence of Asia united, the politeness of the most civilised society, with the plain, unaffected hospitality of barbarous nations. Who would not admire a people whose external appearance is universally noble and prepossessing; and whose manners, though plain and unassuming, are polite and cordial? In the cities you meet with good breeding and urbanity every where, and in the country a good-natured roughness prevails. The comprehension of the Poles is quick, their conversation light and agreeable, and their education has made them possessors of every talent. They have the gift of languages, are deeply read in general literature, eloquent and accomplished. Their taste in every thing is highly cultivated; they are admirers of the fine arts, passionately fond of fêtes, and private theatricals, and of their national dancing. Their dress is original; some of their customs extraordinary; their style of living magnificent. They are good and open-hearted, and very gratefully inclined. My own admiration of them is unlimited. The honour they did me in admitting me to a participation of their national rights and privileges, and the applause which was bestowed on my admission, when it took place, in the public national assembly, will ever command my most grateful remembrance.”

intended carousal, which has been so long in preparation, and that the ensuing week has been fixed upon for its celebration. I bring you, prince, the tickets which the grand marshal Trautmansdorff has desired me to deliver to you ; and I would recommend by all means that you should attend this spectacle, for it will doubtless be one of the most extraordinary of any witnessed in modern times."

The prince invited the count to come and dine with us at his *refuge*, as he called his country-house on the Kalemberg. He was greatly attached to the Count Arthur, whom he familiarly called his Alcibiades, and who, in his turn, entertained a most sincere regard for his venerable friend. He declined the invitation, however, having had a previous engagement with the Princess Lubomirski, whom he was to attend to court, where a splendid assemblage of illustrious guests had been invited to witness the spectacle of *living pictures* which was to be directed by the celebrated painter Isabey. In giving an account of the programme, the count told us that the picturesque scenes were to be followed by romances, dramatically performed by the handsomest women at court, among whom were to be the Duchess of Sagan, the Princess Paul Esterhazy, and the Countess Zichi. He observed, that as the per-

formances were not to commence before eight o'clock, we should be in time to attend after our return from the *refuge*, and he advised us not to neglect any opportunity offered for the enjoyment of the fêtes, for the closing of the congress had already been fixed for the 15th of December. After which he took his leave, and we set out on our intended pilgrimage.

CHAPTER IX.

The Kalemberg—Prince de Ligne's country-house there—Prince Ypsilanti and the Greeks—Spot from which King Sobieski charged the army of the Grand Vizier, and saved Vienna—Prince de Ligne's interesting conversation.

THE Kalemberg is a hill in the immediate vicinity of Vienna, over which it commands an extensive prospect, and to which it presents a picturesque view. The Prince de Ligne had, since a long period, chosen a spot on it for his summer residence, and his house there became the abode of the muses, and the rendezvous of that select society of friends to whom his presence and conversation were an inexhaustible source of instruction and gratification.

On our way thither our discourse turned upon Vienna: he spoke of that city in the most flattering terms. I fully concurred in all he said: nevertheless, I observed, that in order to appre-

ciate the whole of its various resources, a better knowledge of the German language was necessary than the generality of foreigners possessed. Without this requisite it would be difficult to judge exactly of the character and ways of those ranks of society which are not the less interesting for not being the highest, nor the least worthy of being known. Bacon once said to a young man, who knew no language but his own, and was asking the chancellor's advice as to the most advisable mode of proceeding on his travels, that it would be far more wise for him to go to school than to travel in foreign lands. "Bacon's suggestion was no doubt a very excellent one," observed the prince; "but I wonder what Metastasio would have said to it?—he who, after twenty years' residence at Vienna, had only picked up twenty German words, which he used to say was quite enough to save his life in case of need. At all events, you will find the French language sufficiently known here by this time to serve most purposes. It is universally understood in the upper ranks of society, and you see that it has been adopted in the negotiations and conferences of the congress, and in drawing up all the official acts which are to be the fruits of the ministerial deliberations."

The prince's manner of treating every subject on which he spoke gave a certain turn to the

merest trifles, that made them almost equally interesting with subjects of importance. He spoke of many of the distinguished persons of society, the sovereigns assembled there, their ministers and generals, and with that tact which was peculiar to him, pointed at the ridiculous bearings of his portraits, and forcibly described in a few words their general character.

I spoke to him of my meeting on the previous day with Prince Ypsilanti, and of his hopes respecting the deliverance of Greece from her Mahometan oppressors. "In the full vigour of age," said he, "possessed of great personal courage and military experience, this prince indeed is the man who ought to be chosen leader of the Greeks. He may still acquire the glory of achieving the great undertaking commenced by other members of his family.* It would be much to be desired if, at the present moment, when the attention of all Europe is directed to the means whereby a general

* Among the documents comprised in the Appendix at the end of this volume, a sketch will be found of the life of this prince; to which are added many facts having relation to, and connected with, the Greek revolution, and which, it is presumed, will not be read without interest. The sketch is drawn up by a gentleman who was intimately acquainted with the Ypsilanti family, as well as with most of the persons who have made themselves conspicuous in the occurrences which have led to the independence of Greece. He was many years resident among them.

peace could best be maintained inviolate, the resolution was taken to wrest that unfortunate race from the hands of their tyrants. Greece would again prosper and flourish if the Christian states would intercede in her behalf. The Greeks would feel too much the value of their deliverance not to use every possible means by which they might render impossible a return of their former yoke. Civilisation would be among the foremost of those means: to render their country the seat of the fine arts, as formerly, would also be an object of their most unremitting attention; and in the course of time, if we could live till then, we should again, as of old, see all the young men destined to scientific pursuits flock to Greece for the purpose of studying philosophy in its very source, and acquiring that species of learning which is adapted to the happiness of all mankind."

By the time we had finished our speculations respecting Greece we entered the court-yard of the prince's country residence. It was a small building, remarkably neat and commodious in external appearance; and its actual owner might easily have realised the wish of Socrates, by filling it with guests who were his real friends. Over the portal of its outward entrance was engraved this sentence:

Quo res cumque cadunt, semper stat linea recta.

And on the front which was facing the Danube he had caused the following French verses of his own composition to be likewise engraved :

Margraves, Polonais, Turcs, et Saints, tour à tour,
Rendirent autrefois célèbre ce séjour :
C'est à présent celui de la philosophie,
Du calme, de l'esprit, du bonheur de la vie.
Notre âme s'aggrandit par des grands souvenirs,
Mais la meilleure histoire est celle des plaisirs.
Sans remords, sans regrets, sans crainte, et sans envie,
La nature se montre en son bel appareil,
Et on se croit ici favori du soleil.

“ It would be deviating from the practice of all landlords,” said the prince, on our entering the house, “ if I did not begin doing the honours by conducting you round the extent of my domain : but as my house and the premises belonging to it are not more ample than the territory prescribed to the president of the St. Marin republic, you need not apprehend much fatigue. Such as they are, however, it is here that I seek and find relaxation after the tumult of fêtes, the fatigue of amusements, and the stiffness of that restraint which, however inclined, we are more or less obliged to impose on ourselves in the presence of so many crowned heads and sovereign personages. Here, in short, I can live for my own self.”

When we had reached the extremity of the

garden, he opened a door which led into a summer-house constructed immediately over the Danube, and from which we had a complete view of the city of Vienna. "It is from that spot," said he, "that John Sobieski commenced his glorious attack at the head of his thirty thousand men against the grand vizier, Kara Mustapha, whom he defeated through the irresistible impetuosity and bravery of his inferior numbers, thereby saving the Germanic empire. The military experience of that sovereign had so well exercised his *coup d'œil*, that after examining for a few moments from this elevated position the dispositions of the Turkish army, he coolly observed to the generals who surrounded him, that they were badly made, and that Mustapha would infallibly be beaten.*

"The Polish cavalry which had come to the aid of the Germans had a very martial appearance. They were mounted on magnificent horses, bearing richly ornamented arms. The infantry, however, was in a very different condition. One regiment in particular was in so unprovided a state, that Prince Lubomirski advised the king not to permit its crossing the Danube before

* In the Appendix will be found the letter which Sobieski wrote to the queen, his wife, the day after his victory, giving a curious account of the battle.



night, as its mean appearance was absolutely a national dishonour to the Poles. The king, however, was not to be swayed by any such consideration. 'Such as you see those men,' said he to Lubomirski, 'they are invincible. They have made a vow not to wear any clothes but those that they will take from the enemy's back. During the whole of the last war they wore Turkish clothes.'

"It was on ridding Leopold from his hitherto successful enemies that the words applied by Pope Pius V. to John of Austria, after the battle of Lepanto, were transferred to John Sobieski: 'And there was a man sent by God, and his name was John.' Austria has in more recent times chosen to forget this sentence, expressive of her gratitude: she has not scrupled to become instrumental to the overthrow of that nation who had saved her from a similar fate by their valour, and at the expense of their blood. It is in vain that Austria would say to those who would reproach her with this conduct, that the service rendered by Sobieski was a mere return made for a similar one, when Austria saved Poland from the grasp of the Swedes under the reign of Charles Gustavus. The Poles might, on similar grounds, have carried their claims to Austrian gratitude to periods still more remote, and to occur-

rences equally calling for it. When the founder of Austria, Count Hapsburg, found it necessary to shake off his dependence from the Emperor Henry II., the Poles came to his assistance, and greatly contributed in placing his house in the rank of the most powerful sovereignties of Europe. The fact is, that the iniquitous partition in question can never be excused; and its promoter had no doubt in his mind the apology of La Fontaine, in the fable of the dog carrying his master's dinner."

At three o'clock we sat down to a dinner served out of provisions which the prince had caused to be put in the carriage on our leaving town. Never as long as I live shall my grateful memory lose the recollection of this charming repast. How bright the colours in which he portrayed the celebrated personages who, in his long worldly career, had honoured him with their friendship! The Empress Catherine, whom he called his "living glory;" the Emperor Joseph II., his "visible providence;" Frederick II., his "immortality," were particularly the subjects of his anecdotic sketches. He also related a variety of interesting particulars respecting the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. "At my introduction," said he, "to the Count d'Artois, he assumed at first all the dignity of a king's brother, but soon after treated me

as if he had been my own. Some time after, at the camp of Moravia, I saw the king of Prussia. Frederick perceived at once that I was an admirer of great men, and shortly after I became his visitor at Berlin. On my son Charles's marriage with a Polish lady, it was observed that, being on a footing of intimate friendship with the Empress Catherine, nothing became me so well as the crown of Poland, and I was naturalised a Pole in consequence. On my second arrival in Russia, the empress took it into her head that she must go nowhere without my being at her elbow, and off we set on that long and extraordinary journey to the Crimea, the particulars of which would appear more fabulous than historical. Catherine knew my partiality for Iphiginias, and therefore presented me with the very piece of land on which had stood the temple where Agamemnon's daughter was priestess. I really believe, that what through the paternal friendship with which the Emperor Francis I. honoured me, the maternal kindness that the great Maria Theresa always showed me, and the fraternal intimacy on which I stood with Joseph II., the confidence which the great Marshal de Loudon had placed in me, the intimate footing on which I stood in the private circles of the queen of France and the great empress of Russia; and finally, the unrestrained intercourse

I was long allowed to enjoy with Frederick of Prussia; I say, with so many sources of fruitful information and entertaining anecdote at my disposal, I could now sit down and write some very interesting memoirs."

I listened with intense attention to all that he said. It seemed to me as if I was myself transported by turns to the scenes which he had witnessed, and to which the force of his imagination gave such a vivid colouring. He spoke of more recent times, and dwelt at some length on the period when the present emperor married his cousin-german, the daughter of the archduke of Milan and of the Archduchess Beatrix, the only remnant of that house of Est, which has been so extolled in Ariosto and Tasso.

"That union was brought about by inclination alone," said the prince; "political motives had nothing to do with it. The young empress was brought up in the midst of calamities which add greatly to the interest of her situation. The sentiments of respect she inspires are therefore mixed with feelings of sympathy." He then alluded to the arrival of Madame de Stael at Vienna, where she came at that period for the purpose of participating in the festivities which were to be produced in celebration of the imperial marriage. "Her arrival and her stay among us have formed

a kind of era; for, in certain circles of society, it is still usual to say, in reference to some particular fact or occurrence, 'When Madame de Stael was here.'—But admiration is not everlasting, however it may be sincere. We get used to the object which has excited it; and frequently that feeling is changed into something of a very opposite kind. Madame de Stael was too eager generally in her conversation to produce effect by her wit. She mostly succeeded, however, in so doing, and nothing could be easier among the crowds of her admiring listeners. She discussed every subject with rare perspicacity. If ever she asked a question, still more seldom did she wait for an answer; and notwithstanding this violation of the common rules of conversation, and a dictatorial mode of delivering her sentiments, she was sure to bring over almost every opinion to a coincidence with her own. Her countenance, altogether, is far from being handsome: the form of her nose and the shape of her mouth are decidedly ugly; but her eyes possess a brilliancy which almost enable them to express the elevated and distinguished thoughts with which her fertile mind abounds. She has preserved all the habits of youth, and all the coquetry of dress which belong to very young women. Her hands are perhaps the best shaped part of her whole person. She was in the habit

of displaying them here chiefly by twisting in them a small branch of poplar, with three or four leaves on it, the motion of which produced a kind of rustling sound which she called the obligato accompaniment to her words. She is very fond of society, from the notion she has acquired of the impression she produces on the minds of men; but she does not willingly associate with women, whose conversation she thinks unsuitable to a mind like hers. She thinks herself in her proper sphere only when surrounded by those of whose powers of appreciating her she entertains a high notion; and the more this circle is numerous the more her mind becomes exalted, and her eloquence is called forth. Celebrity has become necessary to her existence, but it has not led her to happiness; for she has long regretted her native land, from which she was proscribed by the man whom she called 'a Robespierre on horseback.' It may therefore be said that it was her own cause she was endeavouring to promote when she directed the whole power of her means to the overthrow of the man who was opposed to her return to France. Shortly after she came here an anonymous satire was circulated on the enthusiasm she had excited. Her *Corinne* was criticised in this production, and, I think, most inaptly; for it is not in her literary works that she is vulnerable. That affectation of

appearing on a scene where she could display no talent, the *salon*, being her only proper station,—that pretension of engrossing every attention and every thought,—that mutability in her opinions, so dangerous to those who thought they could rely upon their consistency; it is on these points that she ought to have been attacked. She was, however, greatly incensed that any one should presume to set up any doubts respecting her literary merits, on which, she thought, there could exist but one opinion. If you wish to read this satirical production, pray put me in mind of it to-morrow, and I will give it you. Perhaps you will find some verses in it that will amuse you.”*

As it was necessary that we should arrive at court precisely at the hour fixed for the commencement of the performances, we left this delightful retreat, which will, no doubt, become one day an historical subject. Shortly afterwards we repaired to the imperial palace.

* The prince gave me the manuscript some days after this conversation. It was at one time believed at Vienna that he was the author of it. I have no other means of contradicting the report than by a reference to his own remarks respecting it. The reader will find it in the Appendix.

CHAPTER X.

Grand assembly at court—Living pictures—Dramatic romances
—The Princess Esterhazy—The ex-queen of Holland—Prince
Leopold of Saxe Coburg's account of her—Diplomatic waltzing
—Grand supper at court.

WHEN we arrived at court the suite of magnificent apartments were already crowded with company. The count Arthur Potocki had, however, kept seats for us near those of the princess Esterhazy and the prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg. I entered into conversation with the princess, and the intended performances very naturally became the subject of our remarks. She said that although the living pictures were a novel exhibition in Vienna, they were not new to her; for some years previously, she gave a fête at Eisenstadt, one of her country seats, where they were executed for the first time. Her chapel master, Haydn, the celebrated composer, height-

ened the interest of the exhibition on that occasion, by performing on the organ some extemporaneous music of a strikingly appropriate character. I have known but few ladies whose conversation was as fascinating as that of the Princess Esterhazy, and whose manners were equally captivating. I became acquainted with the prince, her husband, many years previously, at the house of M. Recamier in Paris, and I was on intimate terms with her son, Prince Paul (now ambassador in England); so that the conversation soon turned on those two members of her family, for whom she entertained the most ardent affection. It was enough to speak of them in terms of admiration to obtain her esteem and friendship.

The commencement of the performances was now announced by all the lights being put out. After an appropriate overture, executed by an orchestra composed only of harps and French horns, the curtain was drawn, and presented a scene called the Spanish conversation. The second was the subject of a picture drawn by a young French artist, representing Louis XIV. at the feet of Madame de la Valiere. This scene was executed by the young Count Trautmansdorff and the beautiful Countess Zichi. They were both of them possessed of superior attractions; and there was such an expression of emotion in

the features of the count, and of innocence and alarm in that of the countess, that the illusion was rendered complete. The third scene was taken from Le Gros' picture, representing Hippolytus justifying himself to Theseus against the accusation of Phædra.

The subjects of these pictures, represented by the most distinguished persons at court, with costumes so magnificent and appropriate, with shades and lights disposed in the most masterly manner by Isabey, necessarily excited great admiration. It is impossible, however, to judge of the species of magic effect produced, without having witnessed the exhibition. The immobility of the figures was maintained in a surprising manner; but there were attitudes so extremely fatiguing, that they could not be kept up for more than a few minutes, and the curtain dropped on them sooner than the spectators could have wished.

The lights were now restored, and whilst the *dramatic romances* were being prepared, refreshments of all kinds were served round to the audience.

The first performance was the well-known romance, *Partant pour la Syrie*, composed by the Queen Hortense. It was executed by Mademoiselle Goubault, daughter of the Dutch minister

Baron Goubault, who is now governor of Brussels. Her voice was extremely melodious, and she sung the air with an exquisite expression ; whilst the young Count Schæufeld and the young Princess Philipstadt expressed the meaning of the words through mimic action. They were seconded by a full chorus of both sexes, and the variety of grouping, the figures especially, during the marriage stanza, the perfection of the chorus,—all produced an effect perfectly enthusiastic among the spectators.

I was seated too far away from the Emperor Alexander to hear what he said to the Prince Eugene, who sat between him and his father-in-law, the king of Bavaria. But it was evident from the expression of the prince's countenance that the emperor was paying a just tribute of praise to the merit of his sister's composition.

The second performance was that of Coupigni's romance, *Le Troubadour qui chante et fait la guerre*. It was executed by the Count Schænbor and Countess Marassi. The third was again a composition of the ex-queen of Holland, *Fais ce que doit, advienne que pourra*. It was as well sung and as well expressed as the others, by the young Prince Radzivil, and the Countess Zamoiska, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Marshal

Prince Czartorinsky. The author's name was demanded, and its announcement elicited loud and universal applause.

“ Indeed,” observed the Prince de Ligne, “ Mademoiselle Beauharnais wields a sceptre which will never break in her hands. She remains a queen by the grace of her own talents, after having ceased to be one by the grace of God. For my part, I most cordially add my applause to these traits of genius. I take pleasure in paying homage to fallen greatness, especially when persons in that situation have proved themselves so worthy of the high station to which circumstances had raised them.”

“ I have seen so much of the Queen Hortense,” said Prince Leopold, “ during my frequent visits to Paris, that I can bear full testimony to the truth of your remark, so far as it may apply to her. She was extremely young when suddenly transferred to a court resplendent with military glory. Her amiable disposition was not in the remotest manner affected by the brilliant turn of her prospects. Neither imperial pomp, nor regal honours, could produce any alteration in her, and she has always retained her modest and unaffected manners. Nor does the privation of all these honours appear to have occasioned any regret with her. Nature has gifted her with genius for

the fine arts, which her superior education and the means at her command have fully developed. The prince has, therefore, very justly observed that she wields a sceptre of which nothing can deprive her. She sings most exquisitely, and plays delightfully on various instruments. She composes very prettily, and draws in great perfection. No lady in Paris danced more gracefully than she did. But what can never be forgotten by strangers who were in the habit of visiting Paris during the time of her greatness there, is the urbanity which both herself and her mother evinced towards those who had the honour of becoming known to them. They seemed both of them as if desirous of smoothing the difficulty of position peculiar to many of us at the court of the Tuileries."

"I admire," said the Prince de Ligne, "the frank homage you pay, my dear prince, where it is justly due. I am fond of admiring where admiration is called for, and I confess that I detest those who are ever seeking a motive for every demonstration of kindness, and who affect to doubt that amiable qualities can spring from natural impulses."

When the sovereigns quitted their seats the company repaired to the great ball-room, where every thing had been prepared for dancing. I

offered my arm to the Princess Esterhazy, and she allowed me to remain by her the rest of the evening.

All those who had figured in the representation had kept on their dramatic costumes, and as their number was considerable, they formed separate quadrilles among themselves, which added much variety and animation to the scene. These fêtes, in which dancing was introduced, were frequently as useful to young diplomatists in the furtherance of political objects, as in giving an agreeable relaxation to their labours. All restraint was laid aside on such occasions, and politicians of a maturer age assembled in groupes in various parts of the room, discussing grave subjects without reserve. The young waltzers would occasionally stop short near these groupes, and, apparently occupied exclusively with their amusement and their fair partners, would listen attentively to the conversations of the politicians. A word or sentence pronounced by any person of note often served to govern diplomatic proceedings in a manner which puzzled many to discover how their thoughts or intentions could have been guessed at.

The Emperor Alexander had opened the ball with the Empress of Austria, by a Polonaise, a kind of dancing march with which the court balls

are always begun. In an adjoining apartment several members of the *corps diplomatique* were seated gravely at the whist table; a recreation which seemed to have become indispensable to their ministerial labours.

A magnificent supper was served up at twelve o'clock. The sovereigns sat down to the table which had been reserved for them, and the rest of the company took their seats at other tables without any observance of etiquette or distinction of ranks. These banquets were always magnificent and expensive. It was calculated that up to the occasion of which I am speaking, they had cost the emperor thirty millions of florins. But then the money spent in Vienna by the strangers, attracted either by business or curiosity, was estimated to amount to no less than a hundred thousand florins; and every one knows the means employed by Colbert to replenish the exhausted coffers of his master.

Soon after the sovereigns had withdrawn dancing ceased, and every one went to seek in rest a new accession of strength and spirits for pleasures long before marked out by the chain of amusements provided for each successive day.

CHAPTER XI.

Neapolitan diplomatists and others—Mausoleum of the Archduchess Christina—Facilities of Meeting among the society at Vienna—Situation of the Neapolitan legation at the Congress—The Prater—Meeting with the Emperor Alexander and Prince Eugene.

IN the midst of storms I have heard men relate the events of time past, and I have lent an attentive ear to their narrations. Now, when in port, I love to call to mind anecdotes of the celebrated persons who have been my fellow-passengers in the different voyages I have made on the great ocean of life.

At a breakfast given by Prince Cariati, Murat's minister at the court of Austria, I found assembled the Dukes di Rocca Romana and Campo Chiaro, Messrs. Schinina and Griffiths, General Filangieri, and Count de Witt. The conversation turned on the fine arts, and the beautiful monuments of architecture and sculpture which adorn the Aus-

trian capital. Among the most remarkable were cited St. Stephen, the equestrian statue of Joseph II., the tomb of Prince Eugene, &c. But Vienna was acknowledged to be richer in monuments of private affection than in those of public gratitude; and among the former was mentioned one, which was said to be peculiarly worthy the admiration of foreigners. This was the mausoleum erected by the Duke of Saxe Teschen* to the memory of his consort, the Archduchess Christina. As some of the party had not yet seen it, they proposed taking a view of it after breakfast; and, as I was curious to hear the opinion of these distinguished Italians on the exquisite production of their gifted countryman, I offered my services as their *cicerone*. We accordingly repaired to the church of St. Augustin, where, in a small chapel erected for the purpose, stands Canova's thousandth claim to immortality.

Near the summit of a grey marble pyramid, twenty-eight feet high, an angel hovers, with a medallion, bearing the likeness of the lamented

* This prince died in 1822. His refined taste for the arts, and his benevolent disposition, caused him to be generally regretted. By his charitable deeds he may be said to have transferred his wealth to heaven, where he now enjoys it. He bequeathed a vast fortune to the Archduke Charles, who employs it in a way worthy of his noble character.

archduchess. A lion, sleeping on the steps of the mausoleum, guards its entrance, while the genius of grief bends over the lion, in the attitude of profound melancholy. Virtue, who bears in an urn the ashes of the archduchess, guides Innocence and Purity to the steps of the monument; while Charity, supporting an aged man, directs the steps of a weeping orphan to the sanctuary of everlasting repose. The figures are the size of life, and exhibit the most masterly execution.

The contemplation of this monument excites a feeling of admiration and melancholy; a mingled emotion, which no language can adequately describe. The Duke di Rocca Romana, an enlightened connoisseur of art, made many judicious observations on it. After praising the perfect representation of the feebleness of age, in the figure of the old man; the chaste dignity of the figure of Charity; the repose of the lion, &c., he added: "But even the sun has its spots; and I cannot but condemn the spread-wings of the genius of grief, which are so little in unison with the complete mental dejection expressed in the attitude."

There is so much poetry in the language of educated Italians, and they possess such just and ready discrimination in all that regards the fine arts, that in listening to the remarks of the duke

and his friends, I saw a thousand beauties in this *chef d'œuvre*, which had before escaped my attention, and I seemed to view it now for the first time.*

There were in the church several other foreigners who, like ourselves, had been attracted thither by curiosity. The conversation soon became general, and only one sentiment prevailed, namely, admiration.

The habit of meeting each other every day in Vienna created among persons of different countries a sort of friendly feeling, which was both interesting and agreeable. Vienna is so small a city, and its places of public resort so numerous, that people no sooner parted than they met again.

* The following lines on the mausoleum of the Archduchess Christina were given to me by the Prince de Ligne.

Célèbre Canova, ton immortel ouvrage
Est des regrets d'Albert le parlant témoignage :
Les arts ont seuls le droit de triompher du temps ;
Les larmes du malheur, les pleurs des sentimens,
Qui baignent le tombeau de l'être qu'on adore,
Fragiles monumens, s'effarent à l'aurore.
Et les fleurs qu'à sa cendre on apporte en tribut,
Se fanent le matin et le soir ne sont plus.
Mais les pertes du cœur que l'art immortalise,
Font regretter Mausole et revivre Artemise ;
De même ton ciseau retrace parmi nous
Les vertus d'une femme et les pleurs d'un époux.

Thus, in the space of a few days, an acquaintance was formed which would have required many months' growth in another capital, and under other circumstances.

Count de Witt, with whom I was engaged to dine at Princess Sapiéggha's, proposed that we should take a turn on the Prater before the hour appointed for dinner. As some of the gentlemen who had accompanied us to the church of St. Stephen were to stay only a few days in Vienna, they naturally wished to make the most of their time in seeing every thing that was remarkable in the Austrian capital. We accordingly left them to continue their excursions, while we mingled with the promenaders in the grand alley of the Prater, which every day at three o'clock was the resort of all the rank and beauty in Vienna. The Englishwomen were remarkable for costly dress, the fair Poles for elegance, and the German ladies for simplicity.

On the way our conversation turned on the difficult situation of the Neapolitan legation at the congress. The count shrewdly analysed the characters of the persons composing it, and gave to each, individually, full credit for a fund of good faith, which deserved to be employed in a better cause. "I really pity," said he, "the peculiar position in which they stand among us. They are present

at all the fêtes and parties ; for every body thinks it an indispensable mark of courtesy to send them invitations, which they conceive it to be their duty to accept. But they must be blessed with a good share of courage to enable them to endure the reserve with which they are treated : they seem to form a sort of *corps diplomatique* apart ; and their isolated position is rendered the more conspicuous by their costume. The dress of the court of Naples is always splendid ; for the king, taking the very opposite extreme to that adopted by his brother-in-law, displays as much etiquette in his dress as the other affects simplicity. I am particularly sorry for the Duke di Campo Chiaro and Prince Cariati, whose intentions are honourable and upright, but who must necessarily contend unsuccessfully against the perfidious counsellors who circumvent their king and are preparing his ruin.* Castlereagh observed to me, the other day, that the conduct of Murat would infallibly cost him his crown. Still, however, as long as he

* In September 1814 the Duke di Campo Chiaro published a note explanatory of the political conduct of the king of Naples, from the battle of Leipzig to the peace of Paris. But the downfall of Murat was already tacitly determined on. Subsequently, that prince, the bravest of the brave on the field of battle, was by treacherous counsel involved in a course of policy, the chances of which he did not foresee. His life was the forfeit of his irresolution ; but, faithful to his exalted destiny, he died bravely.

is upon the throne, it would be but right to abstain from indecorous invective against a man whose elevated rank ought to shield him from insult. Besides, the very fact of our having profited by the support of Murat when it was necessary to us, should now be an inviolable shield to him; for had the king of Naples afforded to Napoleon the support which he gave to us, it is probable that we should not now hear the disdainful expressions which are addressed to him, as well as to his representatives at the congress.”*

The day was gloomy, and the Prater was but thinly attended. However, we met the Emperor Alexander walking with Prince Eugene. The friendship which that monarch entertained for the viceroy, and of which he gave him so many affectionate proofs at the time of the Empress Josephine's death, seemed to increase daily. It was rare to see Alexander unaccompanied by Eugene.

* Count de Witt doubtless alluded to the proposition which, in January 1814, the king of Naples made to Prince Eugene, viz. to abandon France and unite their forces to those of Marshal Bellegarde. Prince Eugene replied that he would never betray his benefactor, and Murat signed his armistice with Austria; a page which it would be well to cancel from his history. There is no glory for the ungrateful: Murat should not be reproached for his origin, but for having forgotten that origin, in his ingratitude to the man who raised him to supreme rank.

At twelve o'clock every day the czar regularly went out dressed in a plain frock coat, and called at the residence of Prince Eugene, situated on the Wieden Kaisergarten: the two princes, after walking once or twice round the ramparts, usually went to see any curious sights which Vienna offered, and then repaired to the Prater.

It would be unnecessary to seek any other grounds for this friendship than the amiable qualities by which Prince Eugene conciliated every heart. The noble disposition which that prince had always evinced was a certain guarantee for his future conduct. But in an exalted mind like Alexander's, the misfortunes by which his interesting young friend had for some time been assailed, was the loadstone which united them more and more intimately together. Yet this friendship found detractors among those who subject every thing to the calculations of interest: those, however, who knew and appreciated the character of the viceroy, esteemed the Emperor Alexander the more highly for the protection which he thus openly extended to him.

As we passed his majesty he stopped for a few moments to speak to Count de Witt. Alexander wore no other decoration than that of the sword of Sweden, which was fastened on the outside of

his coat. This, I thought, was a satisfactory augury for the consolidation of the new Swedish dynasty.

The emperor drew Count de Witt a little aside, which gave me the opportunity of exchanging a few words with the viceroy ; and even those few words were characterised by that amiability of feeling for which he was so peculiarly remarkable. I had not seen him since my last visit to Milan ; but this was not the proper time for opening a conversation, which was every moment likely to be interrupted. Indeed the Emperor Alexander very soon joined us. He spoke of Lady Castlereagh's ball, and his lordship's fondness for dancing. " There is nothing extraordinary in that," observed Prince Eugene ; " dancing is the amusement of all times, and frequently of all ages : Socrates learned to dance from Aspasia ; and at fifty-six, Cato the Censor danced oftener than Lord Castlereagh now does." This remark made the emperor smile. Alexander's noble and handsome countenance would have been exceedingly imposing but that an expression of mildness tempered its dignity. The good-natured attention with which he listened to any replies that were addressed to him captivated all with whom he conversed. He was adored by those who enjoyed the honour of his intimacy ; and the simplicity of

his manners, together with his easy politeness and gallantry, won all hearts at Vienna.*

Count de Witt and I did not long enjoy the gratification arising from our interesting rencounter. It was interrupted by Princess de la Tour et Taxis, who alighted from her carriage to accost the Emperor Alexander. This princess, who is sister to the late queen of Prussia, is alike distinguished for the graces of her person and the accomplishments of her mind. The emperor and Prince Eugene having each offered her his arm, the count and I withdrew to prolong our walk as far as the Lust-Haus.

As we were going along I made some inquiry about M. Castaing. "Ah!" exclaimed the general, "your young *protégé*. Ma foi! if advancement be the natural consequence of the law of motion, I will answer for his getting on under me. By way of beginning, I sent him yesterday

* To avoid the embarrassment of precedence of rank among the sovereigns, the Emperor Alexander proposed that it should be determined by age. The monarchs accordingly took their respective ranks in the following order:—

1. King of Wirtemberg, born in	.	.	1754
2. King of Bavaria, ———	.	.	1756
3. King of Denmark, ———	.	.	1768
4. Emperor of Austria, ———	.	.	1768
5. King of Prussia, ———	.	.	1770
6. Emperor Alexander, ———	.	.	1777.

as a courier to St. Petersburg. He will find sledges on the frontiers ; and he will have an opportunity of comparing his quiet pedestrian pilgrimage to Vienna with his sliding journey from Vienna to St. Petersburg."

The Emperor Alexander had given Count de Witt some orders relative to a military festival, which was to take place on a very brilliant scale. De Witt entered on a long string of observations on the movements of regiments, manœuvres, plans of campaign, &c. ; details which he thoroughly understood and loved to converse about. The Emperor Alexander's officers, though most of them were still very young, had already made so many campaigns and taken part in so many battles, that war had become their element, and they spoke of it like veterans reposing on their laurels. I might easily have recorded in my notes the versions given by my friends of the operations of the different armies during the last ten years of the war. But my object was to write a book of amusement, and not a treatise on military tactics. I recollected the observation of the Prince de Ligne : " That there is as little to be gained by wearying the French as by amusing the Lacedæmonians."

CHAPTER XII.

Prince Stahremberg—Prince Paul Sapiegha and Princess Sapiegha
—More Remarks relative to Poland—Kosciusko.

MEMORY is the bequest of the past to the present and the future: it is a treasure which remains when every other is lost.

Conquered nations are deprived of their independence, their prosperity, and even their names; but the voice of Memory passes over the ocean of ages, and elevates to a sphere of immortality the glory of their sages and heroes.

When I arrived at Princess Sapiegha's at the hour appointed for dinner, I met Prince Stahremberg just going out. He had declined the princess's invitation on account of a previous engagement with Lord Stewart.

I had not had an opportunity of paying my respects to the prince since my arrival in Vienna, and he accepted my apologies with his usual good-natured politeness, which was accompanied by an air at once dignified and easy. I inquired after his family, whose arrival he daily expected. "I am glad," said he, smiling, "to find that you have not forgotten them."—"The kind attentions I received from them," replied I, "would have sufficed to fix them in my recollection, independently of the extraordinary circumstance connected with my first introduction at the castle of ——."—"Pray, what is that extraordinary circumstance?" inquired Prince Sapiegha.—"I will leave Monsieur to tell it you," said the princess; "his memory appears to be very retentive."

Some of the princess's friends now entered; among the number were Princes Lubomirski and Zertwertinsky (chamberlains to the Emperor Alexander), Counts Zavadowski and Komar, the beautiful Countess Rosalie Rezewouska, Mr. Metzel, General Kracinsky, Prince Paul Sapiegha, and a Monsieur Aïdé who was regularly met every where. Prince Paul, the princess's cousin, was the same who distinguished himself in all the battles in which the Poles had been engaged. He was deeply enamoured of his cousin, and he has proved that a profound attachment may become

the source of the noblest actions. His mild and dignified countenance assumed an animated expression whenever he alluded to his comrades or his country. Shortly after the congress he was united to his cousin.

At table, the conversation at first turned on the amusements of Vienna ; a fertile field, for they varied almost daily. From the current anecdotes of the day, we proceeded to discuss more serious subjects, and very naturally dwelt on the fate of Poland, which is always and every where uppermost in the thoughts of the Poles. Much was said respecting the chances which the new organization of Poland presented for the future happiness of the country. The measure was considered under every possible form ; and some doubts were expressed respecting the sincerity of the promises that had been made, and the possibility of their execution. This little feeling of distrust was neither to be wondered at nor condemned. The Poles have been often enough the victims of their blind credulity. " However," observed Zertwertinsky, " the congress has determined that the Poles, who are the respective subjects of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, shall obtain national institutions regulated according to the sort of political existence which those governments may think proper to grant to them. This

determination is at least generous. It enables us to embrace a shadow of our country, and we shall no longer see our countrymen wandering abroad, uncertain where to find a resting-place." I ventured to describe the conversation of the preceding evening between M. Novossilsof and the Prince de Ligne, and I quoted from memory some passages which the Emperor Alexander had written in his own hand on the manuscript project of the constitution.

"This is sufficiently consolatory," said General Kracinsky; "for it is with nations as with individuals, little circumstances frequently determine their fate. These circumstances should be seized on and turned to good account, for they occur only at distant intervals. Perhaps the hour of our regeneration has arrived, and will make us forget that monstrous dismemberment, the first attack upon the existence of nations since the downfall of the Roman empire, and the great incursions of the northern barbarians."

"I expect shortly to see Kosciusko in Vienna," said the Countess Rosalie. "Our Paris friends being of opinion that his presence here might be serviceable to the interests of our country, requested him to come. He immediately acceded to our wishes; and I doubt not that his advice, which will be given in the noble confidence of

truth, will have great weight with our king; for the emperor has always entertained a high esteem for him."*—"When I lately left Kosciusko at Paris," said Prince Lubomirski, "he gave me the copy of a letter which he had addressed to the emperor, and which breathes sentiments of the

* Kosciusko did not arrive soon enough to see the Emperor Alexander at Vienna; but he met his majesty at Brunan. Kosciusko had a long interview with the emperor, in which he spoke to him of the object of his journey. The memorable words uttered on that occasion by the sovereign, who never promised in vain, proved how Alexander identified himself with the hopes of his new subjects.

On his return from the Congress of Vienna, Kosciusko met at Soleure his old friend M. Zeltner. This circumstance induced him to fix his residence in Switzerland.

The 15th of October, 1817, was a day of eternal mourning for Poland. Kosciusko died at Soleure of a nervous fever, in the arms of his friend Zeltner, regretted by all the inhabitants of the canton, and above all, by the unfortunate whom he loved to collect around him.

When, on the 31st of October, the last honours were rendered to the Polish general in the Church of Saint Roch, in Paris, General la Fayette seized the opportunity of expressing the attachment and respect he had always entertained for his old companion in arms. The numerous friends to whom Kosciusko's noble qualities had endeared him during a long residence in France attended his funeral, and seemed to deplore his loss like that of a brother.

Men who have defended the laws of their country, without dishonouring the just cause by any unworthy act, well deserve a tribute of public homage at the moment when the tomb closes over their mortal remains. Kosciusko was honoured, even by the sovereigns against whom he had borne arms in defence of his country.

most devoted patriotism. He formerly resisted Napoleon's efforts to render him the instrument of a general insurrection. He foresaw that it would be attended by no better results than those which have already followed our many fruitless sacrifices. He now thinks the moment more favourable for fixing our future destiny, and he expresses his hopes and wishes in his letter to the emperor. As I happen to have it about me, I will, with your permission, read it.

“ ‘ Sire,—If I venture from my retirement to address my urgent prayers to an exalted monarch, it is because I regard as the greatest of men him whose magnanimity equals his genius. In the confidence which this conviction inspires, I supplicate that your imperial majesty, the benefactor of mankind, will grant an unrestricted amnesty to Poland ; that the peasants now in foreign countries may be free on returning to their native land ;—that your majesty on declaring yourself king of Poland, will give her a constitution similar to that of Great Britain ;—that public schools, for the instruction of the peasantry be established and maintained out of the funds of the regency ;—that slavery shall be abolished in ten years, and at the expiration of which time every labourer become the owner of a piece of ground, which he has himself cultivated,

“ ‘ Should my prayers be listened to, Sire, I have only one more boon to ask, which is, that I may be permitted, though ill, to come and throw myself at your feet, to take the first oath of fidelity to you, and to render that homage due to you as my sovereign, and the benefactor of my country.’ ”

“ This,” exclaimed the Countess Rosalie, “ is worthy of Kosciusko. His heroic patriotism will, no doubt, be duly appreciated by the sovereign who said,—‘ May peace and content once more reign throughout the world ! may every nation derive happiness from its own laws and government ! may religion be respected, and the arts and sciences encouraged for the general benefit of mankind !’ These noble words of Alexander will be fulfilled. Kosciusko will recall them to his majesty’s recollection.”

“ What did Kosciusko say,” inquired Prince Paul Sapiegha, “ to the story which has recently appeared in the public papers, and which redounds so highly to his honour ?”—“ In spite of his modesty,” replied Prince Lubomirski, “ I could plainly perceive that he was pleased with that unquestionable mark of the respect in which he is held.”—“ But is the story as related really true ?”—“ The facts are these,” said the prince :

“ On the invasion of France by the allied troops, a party of cossacks entered a little village,

called Cugny, near Berville, where they pursued their usual course of spoliation and plunder. They reached a rural habitation, and having broken down the fence which enclosed the grounds, they marched towards the house. At the door they were met by an old man, who endeavoured to point out to them the injustice and cruelty of their unsoldier-like conduct. But the lawless horde, brandishing their spears over his head, declared their determination to pillage the cottage. ‘Soldiers,’ said the old man, uncovering his bosom, which was scared by wounds, ‘you must respect the dwelling of a soldier, or dishonour yourselves by a crime.’ — ‘Who are you?’ said the leader of the cossacks, ‘who know our language, and dare presume to address us thus?’ — ‘I am Kosciusko!’ On hearing that name, which is synonymous with glory and virtue, the savage soldiers threw themselves at the hero’s feet, and implored his pardon.”

“This anecdote,” said the Countess Rosalie, “is the noblest eulogium that can be pronounced on Kosciusko. The most eloquent language could not convey a more exalted idea of the sublimity of his character.”

“A similar testimonial of respect,” observed I, “was shown by the enemies of Louis the XIV. and of France to the author of *Telemachus*. When

they ravaged our provinces, they spared only the possessions of the immortal bishop of Cambray.” —“Those may well be proud,” said Princess Sapiegha, “who can call such men their countrymen. One feels elevated in one’s own estimation by having sprung from the soil which gave them birth.”

“As soon as Platoff discovered the abode of Kosciusko,” resumed Prince Lubomirski, “he directed a guard of honour to be stationed at his door : this mark of respect was no less creditable to the great man who was the object of it, than to him who rendered such a homage to modest merit.”

Before the company rose from table Lubomirski proposed the health of the Polish hero ; a toast which, of course, met the cordial approbation of all present.

During dinner politics were discussed ; but when the dessert was laid, Princess Sapiegha pressed me to relate the anecdote to which Prince Stahremberg had alluded. “It possesses no interest, madam, to any one but me,” I replied : “I doubt whether it will afford you the least amusement. However, if such be your wish, you shall hear it.

CHAPTER XIII.

Anecdote alluded to by Prince Stahremberg—Ruins of Durnstein
 —Unexpected Meeting with a beautiful young girl among them
 —Her presence there accounted for.

“WHEN I sit down to collect my scattered recollections, I am carried back in imagination to scenes which I shall certainly never see again; and feel revived those dreams of early life to which I owe so many delightful hours. If these sketches abound in romantic incidents, it is because such incidents have been of frequent occurrence during my life.

“About two years ago, some important business which the banking-house of Tourton and Ravel had to transact with Prince Stahremberg induced the head of that firm to go to Vienna.

“ On leaving the Austrian capital, M. Tourton, who had been long my banker and friend, proposed returning to Paris by the way of Munich. At that time I also intended to visit Bavaria, and I joyfully accepted M. Tourton's offer to travel with him.

“ Prince Stahremberg, wishing to set off to his country residence before the business was finally arranged with M. Tourton, invited the latter to stop on his way to Munich at the castle of *****, situated on the extreme frontier of Austria. The prince, on learning that I was to be M. Tourton's travelling companion, politely included me in the invitation; and a few days afterwards we set off on our journey.

“ In consequence of an accident which happened to our carriage, we were obliged to stop at Emersdorf, and, according to the custom of travellers, I asked what there was worth seeing in the town and its neighbourhood. ‘ Very little in the town,’ replied our hostess; ‘ but perhaps you have never seen the ruins of the castle of Durnstein, which all travellers visit who pass this way. You of course know that it is the place in which Richard Cœur de Lion was confined; and if you would like to go and see it, I will send you a guide.’ I accepted my landlady's offer, and asked M. Tourton to accompany me; but he had some

accounts to revise, and he begged me to excuse him.

“After crossing the Danube in a little boat, kept at this place for the accommodation of travellers, I ascended, with considerable difficulty, an almost perpendicular rock composed of huge masses of granite. Its base is washed by the river, and on its summit stands the castle of Durnstein.

“The banks of the Danube are celebrated for the diversity of their picturesque scenery; but to describe the beauty of this particular spot would require the pencil of a Claude or a Ruysdall. The grand spectacles created by the hand of nature seem to acquire new lustre from historical associations. Thus while I gazed on the ruins of Durnstein, I fancied I saw hovering around them the shades of the great Saladin, Frederick Red Beard, Philip of France, the Knights of St. John and the Temple, who, from the deserts of Syria, came to render homage to the courage of Plantagenet Cœur de Lion.*

* The surname of Cœur de Lion was given to Richard on the taking of Ptolemais, when he tore from the breach the standard of Duke Leopold, and planted his own in its stead. The castle of Durnstein is mentioned for the first time by historians about the year 1175. In 1192, when it was the property of a knight named Hadmar, Durnstein became the prison of King Richard. According to the chronicle of Conrad, it appears that Richard, on his return from

“ Since the year 1645, when the Swedes made themselves masters of this castle, it has been nothing but a heap of ruins, now partly concealed by ivy. However, the tower in which Richard is said to have been confined still exists entire.

“ I had considerably outstripped my guide in my impatience to reach the scene of Blondel’s devoted fidelity, and of the love of Margaret of Flanders for the illustrious prisoner. You may imagine my surprise when, at the entrance of a cavern dug in the rock (which is said to have been Richard’s dungeon), I beheld a young female, whose exquisite beauty seemed to realise all that imagination can conceive. She appeared to be about sixteen years of age. The dazzling fairness of her complexion was shaded by the blush of modesty. A girdle encircled her slender waist and confined a light robe of muslin, while some

Palestine, having been shipwrecked at Aquilea, was made prisoner by the Duke of Carinthia, and by him delivered over to Duke Leopold, who, unable to forgive the affront he had received at Ptolemais, kept the English monarch a prisoner in the castle of Durnstein, until he was delivered, as romance writers assert, by his faithful squire, Blondel. Another chronicle says, that Richard being discovered by the profusion of his expenses in passing through Austria, was delivered to Duke Leopold, who sold him for a sum equivalent to 40,000 livres to the Emperor Henry VI. The emperor demanded 100,000 livres for Richard’s ransom.

ringlets of beautiful fair hair waved over her forehead, and descended in graceful clusters upon her neck of alabaster. She had in her hand a small drawing and a porte-crayon. She glided past me so rapidly that I had not time to utter a word, even if I could have presumed to do so; but the mute language of my eyes must have sufficiently expressed my admiration. She descended a path cut in the rock, and I followed her with my looks as long as she continued in sight;—nay, I stood gazing after her even when the little trees and shrubs which here and there cluster on the mountain had concealed her from my view. On recovering from my reverie, it seemed as if the beautiful object whom I had just beheld was all I had come to see. With her all the interest of the scene had vanished. The cavern, that monument of treachery, seemed like a temple, the presiding deity of which had for a moment revealed her presence, and then disappeared. Thus are the most powerful emotions excited by the most simple causes.

“ I hastily made a sketch of the ruins, without stopping to read the innumerable names inscribed on the stone walls of the tower, or the verses in various languages, which I saw traced on the projecting masses of rock. I descended the moun-

tain, anxiously hoping to catch another glimpse of the beautiful incognita; but I saw no more of her. I reached the boat and gained the opposite bank of the river, dreaming on what now appeared to me to be a vision of another world.

“After remunerating my guide, I returned to the inn, where M. Tourton informed me, with no small mortification, that our carriage required more repairs than had at first been supposed, and that we could not leave Emmersdorf that night. I sat down to finish my sketch of Durnstein, and I showed it to M. Tourton; at the same time relating to him my delightful adventure of the morning. ‘Travellers, poets, and painters,’ said he, ‘have the privilege of seeing wonders every where, and I should not be surprised if, Don Quixote-like, you have mistaken some ruddy milk-maid for a heroine of romance. However, your sketch is very pretty, and on your return to Paris, you may compare it with that made by Denon, from which the *Théâtre Feydeau* copied the scene for Grétry’s opera of Richard Cœur de Lion.’

“Next morning at day-break we continued our journey, passing along a beautiful road bordered with trees in full blossom, which shed the most delicious perfume. The beautiful prospects

which are every where visible between the trees render this part of Lower Austria a perfect paradise to the traveller.

“My companion, who was much fatigued, having sat up the whole of the preceding night, fell asleep in a corner of the carriage, and left me to muse undisturbedly on the object which had so greatly charmed me, and from which I now thought myself separated for ever.

“Four good horses and a liberal allowance of trinkgeld to our postilions, soon enabled us to clear twelve German posts ; and at five o'clock we reached the castle of Prince Stahremberg. The prince received us with all the cordial hospitality for which he is distinguished. He himself conducted us to our chambers, where we found taste and splendour combined with those *comforts* which the prince had brought with him from England, where he had long resided as ambassador. ‘Now, gentlemen, said the prince, ‘I hope you will dispense with ceremony. We dine at six o'clock ; and when you have finished dressing, I shall be happy to present you to my family.’

“We were not long at our toilet, and on descending to the drawing-room, we found the princess and a few ladies assembled. The prince

immediately introduced us :—but what was my astonishment, on advancing to make my bow to the princess, to see, seated beside her, the same lovely girl whom I had met the preceding day at the ruins of Durnstein ! So great was my amazement, that I could not repress an exclamation, which of course not a little surprised the company. The princess, for by that title she was now introduced to me, appeared no less confused than I. I thought the best way to put an end to this embarrassment was candidly to explain the cause of it. ‘Madam,’ said I, addressing Princess Stahremberg, ‘permit me to apologise for an exclamation which must have appeared to you very extraordinary. The truth is, I could not help being astonished at unexpectedly meeting here a young lady whom I could (were it not impossible) almost swear I saw yesterday at the ruins of Durnstein.’—‘Yes, mamma,’ said the young princess, colouring, ‘the gentleman is quite right. While the carriage was getting ready I ascended to the castle in order to finish a sketch of one of the views of the Danube, and at the entrance of Richard’s Tower I met this gentleman.’—‘That rencounter may be easily accounted for,’ said Prince Stahremberg. ‘The house at the foot of the mountain belongs to me, and the princess and my daughters left it yester-

day evening to join me here. The only difference is, that the ladies travelled in the night, and you, gentlemen, in the day.'

"The announcement of dinner put an end to the explanation, but not to my surprise; and though the banquet was seasoned with interesting conversation, interspersed with those lively anecdotes which the prince knows so well how to relate, I could think of nothing but the singular adventure I had just encountered. The dinner was followed by a delightful evening. If I had been struck with the beauty of the young princess at first sight, I was now enabled to admire and appreciate her accomplishments. Though endowed with talent of a superior order, and possessing acquirements far beyond her years, she was devoid of every thing like affectation or vanity. To her might justly be applied the lines of Fontenelle:—*On vous a tout appris, hormis à plaire, et ce'st cependant ce que vous savez le mieux.*

"M. Tourton merely wanted Prince Stahremberg's signature to some papers: consequently all was arranged in the course of the evening, and next day we left the castle, which, probably, I may never see again; but where I certainly passed a few of the happiest hours of my life."

“ Here,” said Count Zaradowski, “ you have the groundwork of a comic opera ready prepared. It has the unity of time if not the unity of place, and it would be sure to succeed in Vienna, where it is no uncommon thing to see one dramatic subject divided into three different parts, and performed on three different evenings. Your drama has two distinct parts, and you only want the third, with the usual *dénouement* of a marriage ; and now you are returned to Vienna to find your heroine.”— “ Such gratifying *dénouemens*,” observed the princess, “ have often been brought about without so sympathetic a commencement.”— “ You may jest,” said I, as long as you please ; “ but all your merriment cannot banish the charm which in my mind is connected with the recollection of this incident.”

The princess now adjourned to the drawing-room, where the Countess Lanskarska and several other ladies were assembled. Coffee and ices were handed round, card-tables were laid out, and the company amused themselves with that absence of formality which is one of the greatest charms of Vienna society. Count Zaradowski proposed that I should accompany him to a ball at the Apollo Saal, and I readily accepted the invitation. As Count de Witt had to go to Princess Bagration’s to receive the final orders

of the Emperor Alexander relative to the preparations for the military fête, we took with us M. Aïdé, and repaired to the brilliant temple of pleasure situated in one of the suburbs of Vienna.

CHAPTER XIV.

Masked ball at the Apollo Saal—The sovereigns *incognito* there—
The king of Bavaria—His partiality for Count Rechberg—The
minuet—Supper at the Saal.

WE should receive with indulgence those productions which serve to characterise the manners of our times, and not be too distrustful, lest we be unjust. By collecting a few light or graceful sketches of manners, and tracing the portraits of the actors in the great drama of which we have been witnesses, we shall prepare for our successors a path which will lead them to truth.

I never witnessed any thing equal in splendour and picturesque effect to the scene presented by the Apollo Saal on the night of the masked ball supper:—it was absolutely the world in miniature.

The whole, formed by a union of various and incongruous parts, exhibited a most extraordinary *coup d'œil*; and it might truly be said, that, in this instance, disorder was the highest effort of art.

All the amusements which took place at Vienna during the congress were on a scale of grandeur worthy of the exalted individuals in whose honour they were prepared. The masked ball was a perfectly unique entertainment, and in point of splendour it fully realised some of the most brilliant descriptions in the “Arabian Nights.”

The spacious building in which the entertainment took place exhibited the most ingenious diversity in fitting up, &c. There were illuminated saloons, fragrant groves, Turkish kiosks, and Lapland huts. In the centre of the principal supper-room rose an immense rock, from whence, amidst clusters of flowers, issued cascades, which fell into basins containing fish. On the adornment of this room every possible variety of decoration seemed to have been lavished, and hundreds of variegated lamps and wax-lights, sparkling in chandeliers of crystal, diffused their radiance on every surrounding object.

When we arrived the chief portion of the company had already assembled. I was told that there were not less than eight or ten thousand persons present; but when the company gra-

dually betook themselves to the various amusements of the evening, the assemblage, numerous as it was, did not prove too great for the space allotted to their reception.

The first person I met on my entrance was Zibin, who was walking with the king of Prussia. As Zibin was short, and the king of Prussia very tall, his head was almost under his majesty's arm; but notwithstanding the inconvenience of this position, it was exceedingly gratifying to the young courtier.

My two companions met so many of their acquaintance, that I was soon separated from them. I however joined Griffiths and Tettenborn, and we seated ourselves near one of the doors; a situation in which we could observe the whole of the company as they promenaded the vast suite of rooms. The freedom attached to the *incognito* observed by the sovereigns at public balls led them to prefer these entertainments to the formality of private court parties. They gladly exchanged empty demonstrations of respect for sincere testimonies of affection. Consequently they were affable and communicative, and seemed even thankful that they could, for a while, lay aside the burden of exalted rank. Besides, the habit of continually seeing them for several weeks had considerably exhausted curiosity, particularly in a

place like Vienna, where every individual may approach his sovereign as he would his father. Indeed, in that modern Babylon, important events and celebrated persons crowded so thickly together, that the interest excited by any one in particular did not usually last longer than three days.

The king of Bavaria and his two sons were among the latest arrivals. His majesty was attended by his chamberlain, Count Charles von Rechberg, who stepped up to me, and engaged me to sup with him after the king should retire. While he was talking to me some one came behind him, and gently pinching his ear, said :— “ Well, gossip, what are you doing there ? ” This was no other than the king of Bavaria himself. On perceiving him, Tettenborn and I immediately rose, and the king, turning to us, said, with that air of good-nature so peculiar to him, “ Do not disturb yourselves, I beg, gentlemen ; but, I assure you, it is always thus with the count. As soon as I turn my head he is off, and I must perform the office of public crier to find him again.” Count von Rechberg excused himself, by observing that he had unexpectedly met a friend ; and he easily obtained forgiveness for his little breach of duty. The tone of the remonstrance, and the playful correction which accom-

panied it, sufficiently proved how fully he possessed the affection of his sovereign.

“ Ah !” said Mr. Griffiths, as soon as his majesty had left us, “ that prince has acquired a celebrity of which time will not deprive him, for good kings are more immortal than great ones. The count says truly of Maximilian, that when released from the cares of state, his social qualities constitute the delight of his friends.”

I soon distinguished amidst the throng the noble figure of the Prince de Ligne, who, advancing towards me, said, “ I am glad I have found you. There are some persons here to whom I wish you to introduce me. I have already been your *cicerone*, and now you have an opportunity of paying your debt.”—“ Willingly,” said I, “ prince.” I conducted him round the rooms, and every new surprise elicited from him some of those happy remarks which imparted such magic to his conversation. “ This,” said he, “ is in the style of the fêtes given by Prince Potemkin to the empress of Russia in his palace of the Taurida, where he exhausted the treasures of the empire to prove his attachment to his sovereign. It is however to be regretted that all these decorations are not constructed with the cement employed by the Romans, which was not composed of eggs, as fa-

bulous historians have alleged, but of a particular kind of stone, which was calcined and afterwards reduced to powder."

We retired to the billiard-room, which was fitted up as a Chinese temple. Here we found the king of Denmark, attended only by a single chamberlain. He accosted the Prince de Ligne with those testimonials of esteem, which all the sovereigns evinced for the man whom their fathers had so highly distinguished. The prince presented me to his majesty, who immediately recollected me, though I had not seen him since he was prince royal. "Have you learned German," inquired he, "since you left Copenhagen?"—"No, sire," I replied; "but I have not forgotten the short lesson which your majesty condescended to give me." He kindly inquired after my family. "The events which have taken place within the few last months," said he, "have been favourable to their interests. I suppose they are now in France." I returned thanks for his flattering inquiries, assuring him how gratifying they would prove to the individuals who were remembered by him. His majesty maintained a conversation of some length with the Prince de Ligne, which afforded me an opportunity of appreciating his amiable *bonhomie* and extensive information. I observed no change in his personal appearance

since I had last seen him. He was still pale and thin, and his hair, which was a light blond nearly approaching to white, was perfectly in keeping with the peculiar expression of his countenance. In short, I saw before me precisely the same individual who had formerly excited my merriment and my alarm; and whose countenance reminded me of a period of my life when gratitude for a benefit conferred by that excellent prince eternally engraved his memory in my heart.

When his majesty had left us, the Prince de Ligne said to me: "What did you allude to when you spoke of your first lesson in German? As to the king recollecting you as well as if he had seen you but yesterday, I am not surprised at that. Sovereigns have always good memories."—"I will tell you the little anecdote about my German lesson," replied I, "at another time."

We entered the grand ball-room, where we found kings, generals, and statesmen, mingled in the crowd with persons of very inferior rank; and here and there might be seen a princely Almaviva, who apparently preferred the charms of some simple Rosina to the studied graces of courtly coquettes.

We were now joined by Zibin, whom I congratulated on the footing of favour on which he stood with the king of Prussia. "To preserve that

favour," said the Prince de Ligne, "be sparing of your praises. The time has gone by when kings were to be caught by words. Compliments *à la Lauzun* will not captivate our modern *Louis Quatorzes*."

In company with several of the sovereigns we amused ourselves by observing some of the citizens of Vienna who were gravely dancing the minuet; an indispensable ceremony at all German balls. "At the old court of France," said the Prince de Ligne, "this used to be managed better. I cannot help recollecting with a feeling of gratification the minuet I danced at the Grand Trianon with the charming Marquise de Coigny: Though a Frenchman," added he, "you are yet too young to belong to that school, and I doubt whether the minuet now forms a part of the chore-graphic study."—"It still forms the basis of that study, prince," replied I: "yet, if I remember rightly, you characterise the minuet in one of your works as a *grâce stupide*."—"It is not fair to be eternally quarrelling with an author about words. I have composed maxims, without having a claim to wisdom on that account. I may frankly confess that I have described the faults of others by observing my own, and it is not impossible that I called the minuet a *grâce stupide* after having danced it myself."—"Be that as it may, prince,

I think there is a lady here whose dancing might induce you to alter your opinion of the minuet. If you please I will give you an opportunity of judging." Then approaching the Princess of Hesse-Philipstadt, whom I perceived with her mother in the circle, I said, "Do me the honour, princess, to dance the *minuet de la cour*, in order to convince the Prince de Ligne that the graces of the grave dance are not irrecoverably lost." The princess rose, Zibin lent me his uniform hat, and recollecting the lessons of Abraham, who had been the young princess's dancing-master in Paris, we performed the minuet with tolerable precision. The prince was charmed, and expressed his satisfaction to the princess by one of those elegant compliments which were then much envied in Vienna; for the sayings of the Prince de Ligne already seemed to belong to tradition.

Count Rechberg, who had collected his guests, was now searching for me, and little dreamed that I was in the principal saloon maintaining the honours of the classic dance. As soon as I had conducted the young princess to her mother, he took me, together with the Prince de Ligne, and Zibin, into the supper-room, where all his friends had assembled at table. After admiring the decorations of the supper-room, we pronounced some well-merited eulogies on the cooks,

then praised the wines, and at last, as usual, complimented the *véritable Amphitryon*. At a table near us were seated Prince Kosloffsky, Alfred and Stanislaus Potocki, and some other Russians attached to the emperor's suite. A little further off, I espied Tettenborn, Nostitz, Borrel, and Hesse-Homburg. Healths were toasted, bon-mots exchanged, and wit and champagne sparkled in brilliant rivalry.

The princes of Bavaria were of our party. I happened to sit next to Prince Charles; and my residence at Munich enabled me to converse about persons and things which were interesting to us both. I reminded him of the accident at the bridge of the Izard; an occasion on which he evinced so much courage and humanity.* “And here we are both at Vienna,” said he, “surrounded by pleasure and amusement. Really this seems a land of enchantment, and one may say of it, what a clever Frenchwoman said of Paris: ‘*C’est le lieu du monde où l’on peut le*

* In 1813, the breaking of a dyke occasioned a great swell of the river Izard. Multitudes of people assembled on the bridge to witness the spectacle: the swell of the water, however, soon increased to such a degree of violence and rapidity, that the bridge was broken, and almost entirely washed away. Prince Charles, who happened to be near the spot when the accident occurred, by his courageous exertions saved several persons from an untimely grave. Upwards of three hundred lives were lost.

mieux se passer de bonheur.” — “Certainly, prince, Vienna is a delightful place to those who have nothing but amusement to seek.” — “All my family are here; therefore what else have I to seek or to wish for?” — “Oh, nothing, prince, unless it were perhaps the presence of one who is now in Munich.” At this allusion the veteran general of two-and-twenty blushed like a girl of fifteen. The prince royal (now king of Bavaria) sat next to Count Rechberg, who did the honours in his usual agreeable way.* The count possesses, in an eminent degree the art of telling a story agreeably, one of the greatest charms of conversation.† He has seen much of the world, and describes ably what he has seen; so that aided by the gaiety of his friends, the supper was delightful. Zavadowski, who said he had been

* This prince, though less brilliant than his brother Charles, is distinguished for learning, for an intimate acquaintance with the literature of his country, and a refined taste for the arts.

† Count Charles Rechberg is the author of a statistical, historical, and picturesque account of Russia, in which he treats of the ethnology of the nations from the great wall of China to the Baltic, and from the Crimea to the Pole. The work includes an accurate description of the fifty-two governments of that immense empire considered in their political and commercial relations, and also an account of the antiquities they yet possess, which throw considerable light on the migrations of the primitive nations. The work is published in a style of great splendour, with coloured engravings.

searching for me for some time, came and sat by me. Two other tables were now joined to ours, and as the libations were in proportion to the increased number of the guests, the wine flowed freely and the conversation became animated. "We have not had a display of fire-works among the evening's entertainments," said the Prince de Ligne; "but the flashes of wit that prevail here make ample amends for the deficiency." At length, at a late hour, the party separated, all evidently disposed to rank the evening among their most gratifying recollections of Vienna.

CHAPTER XV.

Introduction to Mr. R.—Isabey's unlucky leap—Narrow escape from Napoleon's resentment—Successful intercession of Josephine.

It is sometimes advisable not to approach too closely to those whose virtues or talents are loudly extolled by the public voice. On a near acquaintance we frequently incur the risk of seeing enthusiasm give place to an opposite sentiment; for few are able to support the *éclat* of a great name or a brilliant reputation.

“ I must introduce you,” said Mr. Griffiths, when he called on me one morning, “ to a countryman of mine, who now rivals Foneron* in

* Mr. Foneron was an English merchant, who, after amassing a considerable fortune at Leghorn, settled at Vienna, where he acquired some celebrity by giving every Friday a true English dinner, at which beef-steaks were served up in a style which might

giving dinners ; but whose luxurious extravagance bids fair soon to eclipse the unostentatious *comfortability* of Foneron's Friday parties." Having no engagement, I accepted Griffiths' invitation to accompany him. On our way he gave me some account of the person we were going to visit. "His name is R——," said he, "and that is almost all I know about him. He is one of those singular and mysterious beings who, like Counts St. Germain and Cagliostro, the original models of fortune-hunters, seem to live on any thing but their own property. In the course of my peregrinations I have met him in various parts of the world, and I have always found him living on a scale of magnificence which denotes, if not the possession, at least the facility of obtaining wealth. The first time I saw him was in India, at the residence of Lord Cornwallis. We were then both very young. R—— was in the English army, and had distinguished himself at the taking of Seringapatam. Since then I have seen him in Egypt, in Sweden, and at Hamburg. During

have vied with the London Beef-steak Club, of which the witty Captain Morris has been for some years president. Mr. Foneron, who was hump-backed, married a young lady, who, though remarkable for the beauty of her countenance and her various accomplishments, possessed the same deformity as her husband, whom therefore she could not reproach for his personal disadvantages.

the peace of Amiens I met him in Paris, and he then told me he had just returned from Moscow. Now he is in Vienna, living in magnificence, giving sumptuous dinners, and keeping the highest company. But you shall see him, and judge of him yourself; for I have no doubt he will invite you to one of his dinners, if only from ostentation."

As he finished speaking we entered the courtyard of the magnificent hotel of Count Rosenberg, where Mr. R—— had fixed his temporary residence. He received us with that air of overstrained politeness common to men whose good breeding is not the result of instinctive feeling, or of long and continued intercourse with refined society. He talked with great self-importance about his house, his furniture, his equipages and his horses; then, coming to the favourite topic of his dinners, he gave us a list of the princes and great men who were his frequent guests; and, as Griffiths had foretold, he concluded by saying, "Pray, gentlemen, pardon this short invitation, and honour me with your company to dinner to-day. I expect the hereditary princes of Bavaria and Wirtemberg, Sir Sydney Smith, General Jomini, and some ambassadors and other persons of distinction, whom you know as well as I." Griffiths, eager to give me an opportunity of wit-

nessing one of R——'s much-talked of dinners, accepted the invitation; and leaving our Amphitryon to make the requisite arrangements for his serenissimo banquet, we went off to amuse ourselves until the appointed hour.

After making a few visits, we called on Isabey, to see his fine collection of portraits, which have now, in a great measure, become historical. We found him in his *atelier*, working upon that splendid picture which is destined to connect the name of the artist with most of the distinguished characters of his day. In a moment we found ourselves surrounded by the almost living likenesses of all the celebrated men and beautiful women at that time assembled in Vienna. I saw the portrait of young Napoleon, which Isabey was just finishing when I first met him at Schœnbrun; also a likeness of the Prince de Ligne, animated by all the fine expression of the original, and a full-length of Napoleon himself, walking in the gardens of Malmaison. "Then he really had the habit of walking with his arms crossed in this manner?" said I.—"Unquestionably," replied Isabey; "and that, together with his other remarkable habit of stooping his head, at one time well-nigh proved fatal to me. During the consulate, I had been dining one day with some of Bonaparte's young aides-de-camp at Malmai-

son. After dinner we went out on the lawn fronting the château, to play at leap-frog: you know that was a favourite college game of ours. I had leaped over the heads of several of my companions, when a little further on, beneath an avenue of trees, I saw another, apparently waiting for me in the requisite position. Thinking I had not yet completed my task, I ran forward; but unfortunately missed my mark, springing only to the height of his neck. I knocked him down, and we both rolled along the ground to the distance of at least ten yards. What was my horror on discovering that the victim of my unlucky blunder was no other than Bonaparte himself! At that period he had not even dreamed of the possibility of a fall; and this first lesson was naturally calculated to rouse his indignation to the utmost degree. Foaming with rage, he drew his sword, and had I not proved myself a better runner than a leaper, I have no doubt but he would soon have made an end of me. He pursued me as far as the ditch, which I speedily cleared, and, fortunately for me, he did not think fit to follow my example. I proceeded straight to Paris; and so great was my alarm, that I scarcely ventured to look behind me until I reached the gates of the Tuileries. I immediately ascended to Madame Bonaparte's apartments, for the persons of the household were

accustomed to admit me at all times. On seeing my agitation, Josephine at first concluded that I was the bearer of some fatal news. I related my adventure, which, in spite of my distress, appeared to her so irresistibly comic, that she burst into a fit of laughter. When her merriment had somewhat subsided, she promised with her natural kindness of heart, to intercede with the consul in my behalf. But knowing her husband's irascible temper, she advised me to keep out of the way until she should have an opportunity of appeasing him, which to her was no very difficult task ; for at that time Napoleon loved her most tenderly. Indeed, her angelic disposition always gave her a powerful ascendancy over him, and she was frequently the means of averting those acts of violence, to which his ungovernable temper would otherwise have driven him.

“ On my return home I found lying on my table an order not to appear again at the Tuileries ; and it was during my temporary retirement that I finished the portrait you were just now looking at. Madame Bonaparte, on presenting it to the consul, obtained my pardon, and my recall to court. The first time Bonaparte saw me after this affair was in Josephine's apartments, and stepping up to me good-naturedly, he patted me

on the cheek, saying,—‘ Really, sir, if people will play tricks, they ought at least to do them cleverly.’—‘ *Mon Dieu !*’ said Josephine, laughing, ‘ if you had seen his look of terror when he first presented himself to me, you would have thought him sufficiently punished for his intended feat of agility.’ ”

Isabey related this anecdote with all his peculiar animation and drollery ; and he accompanied the story with such expressive gestures and attitudes, that he seemed to bring the whole scene visibly before me. I could imagine I saw Napoleon prostrate on the ground, and then rising to vent his rage, like angry Jupiter hurling his thunderbolts.

After thanking Isabey for the treat he had afforded us, and setting down our names on the list of subscribers for the engraving of his fine picture of the Congress of Vienna,* we took our leave, requesting the artist’s permission to return occasionally to inspect his interesting gallery of por-

* This picture is now almost generally known, through the medium of the engraving. It represents the Hall of the Congress, at the moment when the Duke of Wellington was introduced by Prince Metternich. The artist has given to each countenance the expression appropriate to the occasion ; and the striking resemblances have confirmed Isabey’s well-merited reputation as a portrait painter. The picture is a valuable monument of history as well as of the arts.

traits, which was constantly augmenting. This permission Isabey readily granted, while at the same time he accepted an invitation to dine with us on the following day.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mehl-Grub—Tombs of the royal family—Remarks thereon of Prince de Ligne—Anecdote of the Emperor Joseph—The Grand-duke Constantine—Monsieur Aïdé.

AT the Congress of Vienna, so many different events were crowded together, so many various pictures exhibited, and so many intrigues developed, that though I retain a vivid recollection of the facts, and the impression they produced, yet I may sometimes fall into the error of confounding the order of dates. I was then at that delightful period of life when youth makes flattering promises which advancing years but rarely fulfil, and I viewed every object through a prism which time but too speedily broke.

On leaving the *atelier* of Isabey, we proposed calling on the Prince de Ligne; and as we were crossing the bridge of the Danube we met Prince

Ypsilanti and Princess Suwaroff walking in the same direction. They informed us that they were going to the Mehl-Grub, to see the tombs of the royal family in the Capuchin chapel. As we knew it was yet too early to find the Prince de Ligne up, we accepted their invitation to accompany them.

On our arrival at the chapel we were received by a monk, who, having lighted a large torch, conducted us to the vaults. There are nine tombs of the emperors, thirteen of empresses, and altogether about eighty of individuals of the imperial family. "Here," said the monk, as we entered the vault, "Maria Theresa daily heard mass for the space of thirty years, in sight of the sepulchre which she had prepared for herself beside the tomb of her husband." That illustrious woman had suffered so much in early youth, that the thought of the instability of life never forsook her, even amidst her greatness. There have been many instances of this earnest devotion among sovereigns; for as they are obedient only to Death, his irresistible power makes the more forcible impression on them. The difficulties of life intervene between us and the grave; whilst, with kings, all flows on smoothly till the close of life, which, for that very reason, is frequently the most engrossing subject of their thoughts.

Having contemplated for a short time the monuments of the illustrious dead, we began to ascend the steps of the vault, when the light of several torches announced the approach of rather a numerous party. In another moment we were met by the Grand-duke Constantine, Princess Bagration, Count Nesselrode, Princes Kosloffsky, Schemeretoff, and several other persons of rank. Our guide informed us that all the foreigners then in Vienna, and even the sovereigns, had been several times to visit the catacombs. Thus those who were conspicuous in the gaiety of the fête were naturally led to reflections on the tomb. The poets of all ages have been fond of these contrasts ; and fate has but too frequently brought them together.

On leaving the church Ypsilanti and the princess accompanied us as far as the residence of the Prince de Ligne on the ramparts. The scene which we had just quitted naturally gave our conversation a serious turn. The princess compared the vaults of the Capuchin convent to those of the monastery of Petchersky at Kiow, in which most of the saints of that monastery are buried in open biers. Kiow is visited by numbers of pilgrims, who travel on foot from Casan and other places on the confines of Asia. " Nothing," observed the princess, " can more forcibly prove the

power of religious zeal than these distant pilgrimages, which, were they undertaken for any other object, would probably be deemed impracticable; but the hope of future reward soothes the toil of the present."

"When passing through Cracow," said I, "I visited the tombs of the kings of Poland in the vaults of the cathedral. There too the tombs are open, and the embalmed bodies are decorated with the attributes of royalty: the ermine mantle, the jewelled diadem and sceptre, and all the emblems of vanished power, form a striking contrast with the ravages of death. The union of earthly greatness and mortality leaves a profound impression on the feelings. Such a picture of annihilation seems to say to those who contemplate it: 'You whom life has not yet abandoned, death will teach you how to die.' In a subterraneous vault the mind is not imbued with that soft melancholy which is felt in an open place like a churchyard. But," observed I, addressing myself to the princess,* "if the marble or the iron conceals the visible effects of death, as in the

* Princess Suwaroff is of the family of Narishkin. On the family tomb in the convent of St. Alexander Newski is a marble tablet, bearing the following inscription, the only title of honour which the family were anxious to claim:—"Peter I. sprang from their blood."

convent of the Capuchins, and in the church of the annunciation at St. Petersburg, when the monuments are decorated with inscriptions, recording glorious reflections of the deceased, the reflections excited are of a less awful kind."

As it was a festival day there was a considerable concourse of people on the ramparts. "What a gratifying spectacle it is," said Princess Suwaroff, "to see this assemblage of the working class of people, whose smiling countenances and respectable dress afford the best indication that they enjoy the reward of happy industry!"—"In Vienna," observed Griffiths, "beggars are never seen mingling in such an assemblage as this. Charitable establishments are here managed on a scale of superior order and liberality: private and public benevolence is directed with a spirit of justice; and the people themselves have in general more industry and commercial intelligence than in other parts of Germany: in short, every thing in Austria bears the stamp of a paternal, wise, and religious government."

On reaching the rampart we perceived a crowd of persons collected round the carriage of Maria Louisa, who had been paying a visit to the empress of Russia. A feeling of reserve, highly commendable in the peculiar delicacy of her situation, kept Maria Louisa apart from all the gaieties of

Vienna. She was never present at any court party or public ceremony; but wherever she appeared she was received with the greatest respect. On the day here alluded to we observed some expression of public feeling respecting the imperial arms of France, which still appeared on the pannels of the archduchess's carriage, and on the buttons of her liveries. Indeed it is not impossible that observations on this subject reached the ear of Maria Louisa as she stepped in and out of her carriage, for from that day the arms and livery were changed.

On reaching the Prince de Ligne's door we took leave of the princess and Ypsilanti. We went up stairs, and found the prince, contrary to his usual custom at two o'clock, up and sitting in his library, which was also his bed-chamber, and the room for receiving his morning visitors. It was situated at the top of the house, and the prince called it the last perch of his *parrot's cage*; the name he gave to his little house on the ramparts, which had only one room on a floor.

Every morning I was in the habit of rendering an account to the Prince de Ligne of all that I had seen and done on the previous day. At that happy period of my life I was chiefly occupied with the pleasures of society; and I was delighted

to study, under so able a master, a living chapter of mankind, and to learn the biography of some of the actors in the moving panorama; not one of whom escaped his excellent memory and judicious remarks. We told the prince where we had been, and also what the monk of the capuchin convent had related to us respecting Maria Theresa. —“ This reminds me,” said the prince, “ of a remark made by the Emperor Joseph II. When he permitted the Augarten to be thrown open to the public, a lady of the court complained that she could no longer enjoy the recreation of walking there among her equals.—‘ If we were all confined to the society of our equals,’ replied the emperor, ‘ the only place in which I could take an airing would be the vaults of the capuchin convent, for there alone I should find my equals.’”—“ As we were leaving the vaults,” said I to the prince, “ the Grand-duke Constantine, MM. Nesselrode, Amstet, and several others, came to see the tombs, and our guide informed us that the place has been frequently visited by the sovereigns.”—“ No doubt,” replied the prince, “ minds agitated by public affairs may there enjoy repose. As to the grand-duke he does not seem to be very popular here. Yesterday, when I attended a review of some new regiments, I saw him at the

head of his. He has a noble air and a military bearing; but he affects too much servility in the presence of his brother, and appears to be as much an enthusiast for slavery as another would be for liberty. Cz——, who accompanied me to the review, when I made these remarks, said, ‘Look back on the portrait of his father, which you have traced in one of your letters to the Prince of Kaunitz; it applies to Constantine with a very few exceptions.’

“His heart is sound, but the rectitude of his judgment is a matter of chance. He is amiable in society, intractable in business, and a passionate lover of justice: but his enthusiasm frequently prevents him from distinguishing the truth. Woe to his friends and to his enemies! and woe to his subjects, should he ever have any! He is extremely changeable, seeming to be fixed in nothing but the worship of his brother. Whether he loves or hates, it is always with violence.”—“Oh, time, prince,” said I, “will calm the effervescence of youth. Placed by birth in the very highest rank in a vast empire, he has known from his cradle no other mode of feeling and existing. The children of sovereigns are different from those of other men. Flattery addresses to them a language which infuses into their minds all the illusions of

vanity, without ever reminding them of those duties which society imposes upon them as well as upon its other members. They are accustomed to view every thing through the eyes of their adulators, who in reality must be blamed for all their faults and vices, and who in short make them like a river without a dyke, which inundates and destroys, but does not fertilise.' ”*

“Who,” inquired I of the Prince de Ligne, “is that Mr. Aidé, whom I met at Princess Sapiegha’s, and with whom I saw you conversing yesterday evening at the ball, whither he accompanied me?”—“That,” replied the prince, “is one of those citizens of the world in whom a good stock of assurance supplies the want of other recommendations. All that I could ever learn about

* Since the above portrait was traced the Grand-duke Constantine has, by his voluntary abdication, given a proof of moderation and philosophy, which certainly the Prince de Ligne neither foresaw nor foretold. A profound attachment for an accomplished woman, (Jane Grodzinska Lawitz,) whom he has raised to the rank of his wife, has calmed that ungovernable irascibility which rendered him so fearful to all about him. It is alleged that to this attachment he sacrificed the possession of the boundless power which, on the death of the Emperor Alexander, fell to him by right, with the sceptre of the Russias. The princess, his consort, employs her influence over the grand-duke only to developé in him those excellent qualities which a fiery temperament had long concealed : —*Les hommes font les lois, les femmes font les mœurs.*

him is, that he is a native of Turkey; that he came at a very early age to Vienna in an eastern dress, and was introduced at court as the prince of Lebanon. He has now returned with less of oriental pomp; but he visits every body, especially Lord Castlereagh, who seems to patronise him. 'Je vous présente un homme qui n'est pas présentable,' said I one day on introducing Mr. Aidé to Madame de Stael. I was very sorry for this bad *bon mot*; for public credulity is too apt to take a joke in earnest: the observation was repeated from mouth to mouth, and Mr. Aidé became the general topic of conversation. A duel which he fought with young Major d'Asperne, and in which he evinced some courage, proved that he would not allow any one to say to his face what he might think of him *in petto*. He has now so completely established himself in good society, that the habit of constantly seeing him makes amends for his want of genealogy. Mr. Aidé is not the first man of this kind whom I have met with in the course of my life.* But now let me

* This Mr. Aidé is the same who has been a good deal known in England, where he has moved in the highest circles of society, and whose qualifications for such a station finally became a matter of some inquiry and great doubt. A short sketch of his life, by one who was well acquainted with his family and himself, may not be

in my turn ask you how you were first introduced

unacceptable to those of my readers who may have heard of him or known him personally.

Mr. George Aidé was the second son of an Armenian merchant of Constantinople, engaged in the India shawl trade, carried on over-land between Asiatic Turkey and some of the principal capitals of Europe. Mr. Aidé occasionally entered into speculations on foreign exchanges, commonly called on the continent banking operations, and which, in Turkey, give to those who engage in them the title of bankers. Mr. Aidé was an uneducated Armenian, with coarse manners, and a great deal of that stupid bigotry often mistaken for piety and religious zeal among the followers of the Roman Catholic Church. Hearing that a convent of Catholic monks, situated at the foot of Mount Lebanon, in Syria, was greatly distressed for money to complete some monuments required for religious consecration, he made a donation of two thousand piastres for that purpose (then about 150*l.*), which so greatly exceeded other contributions, that a special report was addressed thereon to the holy See at Rome. The Pope rewarded Mr. Aidé's zeal by sending him an order of knighthood, called the Golden Spur, by which the title of count or marquis is conferred during life, instead of the usual one of knight. This order, fallen into insignificance, owing to the unworthy manner in which it has long been customary to bestow it, Mr. Aidé made the foundation of claims to personal nobility. His son has since derived from that source notions of birth which seemed to him to place him far above the mercantile station to which the father originally destined him. Being sent at an early age to Vienna, for the purpose of acquiring the knowledge of European languages, and of the routine of the shawl trade in Europe, Mr. George Aidé contrived to procure an introduction into the best society of that capital, in which he appeared under the title of *Prince de Mont Liban*, assumed on no other grounds than the original incident through which an ephé-

to the king of Denmark? and what his majesty

meral title had been conferred on his father. After Mr. G. Aidé's return to Constantinople, the counting-house discipline he was made to undergo, being in little accordance with his late habits of independence, and the deference so long paid to "his highness," by the punctilious Viennese, he solicited and obtained permission to visit other parts of Europe, and again commenced his travels by proceeding to Sicily. In Palermo he met the late Earl of Guilford, then the Hon. Frederick North, who, during his frequent visits to the Turkish capital, had often had recourse to the financial good offices of Mr. Aidé, "the banker," for the negotiation of his bills on London, and whose constant readiness in supplying Mr. North's pecuniary wants had inspired that good-natured and most excellent man with a feeling of kindness for the father which he was found ready to extend to the son. Mr. North introduced Mr. George Aidé to the best society in Palermo, where the court at that time resided. An affair of gallantry with the Princess B—, in which he very nearly fell a victim to the outraged feelings of the husband, gave him a celebrity in the gay world of Palermo, which has tended in no small degree to give him that high opinion of himself, and that air of assurance, amounting almost to effrontery, which all those who have known him personally could not help to be struck with in the early part of their acquaintance with him. Mr. George Aidé, after spending some months in Sicily, resolved to visit England. He obtained from his patron, Mr. North, a great number of letters of introduction to members of his own family, and to many other noble families besides. With such passports he made his *début* at once among the highest circles of society in England. Possessing the external appearance of a gentleman, having from a natural acuteness of observation been enabled to assume the manners of a well-bred one, and with that fixed expression of calm assurance which is so commonly and so easily assumed by the natives of Turkey, Mr. George Aidé made himself a welcome visitor in many first-rate houses, and soon became, in fact, a most

alluded to last night when he spoke of your

fashionable sort of a personage. He did not, however, very long enjoy the distinguished station to which the whims of the fashionable world had raised him. His late mode of living had so multiplied his calls on the purse of his father, and Mr. Aidé's unwillingness and inability, from recent commercial losses, to continue to furnish means for his son's folly and extravagance, brought down the latter's finances to an ebb greatly disproportioned to the rate of his expenses. Mr. George Aidé, however, not doubting the generosity of his fashionable acquaintances, and with a full reliance on the friendly testimonies he had received from them, commenced a series of applications for loans of money, which in a very short time shut all the doors against him of those who had previously shown themselves most eager for his acquaintance. Pecuniary embarrassments soon drove him away from England, and some how or other he found his way to Vienna at the time the congress was held there. Among the secretaries attached to the late Lord Castlereagh, at the congress, Mr. G. Aidé met a Mr. F. Werry, who had formerly been connected with him at Smyrna in some mercantile concerns. Their intimacy was renewed on this occasion, and Mr. Werry introduced his oriental friend (no longer going under the title of Prince of Mount Lebanon at Vienna) to Lord and Lady Castlereagh, who took Mr. Aidé into favour, introduced him to all their distinguished guests at Vienna, and subsequently received him cordially at their own residence in St. James's Square; thus temporarily reinstating him, under their patronage, in a rank of society from which he seemed to have been expelled for ever. From that time until 1821 Mr. George Aidé generally resided in England; and some curious stories were current, by which the means he had found to satisfy his creditors, and those required for his support, were accounted for. Being on a visit at Cheltenham, he became acquainted with Miss Collier, the accomplished daughter of Sir George and Lady Collier, who conceived an attachment for him, which no consideration and no reasoning could abate. Several

progress in German?"—"You shall hear, prince.

times her friends thought they had succeeded in dissuading her from the romantic resolution she had formed of accepting no one but Mr. Aidé as her husband. Miss Collier had long ceased to be a minor, and possessed a fortune, which she held from some distant relative, of 1,200*l.* a-year. Nothing therefore prevented her giving her hand to the then pennyless and adventurous Mr. Aidé, and they were married early in 1822. Mr. and Mrs. Aidé went afterwards to reside in Paris. Being at a ball one evening, Mr. Aidé was standing and looking at the dancing, when a Monsieur de Bombelles, one of the dancers, accidentally came in contact with Mr. Aidé, and trod on his foot. Mr. de Bombelles expressed his sorrow, and asked pardon—a formality which, according to the rules of French society, takes away all right from the aggrieved party to demand explanation, whether the offence committed has been accidental or intentional. Mr. Aidé, however, did not think proper to remain satisfied with Mr. de Bombelles' apology. He insisted that Mr. de Bombelles had offered him intentional insult, and demanded his card. This was immediately handed to Mr. Aidé, and a hostile meeting a day or two afterwards was the consequence. They both fired at a given signal. Mr. de Bombelles escaped unhurt, but Mr. Aidé received his adversary's ball in the abdomen, and instantly fell. He lingered two days after, at the end of which he expired.

CHAP. XVII.

Particulars relative to my journey to Hamburg and Denmark—
My rencontre in the park of Friedrichsberg—Interview with the
Crown Prince of Denmark—Some account of the bombardment
of Copenhagen by Lord Nelson.

“How often does a word, a sound, an inflexion of the voice, suddenly call to mind scenes which had long vanished from our memory. The past again appears clothed in vivid colours; feelings and impressions which had lain dormant for years are instantaneously revived, and we inquire what connexion can exist between these recollections and the circumstances which have called them up. There is a magic in those pictures which thus rouse the mental instinct; and such is their power, that we feel a sort of pleasure in reverting to melancholy events and cruel losses. There is even a luxury in the tears which these recollections wring from us.

“Owing to the misfortunes which the French revolution entailed on many devoted families, my uncle, who had acted the part of a father to me, fled from France, and took me with him to Hamburg, where we suffered all the privations inseparable from our exile. Being invited by Count Fersen to visit him in Sweden, we left Hamburg, and crossing the heaths of Holstein, we travelled to Copenhagen on foot; for our scanty resources left us no other alternative.

“My uncle, while he held the office of minister for foreign affairs, had been well acquainted in Paris with Count Lowendhall, who received him on his arrival in Denmark with great kindness. He promised to introduce me to the prince royal, with whom he said he would use his influence to procure for us some pecuniary supply, which was very necessary in the circumstances in which we were. On the day preceding that appointed for my introduction to the prince, I was walking alone in the park of the royal residence of Friedrichsberg, where I perceived in one of the alleys a young gentleman and lady. The gentleman, who had a sort of jumping motion in his walk, was dressed in a light-grey coat, and had an umbrella under his arm. There was something so droll in his appearance that I could not help stopping to look at him; and, with the levity natural to my age and

country, I burst into a fit of laughter, which sufficiently enabled the young gentleman to understand the ludicrous effect his presence produced upon me. From the angry look which he cast upon me I could easily perceive that my gaiety had given offence; but this appeared to me the more ridiculous, and served only to increase my laughter, which I was unable to repress until the object that had excited it was entirely out of sight.

“Next day, on the recommendation of Count Lowendhall, an audience was granted to me at the palace. One of the pages on duty conducted me into the gallery; and there, with my petition in my hand, I waited until it should please his highness to admit me to his presence. The doors of the royal apartments were soon thrown open, and a chamberlain came out and called me by name. I advanced, and he made a sign to me to enter. On advancing to the door, what was my astonishment to perceive at the further end of the apartment the young man whom I had seen in the park the day before! He was dressed in the same grey coat, over which now appeared a broad blue ribbon with the order of the elephant. I leave you to guess what was my consternation, for I was well aware that I saw before me the prince royal of Denmark. When I recollected my in-

decorous mirth, and the anger it had excited, I stood motionless, and was undetermined whether to advance or withdraw;—I fancied myself already doomed to the punishment which my impertinence deserved. I stood, as it were, rivetted to the ground, in spite of the entreaties of the chamberlain, who urged me to enter the apartment, which, however, in my eyes, was as full of terrors as Blue Beard's secret chamber. Fortunately for me it happened that the young lady whom I had seen walking with the prince on the preceding day, and who was no other than his charming sister, the princess Augustinburg, at this moment passed through the gallery on her way to her brother's apartment. Encouraged by her angelic looks, I followed her into the room, hoping that her presence would screen me from the reproaches which I was fully conscious of deserving. Overwhelmed with confusion, I presented to the prince, with a trembling hand, a petition which my uncle had given me. He read it, and then handing it to his sister, said: "Here is another victim of the French revolution, whom Lowendhall recommends to me." He then questioned me with great kindness, respecting our situation, resources, and projects. Emboldened by this reception, I told him all we had suffered since our departure from France, described our forced pilgrimage across Germany;

and added, that our design was to proceed to Sweden, where we relied on the assistance of Count Fersen, who cherished a cordial friendship for my uncle. The princess listened to the narrative of our misfortunes with a degree of interest which was calculated to alleviate them. When I described our pedestrian journey and all the privations that attended it, the prince said: 'But doubtless you understand German?'—'Alas, no! your highness,' replied I; 'and that circumstance in itself rendered our journey the more miserable.'—'Poor fellow!' said the princess, in a tone of commiseration: 'to have suffered so much at so early an age!'—Her whole manner was in perfect accord with the delicacy of her features, the elegance of her form, the modesty of her deportment, and the sweet tone of her voice. Every kind word she uttered was the more consolatory on account of the air of sincere feeling with which it was accompanied. In thus describing her, I render only the sincere tribute of memory and gratitude.

"While she addressed to me some questions about my family, and my education, the prince royal wrote a few words on the petition which I had presented to him, and returning the paper to me, said: 'Go to my chancery, and you will receive one hundred Fredericks d'or, which will

enable your uncle to travel more at his ease.'—
'Sir,' said the princess, 'I wish you happiness;
and if you do not find it in Sweden, return to
Denmark. Here at least you will find repose.'
The prince then summoned his chamberlain, and
ordered him to conduct me to the treasury.

"Ah! thought I, as I left the palace, what a
lesson have I received! what a dignified revenge
for my inconsiderate impertinence! In the excess
of my gratitude I was ready to throw myself at
his royal highness's feet! However, the lesson he
gave me was not without its use; for since that
time I have never had cause to reproach myself
for a similar act of thoughtlessness."—"But,"
said the Prince de Ligne, "this was merely a
lesson in good manners; you have said nothing
about your lesson in German."—"You shall hear
of that presently," continued I.—A few days after
my interview with the prince royal of Denmark,
my uncle engaged our passage on board a vessel
which was going to Stockholm, but which was
detained for some time by contrary winds in the
roads of Copenhagen. On the night of the 2nd of
April we were awakened by a loud cannonade.
Nelson, under the command of Sir Hyde Parker,
was forcing the straits of the Sound; and next
morning at day-break the whole of the English
fleet was in sight of the city. Meanwhile boats

were sent out to tow the merchant vessels into the harbour; and a few moments after our return to the port, and the landing of the passengers, the engagement commenced. The attack was as spirited as the defence was heroic. Not a single inhabitant of Copenhagen but took up arms to resist the unjust aggression. The university furnished a corps of twelve hundred young men, the flower of Denmark. It would even have been dangerous not to have taken part in the enthusiasm of resistance which then universally prevailed. Armed with a sabre which might have belonged to king Canute, and which was lent me by the master of the inn at which we put up, I repaired to the jetty, where I witnessed one of the most terrific spectacles that the imagination can conceive. Denmark was never before engaged in so vigorous a defence, and never perhaps had the Danes such an opportunity of displaying their national courage. I marched about on the quay, holding in my hand the drawn sabre, which was nearly as long as a lance, and I was no doubt supposed to be a sentinel on duty. The city was on fire: the Indfoedstretten, Captain Thura, blew up, and the frightful conflagration wholly absorbed my attention, when suddenly some one tapped me on the shoulder, and gave me an order in German. I turned round, and beheld the prince royal of Denmark. He

was dressed in the same grey coat which he wore when I first saw him. In the confusion of the moment he had got separated from his suite. 'What are you doing here?' inquired the prince. 'I am acting as in duty bound, your Royal Highness.'— 'Well, then, will you carry this paper to the young officer who is about to take the command of yonder floating battery? His name is Villemoes; and remember the word *augenblicklich*.'— 'What word, prince?'— '*Augenblicklich*, which signifies immediately. You must pronounce that word when you give him the paper.' I executed this order with the utmost dispatch; but on my return to the quay the prince royal was gone. Stationed on one of the floating batteries, whence he could contemplate the action and despatch his orders, he animated by his presence the brave population of Copenhagen; and certainly when I then saw him so energetically practising what he preached, my only feelings were enthusiasm and admiration. You know the issue of the action. The Danes earned immortal glory; but they lost six thousand men; and further resistance appeared impossible. An armistice was granted; and on Good Friday Nelson landed to hold an interview with the prince royal; the result of which was the repeal of the treaty offen-

sive and defensive between Denmark, Sweden and Russia, against England. Since that time Frederick has ascended the throne of Denmark, which may now be regarded merely as a vast and beautiful seigniority, with a royal crown in its armorial bearings. But you see the many events that have ensued since I last saw him have not caused that excellent prince to forget a circumstance apparently so frivolous."

"All these lessons of experience will, of course, not be lost on you."—"I hope not, prince. I should wish to say with Rousseau: '*J'ai beaucoup vécu en peu d'années, et le chemin des passions m'a conduit à la philosophie.*'" "Ah, philosophy is a mere word. There have been many kinds of it, from the Apostles, who were real philosophers, to the *Septembriseurs*, who called themselves philosophers. The word is not precisely the thing. Take mine, it is that of Epicurus. Real philosophy is pleasure; but we must endeavour to reconcile it with our duty."

"Truly," observed Mr. Griffiths, "from what I know of your life, I think you might already begin to write your memoirs."—"O no, interrupted the Prince de Ligne, "there is time enough for that. In youth we live too much out of ourselves, and in old age too much within our-

selves. Mature age is between the two extremes. Let him wait till the romance of his life is terminated before he begins to write its history."

The prince left us for a few moments to write one of those little billets which he was in the habit of signing with a line thus ———, which he said saved him the trouble of writing his name. An anxious wish already prevailed to procure these memorials of a man whom time was hurrying too fast to immortality.

"Like the Arab," said he, as he sealed his note, "let us thank God, who has given us a pen for a tongue, and paper for a messenger. I am sending these lines to the Duchess of Oldenburg.* She yesterday laid a wager that I would not compose before noon a hundred lines on a subject which she would give me. I have won the wager; for well or ill the task is accomplished. I might with justice add the observation of Voltaire to Mademoiselle Clairon:—'J'ai travaillé pour vous toute cette nuit, madame, comme un jeune homme de vingt ans.'"—"Has the Duchess of Oldenburg time," said I, "to think about poetry? I thought her exclusively engrossed by her attachment for the prince royal of Wirtemberg."—"Oh!" replied the Prince de Ligne, "that interesting romance is approaching its *dénouement*;

* See Appendix. The lines, entitled *Le Viennois au Prater*.

for I was yesterday informed that the dispensation of the Greek church had arrived, and that the marriage would be officially announced.”* At that moment the pretty Titine, the Prince de Ligne’s adopted daughter,† came to inform him that some persons were waiting for him in the drawing-room. “I will come down immediately, my dear,” said he. “I, like others, must pay my contingent to the congress; but people seem to take me for one of the curiosities of this diplomatic fair; and I am often obliged to make an exertion to amuse people who are not worth the trouble. Because I am gay, I am expected to

* Political circumstances caused the celebration of this union to be deferred until January, 1816. How often have I seen the interesting prince and princess walking in the shady alleys of the Prater apart from the crowd of the great and the gay! There, without ostentation, simple and smiling as the scenes by which they were surrounded, Catherine of Oldenburg and William of Wirtemberg looked forward to the charms of a union, which all seemed to promise would be long and happy. The prince was handsome, distinguished for his courage, and for every amiable quality of heart; and the grand-duchess was eminently remarkable for the graces of her person and her mind. Sometimes the illustrious couple were joined by the Emperor Alexander. Alas! death too soon broke those bonds of love and friendship, and mercilessly removed the young and accomplished queen from the throne which she adorned. Perhaps even now the shade of Catherine sometimes wanders in the groves of the Prater, where I have seen her so happy in the affection of her lover and her brother.

† She married Count O’Donnell.

weary myself for those who are not so ; but, like a good soldier, I will not quit the breach ; and, like a good actor, I will not retire until the fall of the curtain : and though I am not one of the committee which our good emperor has chosen from among the most distinguished personages of the court, for the purpose of rendering the visit of the sovereigns to Vienna as agreeable as possible, yet I do all I can to promote that object. I am one of the speaking puppets, and I leave the acting puppets to fill the higher parts in the grand comedy." We took leave of this extraordinary man, and continued our walk on the Graben, where we met several of our friends. Indeed, at that time in Vienna, it was the custom to be so continually out of doors, that the Graben was to foreigners what the Place of Saint Mark is to the Venetians,—they spend almost their whole time there.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Duke of Saxe Teschen's picture-gallery—The Emperor Alexander's inspection of it—Count Lucchesini—Dinner at Mr. Reilly's—Sir Sydney Smith—His mission at the Congress—Mr. Reilly's ostentation—Loss of his wealth.

No person, whatever may be his political creed, can peruse with indifference narratives which describe the personages who have played prominent parts in the great scene of the world. The anecdotes which I relate will therefore not be devoid of interest to those who love to follow into the social circle, and the details of private life, individuals, whose names appear conspicuous on the page of history. At Vienna, I had the opportunity of approaching and knowing such individuals; and if my pictures are occasionally somewhat highly coloured, the designs are nevertheless correct.

As I had yet some time to spare before the hour appointed for dinner, I went, accompanied

by Zibin, Zavadowski, and Lucchesini, to view the residence of Duke Albert of Saxe Teschen.

Among the numerous valuable objects which the palace contains, I had heard a great deal about a unique collection of drawings and engravings, the former amounting to nearly twelve thousand, and the latter to a hundred and thirty thousand, all copied from the works of artists of eminence. We were received very politely by M. Lefevre, the keeper of these treasures, of which, he informed us, he intended to publish a detailed chronological account, ranged in the order of the different schools. At the further end of the picture-gallery Duke Albert was doing the honours of his palace to the Emperor Alexander, who was accompanied by General Ouwaroff, and Prince Eugene. When we approached they were engaged in examining a collection of maps and military plans, which was considered the most complete of the kind in Europe. "Cities have been destroyed," observed Duke Albert, "and empires have been overthrown, but the military positions still remain." He then drew some comparisons, to prove that the same chances had often brought about the same results: but the attention of his distinguished visitors seemed to be particularly directed to the theatre of the late campaigns. The Emperor Alexander, while he

inspected the different plans, made some interesting remarks upon them. Those to whom truth has but one language will appreciate the following, which I collect from my memoranda.

“There,” said his majesty, pointing out the spot with his finger, “such a corps committed such a fault ; such a battery was ill placed ; such a charge decided the action. There, at Austerlitz, we might have recovered ourselves and gained the day ; but Kutusoff was too long before Mortier ; and the frozen lakes of Augend and Monitz, where the ice broke and submerged twenty thousand men, and fifty pieces of cannon, completed our disasters.”—“And yet,” observed Prince Eugene, “we should perhaps have lost the battle, if the emperor had commenced the attack a few hours sooner :—on what trifles do the chances of war depend !”—“There, at Friedland,” continued Alexander, “all was lost by a false movement of our cavalry, of which Ney took advantage, and by the retreat of Korsakow, whose whole corps was surrounded, and who was lost in seeking to escape across the waves of the Alle. We fought well, but we had too able an enemy to cope with.” The emperor passed alternately from the campaigns of Italy to those of Germany, delicately avoiding any allusion to the fatal campaign of Russia. “After all,” added he, addressing

himself to Prince Eugene, "here are scenes of glory which revive recollections with which you have reason to be satisfied."—"Ah, sire," replied Eugene, "you see how this glory has ended."—"Do not confound glory with ambition," resumed the emperor. "We flit over this earth like shadows; and yet we are as anxious to enrich ourselves as if we thought the elements of which our bodies are composed would never dissolve."—"And, after all," said Eugene, "what is the glory we so eagerly thirst for?—We labour to obtain it, and then it is envied, attacked, doubted, and at length forgotten."—"It is not so with respect to yours, and that of your family, prince, which already belongs to history."—"And it is an inheritance, sire, to which no one can have more indisputable rights than your majesty. The conqueror overthrows and destroys, but the statesman raises and founds national prosperity on solid bases." From the cordial way in which the emperor pressed the hand of the prince, I could perceive that he was gratified by the compliment. This dialogue reminded me of Peter the Great entertaining the Swedish generals after the battle of Pultawa, and drinking the healths of his masters in the art of war.

Duke Albert put an end to this conflict of courtesy, by showing his illustrious visitors a de-

scriptive catalogue of the pictures, which he is still engaged in preparing, notwithstanding his advanced age. To enumerate the treasures of this valuable collection, it would be necessary to copy the catalogue from beginning to end. Some of the drawings are dated as far back as the year 1420. There are upwards of a hundred and fifty by Albert Durer, most of which are executed with pen and ink. The figures are richly coloured, particularly some birds, which are remarkable for exquisite finish. The engravings of Albert Durer, besides their intrinsic value, derived additional interest from the circumstance of their having formed a part of the private collection of that great master. The duke drew our attention to some drawings by Raphael, and about fifty sketches by Claude. In short, the complete series is of inestimable value to the history of the arts of drawing and engraving. The Emperor Alexander approached us, and after speaking very kindly to Zibin, presented him to Prince Eugene as the youngest knight of St. George. On hearing some one mention the name of Lucchesini, he asked him whether his father was the individual who had been plenipotentiary to the celebrated congress of Listow, in the reign of Frederick II. "He was, sire."—"And where is he now?"—"Living on his estate near Lucca."—

“If,” resumed Alexander, “he amuse himself by retracing the recollections of his past life, they must be deeply interesting; for few men have seen so much.”

Having inspected the splendidly furnished apartments of the palace, in one of which was a Panharmonicon consisting of a hundred and thirty instruments, and an automaton trumpeter, which executed symphonies and marches with admirable precision, we left the palace and proceeded to the Belvidere to see a collection of pictures, which was enriched by Joseph II. at the time of the suppression of some of the convents. Their number amounts to upwards of one thousand four hundred, and they occupy twenty-three rooms, being ranged in order according to the different schools to which they belong. Most of them are works of rare beauty and value.

At the Belvidere we met the king of Bavaria, accompanied by his chamberlain, Count Rechberg. The count is an enlightened connoisseur of art, and his explanations of the subjects of the pictures, and his remarks on their execution, were listened to with considerable interest by the king. M. Fuger, the keeper of the Belvidere, who is himself an eminent portrait and historical painter, conducted us through the gallery. He particularly directed our attention to some fine works

of Titian and Rubens, which were so numerous that they filled two rooms. We also saw several *chefs d'œuvre* of Vandyck ; but as all the pictures of the Belvidere are described in a catalogue published in 1781, I need not enter into any details respecting them. I may however mention, that in each room there is a list of the pictures, together with the names of the masters to whom they are attributed. This arrangement is of course exceedingly useful to visitors who may not happen to be accompanied by such able cicerones as Count Rechberg and Professor Fuger.

While these two connoisseurs were disputing very learnedly on the pre-eminence of the galleries of Europe, and were commenting on the various styles and degrees of merit belonging to the different painters and schools, I hinted to Mr. Griffiths that our dinner-hour was approaching ; and we accordingly adjourned from the gallery of portraits to the gallery of living characters.

We got to Mr. Reilly's only a few minutes before the announcement of dinner. The table was laid out in a long gallery, at the further extremity of which an immense English sideboard, covered with a profusion of plate, china, and crystal, denoted the wealth rather than the good taste of our host. Mr. R—— placed on his right

the prince royal of Bavaria, and on his left the prince royal of Wirtemberg. The rest of the company, consisting of a numerous assemblage of princes, generals, ministers, &c. ranged themselves as they pleased. I had the good fortune to get seated next to Sir Sydney Smith, whose conversation was peculiarly interesting, inasmuch as it happened to turn on events in which he had himself been personally concerned.

Sir Sydney Smith had not, like many other foreigners, been drawn to the congress of Vienna merely by motives of curiosity; his object was not less political than philanthropical. He intended to appeal to the magnanimity of the sovereigns with the view of inducing them to put a stop to the outrages committed by the pirates of Algiers and Tunis. He hoped to excite a crusade, of which he would declare himself the leader, and the object of which was to annihilate for ever the odious traffic in white slaves in Africa. He told me that he was ranging in proper order the documents connected with the subject, with which some English societies had furnished him; "And I shall soon," he added, "submit them to the consideration of the illustrious individuals who I hope will become the patrons of my anti-piratical society; for a meeting will very shortly be convoked for that purpose." I requested that he

would let me know the time for which the meeting was fixed, which he kindly promised to do.

“Another object, no less important, brings me to Vienna,” added he; “I came invested with powers from Gustavus Adolphus, who, under the title of Duke of Holstein, has intrusted me to present to the congress his declaration relative to his claims to the throne of Sweden. In consideration of my rank as an officer in the Swedish navy, and a knight of the order of the sword, he has deigned to honour me with his confidence. I feel proud of this testimonial of esteem, on the part of the unfortunate monarch, and I will raise my voice to defend his rights. In that assembly, where the words justice, reparation, and legitimacy, are sacredly invoked, I will openly appeal to the conscience of the monarchs, and in support of my arguments I will refer them to their own. If, contrary to all probability, my cause should fail before this august tribunal, I will fearlessly bring it before the parliament of England. I will ask why a legitimate king is deprived of his power; why the firmest enemy of Bonaparte is to be the victim of his intrigues; and why the sovereign, who, with chivalrous courage, was the first to attack the colossus, should be forsaken in his misfortune. It is a well-known fact that Napoleon

never forgave Gustavus Adolphus for reproaching him as he did with the Duke d'Enghien's murder; for recalling his ambassador from Paris at the time of the duke's death; and finally, for returning to the king of Prussia the decoration of the black eagle, which had also been sent to Bonaparte; Gustavus alleging as his reason for rejecting it, that he could not wear an order which would make him the brother in arms of an assassin.—I am well aware," continued the admiral, "that I shall be told the king himself signed his act of abdication; but I will answer that he was then a prisoner; and even though, yielding to circumstances, he renounced his own claim to the throne, is it to be expected that he should disinherit his son, and dethrone his dynasty? The prince, who is allied to so many sovereign houses, the descendant of Gustavus Adolphus, Gustavus Vasa, and Charles XII., must inspire the interest which is attached to such great recollections. Surely at the present moment, when principles are invoked, it is impossible to commit the inconsistency of rejecting the most sacred of principles, viz. that of hereditary succession, supported by so much glory and the duration of centuries."—"But, admiral," observed I, "policy, the faith of promises, and the general interest, are things which cannot be lost sight of; the congress cannot annul

those solemn and public acts, or even those secret treaties, which ensure to Bernadotte and to his dynasty the peaceful possession of the throne of Sweden. His eminent service to the European cause can never be recompensed by such treachery: he cannot be hurled from the high station to which he has been raised by the unanimous voice of the Swedish nation, and which he has hitherto shown himself so worthy to fill. The allies will not force upon the Swedes the monarch whom they have rejected, and whose conduct hitherto has perhaps justified their revolt. I have been informed, since my arrival in Vienna, that shortly after the battle of Leipsic Gustavus wrote to Napoleon requesting that he would permit him to enter his service ; or at least that he would ensure to him a refuge in France.”*—“Yes,” observed the admiral ; “and it may be added that Napoleon disdained to extend his hand to a prostrate foe.”—“Ah, Sir Sydney, a title of glory often pursues its possessor in adversity, and throws a lustre over misfortune ; and in the equivocal situation of Gustavus Adolphus, misfortune must be supported with dignity to render it respectable. I have always observed that, in adversity, those are most pitied who live in retirement and avoid attracting

* See Appendix.

attention. But, after all, there is no little honour to be earned in failing in such an attempt; and you, admiral, like our Abbé Delille, will deserve to be called *le courtisan du malheur*.”—“As I have never been a courtier except to fallen greatness, I will be firm to my principles, and defend the interests of Gustavus, who is in all respects worthy of support. Surely the rights of the people will not be contended for in a congress, in which legitimacy is the only god invoked. If, to the misfortune of mankind, there is no tribunal to which an appeal may be made against arbitrary acts, posterity will at least pronounce judgment, and will say that if Gustavus has been the object of envy and animosity, it is because brilliant gratifications and exalted rank seldom escape the attacks of calumny. On the throne as well as in private life, it is unjust that children should suffer for the faults of their parents; and now that all Europe is about to be remoulded, would it not be easy to extract from the vast crucible parts enough for all who have any claim to compensation?”

The increasing interest of the admiral's conversation induced me to ask him for some details of his adventurous life, which he very readily gave me. The incidents he described were so various and extraordinary, that they seemed to belong as much to romance as to history: passing rapidly

from the happy days of his boyhood, to the brilliant period of his youth, he recapitulated the principal events of his life in nearly the following terms :

“ After the peace of 1783, being unemployed, I entered the Swedish service. On the glorious naval victory of 1791 the king invested me with the grand cross of the order of the sword. Shortly after I entered the Turkish service, whence being recalled by a proclamation from my own sovereign, I accompanied Lord Hood to Toulon ; and on our evacuation of that place I burned the French ships in the port. In 1796, being stationed before Havre, I captured a French privateer ; but a calm ensuing, I was prevented from securing the prize. A sailor having secretly cut the cable, the flood tide carried me into the Seine, where, being attacked by a superior force, I was obliged to surrender. I was conveyed to Paris, and confined in the prison of the Abbaye. Some friends, by means of a false order, enabled me to effect my escape,* and I returned to London. I was then

* About the end of April 1798, a few days before Bonaparte's departure for Egypt, Sir Sydney Smith, who so powerfully contributed to his reverses, escaped from the Temple. This circumstance, though of no great importance in itself, proved the means of defeating the most gigantic projects, and probably prevented the revolution of the East. How vain it is to seek for great causes for great events !

appointed to the command of the *Tiger* eighty-gun ship, with which I was ordered to watch the coast of Egypt. After having bombarded Alexandria I sailed for Syria, where my presence induced the pasha to defend St. Jean d'Acre; and with my assistance he obliged the French to raise the siege: on that occasion the sultan presented me with an aigrette of considerable value. On my return to London I received the freedom of the city, together with a present of a sword from the corporation. In 1802 I was elected member of Parliament for Rochester, and I held my seat until the rupture of the peace of Amiens, when I obtained the command of the *Antelope*. In 1805 I was made a rear-admiral, and I proceeded to the Mediterranean, where I took Caprea after a siege of some hours. When, in 1807, Bonaparte declared that the house of Braganza had ceased to reign, I conveyed the Prince Regent of Portugal and his family to Brazil, and soon after I was appointed second in command to the fleet in the Mediterranean, in which station I remained until the general peace."

To this brief narrative, which was related with a charming air of simplicity, I listened with such profound interest, that I did not perceive the monotony of Mr. Reilly's dinner, which, though sumptuous, appeared dull to every one perhaps

except me and the interesting individual who sat next me. The eminent persons who had been brought together either by their own curiosity or the importunity of their host, appeared to labour under a certain degree of restraint. In spite of profusion of expense, exquisite cookery, and costly wines, the whole went off heavily, and every one appeared to look with impatience to the moment of departure.

At nine o'clock the company adjourned to the drawing-room, where coffee and ices were served. In imitation of a Russian custom, several tables were covered with the valuables and curiosities of different kinds which Mr. R—— had collected in the course of his travels. This gave the room the appearance of a museum. The Tyrolean minstrels, who were then quite *à la mode* at Vienna, sang some of their native melodies; but even these enlivening mountain strains had not power to banish the *ennui* which pervaded the whole party. Mr. R——, to do him justice, made every exertion to entertain his guests; but in vain; and in spite of whist, singing, and every other amusement, he found it impossible to thaw the ice which benumbed all present.

By ten o'clock most of the company had, under various pretences, succeeded in getting away. I made my escape unperceived; and I

could not help reflecting on the absurdity of the man who had taken so much trouble, and spent so much money, for the sake of producing so unsatisfactory a result; for throughout the whole evening, all seemed to be asking each other, how and why are we here?

I have since learned that, after the congress, Mr. R—— left Vienna, and proceeded to Paris. His wealth, which was the subject of so much mystery and wonder, was obtained at the gaming table, and it speedily flowed back to the source whence it had been derived. Reduced to abject misery, as at one time or other the victims of that dangerous passion usually are, he addressed, from his humble abode at Versailles, appeals to the bounty of those who had formerly partaken of his splendid banquets: like the celebrated gamester Beauvarlet, who, seated on the steps of the mansion which had once been his own, he gambled with the money thrown to him by his old associates.

CHAPTER XIX.

Unexpected meeting with the Prince de Ligne—His amours, and notions about love—Count Zavadowski—His unlucky adventure.

How many errors and regrets might be spared, if we had always sufficient forethought to ask ourselves what at a future time we should think of any action we are about to perform,—what value we should attach to the object, the attainment of which we eagerly desire;—and in what light we should regard the gratification of a passion, which for a time absorbs the whole soul. To think of the time to come, during the time present; to transport oneself in idea into futurity, if it be the greatest effort of man over himself, is also the best security for the correctness of his actions.

It was late when I left Mr. Reilly's, and the night being very fine, I returned home by the

ramparts. I was far from expecting to meet any one I knew ; for in spite of the various amusements of Vienna, and the numerous foreigners who thronged to them, all in general retired to their homes before midnight. In one of the bastions which projected over the moat I perceived at a little distance a tall figure wrapped in a light-coloured cloak, which in the moonlight looked very much like the ghost in Hamlet. Curiosity induced me to approach ; and it was not without surprise that I recognised the Prince de Ligne.—“ Ah, prince !” I exclaimed, “ what are you doing here at this late hour, and on so cold a night ?” —“ In love,” replied he, “ all the charm is in the beginning ; and therefore I like to renew that beginning as often as possible : but at your age I was waited for : at mine I am obliged to wait ; and what is worse, I wait to no purpose.” —“ I presume, prince, you are here on an assignation ?” —“ Yes ; but unfortunately you see I am alone.” —“ Ah, prince ! if it be true that a woman can enjoy no happiness except by the reflection of another’s glory, where is the woman who would not be proud to owe her happiness and glory to you ?”

“ Non, non ! tout fuit dans le vieil âge ;

Tout fuit jusqu’à l’illusion.

Ah ! la nature aurait été plus sage

De la garder pour l’arrière saison.”

“Prince,” said I, “I will not intrude upon you any longer.”—“And I,” replied he, “will not wait any longer. Lend me your arm, and let us go homewards.” As we walked along, the prince’s conversation bore a tinge of melancholy, which was evidently the result of the little disappointment he had just sustained. “One might be tempted to believe,” said he, “that in life reflection comes only as a last misfortune. When old, we live by the heart and the imagination: when the body begins to decay, it is only love that can warn us we still live.”—“Yes, prince; but the advantage of experience and reason must not be forgotten.”—“True, reason helps us to tolerate and console, and that is to love.” He then reverted to some of the brilliant incidents of his long career; detailing several of his feats of arms, without forgetting the moments he had devoted to love. “But,” added he, as he finished the picture, “life is like a cup of clear water, which is disturbed as we drink it; the first drops are ambrosia; but the sediment is at the bottom. After all, what does it signify? Man arrives at the tomb as the wanderer reaches the threshold of his home;—and here I am at mine. Good night!” I then left that excellent and extraordinary man, whose only foible perhaps was that of not accommodating his taste to his age, and

giving credit to the fable of the Loves crowning the grey hairs of Anacreon with roses.

As I was walking slowly homewards, repeating to myself the lines which the Prince de Ligne had so appropriately *improvised*, I found myself at the door of the Roman Emperor hotel, which Count Zavadowski was just entering. He invited me to take a glass of punch with him ; and I followed him to his apartment.

Count Zavadowski was the son of a favourite minister of Catherine II., and on the death of his father became heir to a vast fortune. I had known him very well at St. Petersburg, where his noble birth, his amiable manners, and a fund of information far beyond his years, rendered him a favourite in the most distinguished circles of the Russian capital. On the conclusion of peace, he proposed visiting the different capitals of Europe, and, with this view, proceeded straight to Vienna, during the sitting of the congress. This was of course an excellent preface to the book of the world, every page of which he was anxious to peruse.

“ I have been spending the evening,” said he, “ with my relation Prince Razumowsky, who gave a ball in honour of the Empress Elizabeth’s Saint’s day. The heat was excessive, and I came away before supper.” I gave him a description

of Mr. Reilly's dinner, an account of which he had already heard from the prince royal of Wirtemberg.

I expected next morning two Hungarian horses to be sent to me, which I was assured were the best trotters in Vienna. As I wished to purchase them, I asked the count to accompany me to the Prater to try them, which he promised to do. While we were talking about trotting horses, of which I think none in Europe equal those employed in the Russian sledges, for the winter races on the Moskwa, the count prepared to undress. He observed that he was much fatigued with dancing, as he had been teaching the Mazurka to some German ladies, who were prevailed on to substitute the graceful elegance of the Polish dance for the stiff formality of the minuet. "Good night, then, count," said I; "I will put out the lights, and give this *bougie* to your valet de chambre. Be ready to morrow at 10 o'clock."

Next morning the horses were harnessed in my curricule, and at the appointed hour I was at Zavadowski's door. On entering I was met by his valet, who told me that the count was not yet up. "How! not up?" I exclaimed, "and in bed before midnight:—a lazy fellow! I'll soon rouse him." I entered his chamber, and found his curtains closely drawn. "Come, come, Zava-

dowski," said I, "what means this? I hope you are not ill?"—He raised his head from the pillow, and drawing his hand across his eyes, as if to dash aside a tear, he exclaimed, "Alas! my dear father, why did I lose thee?"—"Count," resumed I, "what ails you? What melancholy dream has revived the memory of your father at this moment? Come, come, the horses are at the door."—"My dear friend," replied he, "it is no dream, but a sad reality. I lost two millions last night!"—"Zavadowski, are you mad? I tell you, you are in bed, where I left you last night. I extinguished the lights myself before I went away.—Are you dreaming or asleep?"—"Neither, my friend; but I am awakened from a sleep which I could fain have wished had been my last. Z—— and Count B—— called on me after you went away. The candles were lighted: we played the whole night, and I lost two millions of rubles, for which they have my bills." I advanced to the window, and on drawing aside the curtain, I saw the chamber strewn with cards. A few short hours had completed the ruin of the unfortunate young man. "My dear count," said I, "in all probability this is merely a joke, intended to alarm you. Be comforted. They cannot surely intend to rob you in this way. I will go to them immediately. They cease to be my

friends if they hesitate for one moment to adopt the course which honour dictates."

In a few minutes I was at Z——'s lodgings. I endeavoured, by every possible argument, to prevail on him to relinquish his unjust claims. I pointed out the fatal consequences that might ensue to himself, if the affair should reach the ears of the emperor, whose aversion to gaming was well known, and who, I said, would undoubtedly make some signal example, for the purpose of checking the practice among his officers. But all my endeavours to bring him to a sense of justice were unavailing. He ridiculed what he termed my sentimental pathos, and concluded by expressing the hope that I would give him a chance of winning my curricule and pair of Hungarian horses; in which case, he observed, I should have an opportunity of preaching for myself. I indignantly left him.

From the officer I went to the diplomatist, whom I found, if possible, still more devoid of feeling. He made a long speech to prove to me that nothing was more honest and honourable than to rouse a young man of twenty from his bed at midnight, for the purpose of robbing him of his fortune. "Is it worth while to make so many words about the loss of a few danmachkios?"* said

* The name for paper money in Russia.

he. “We have claimants here for thrones which have been lost in an unlucky game; but do you think their appeals will be listened to? You saw the gentleman who left me just as you entered:—that was the Marquis Brignolo. He has come here to sue for the independence of Genoa. He is ambassador from the expiring republic, and here is the energetic protest which he intends to address to the congress.* You may read it. But in spite of all his logic Genoa will be given to Piedmont. The winner must have the winnings. Venice with all her ancient wisdom has disappeared. The Adriatic has not swallowed her up; but Austria has won her, and Austria will have her. Malta solicits from the congress only her arms and her rock; but it is said England has won her, and let England keep her. Prussia has won Saxony, Sweden Norway, and Russia Poland. All Europe is now at play round a large green table: kingdoms are the stakes, and a diplomatic shake of the dice may win a hundred thousand, two hundred thousand, or a million heads.† Why should not I win a few scraps of paper, when fortune is inclined to favour me?”—“But from your friend Count ——?”—“Pshaw! why talk to

* See Appendix.

† The word *head* was employed in all the stipulations for the exchange, parcelling out of territory, &c.

me of friendship? Is friendship or even relationship ever taken into account in the winnings and losings of crowns and sceptres? My dear fellow, Figaro long ago decided that '*ce qui est bon à prendre est bon à garder.*' "

This heartless sophistry I treated with the contempt it deserved; and I returned sorrowfully to my poor friend Zavadowski, to acquaint him with the ill success of my endeavours to serve him.

"I knew it," said he; "there is but one way to deal with such people, and I will try it." He resumed all his wonted coolness, dressed himself, and went out to call on the grand chamberlain Narishkin, whom he no doubt wished to inform of his disaster, and the justice he expected to receive. He would not allow me to accompany him, and I went alone to try my horses, hoping that my drive would help to divert away the painful state of feeling which the last twenty-four hours had produced.*

* Such events as the above were not of rare occurrence in Russia, where the passion for gaming was carried to an extreme, which but too fully verified the observation of Madame Deshouilliers, "*On commence par être dupe, on finit par être fripon.*" I have often heard anecdotes which proved that it was no unusual thing for vast fortunes to change owners in the course of a few hours. But the instance above related, from the extent of the sum, and the short

The result fully verified what I had hinted to Z——. The Emperor Alexander, who entertained the greatest dislike of gaming and gamesters, heard the story, which indeed made some noise in Vienna at the time. From that moment he withdrew his favour from Z——, who told me, when I subsequently met him in Paris, that he would rather have lost half his fortune than the affair should have happened, and that he should always regret not having followed my advice when I urged him to arrange it.

Count Zavadowski and Count B—— met, and fought with swords. Zavadowski wounded his adversary, but he was sentenced only to a small fine. However, Alexander never forgave him; for, on the count's application to be attached to the Russian embassy to Florence, the emperor coupled his refusal with the following observation:—

“In consideration of the services rendered to our august mother by your father, Count Zavadowski, I pardon the indecorous presumption of your request.”

time in which it was lost and won, seemed to exhibit a refinement in the art scarcely to be expected, considering the ages of the parties, the eldest of whom was not twenty-three.

CHAPTER XX.

Dinner at Prince Talleyrand's—His position at the congress—
Some of his guests—The Duke of Richlieu—Count Pozzo di
Borgo—Newly devised concert at court—Royal hunting party
—The empress of Austria's dexterity in shooting—Anecdote
relative to the Queen Christina of Sweden.

A STRANGER visiting Vienna at the time of the congress, merely as a looker on, would probably have been struck with nothing but the confusion that prevailed there; but had he become an actor in the busy scene, it would have assumed a different aspect in his eyes, and the contact of the distinguished individuals present would have awakened a thousand ideas and hopes.

For some time after my arrival in Vienna I had been so constantly engaged, that with the exception of a few formal visits to the members of the French legation, I had had no communication

with them, though several among them were my intimate friends. France was represented at the congress by Prince Talleyrand, the Duke Dalberg, and Count Alexis de Noailles, whose names are titles of the highest merit. M. de Talleyrand seemed indeed to be the most influential member of the diplomatic assembly, in which the ascendancy of his wit and talent was not less conspicuous than it had previously been in his own saloons at Paris and Neuilly. France at that time stood in a situation equally difficult with respect to external and internal affairs. Enthralled in the embarrassments and disunion arising out of a new organisation, the French government was neither able nor willing to manifest any thing like vigorous measures. The great powers, the arbiters of the congress, therefore maintained a degree of concord unparalleled in the records of diplomacy; and the representatives of France, by talents of the first order, smoothed away the obstacles raised up by a quadruple alliance with all its power and importance.

I was invited to dine with Prince Talleyrand, and I naturally looked forward with some impatience to the appointed day, for I had not been in company with that celebrated man since my early boyhood. I found him still remarkable for his penetrating glance, the immovability of his fea-

tures, and the air and manners of a man of rank. The presence of my friends M.M. Rouen and de Baing helped to give me confidence in appearing before that court of wit, of which a circumstance of my youth contributed not a little to inspire me with awe.

At an early hour I arrived at the hotel of the French embassy. From the apartments of Monsieur de Rouen I descended to the *salon de réception*, in which were the prince, the Duke Dalberg, and the Countess de Perigord, M. de Talleyrand's niece, who did the honours of her uncle's house. The prince received me with that graceful affability which to him is second nature, and, taking me by the hand, with an air of kindness which carried me back to a former period of my life, he said, "So, sir, you could not pay me a visit until I came to Vienna." Then, without waiting for a reply, which he perceived from my embarrassment, would not be a very ready one, he presented me to the Duke Dalberg. I knew the duke, not only by his political reputation, but also by the character I had received of him from the Countess de Witt, who had been well acquainted with him at Warsaw. As to Madame de Perigord, I was in the habit of meeting her every day in company. These circumstances soon made me feel at home in a saloon

in which I expected to witness some of the most animated scenes of the historical drama of the congress. I could not help congratulating myself on my fortunate introductions at Vienna. I have passed the morning, thought I, with the intelligent and elegant Prince de Ligne, and in the evening I enjoy the society of M. de Talleyrand ; while the one enlightens my mind by the lessons of his long experience, the other will refine my taste by the magic of his conversation, which subdues even when it fails to convince, and that shrewd and judicious observation which forms the most desirable school of talent and manners.

Prince Talleyrand has been so closely connected with the great events of his time, both public and secret, that it is impossible to sketch a portrait of him without entering into a vast series of political details. Of all the statesmen of modern times, none perhaps ever enjoyed so high a reputation during his life, on account of the extraordinary events in which he has taken part ; and for that very reason history alone can see and describe his character in its true light.

The dinner party was small, a circumstance at which I rejoiced, since it afforded me the better opportunity of seeing and hearing every individual composing the interesting group.

Besides the members of the French embassy,

the only foreigners were Prince Razomowski, General Pozzo di Borgo, and the Duke de Richelieu. When I left the duke at Odessa, where I spent some months with him, he was in a most distressing situation. The plague was raging in his governments of Cherson and Taurida, and it was only by the most arduous exertions that he succeeded in ridding himself of the terrific visitant. On meeting him again at Vienna, my questions were as rapid as my joy was sincere. I sat at table between him and M. de la Bernardière; and we talked of the horrors of the terrible scourge, with the interest with which shipwrecked sailors may be supposed to revert to the dangers they have escaped from. All who know the Duke de Richelieu entertain for him the sincere respect which he could not fail to inspire. Few men have given proofs of such nobleness of mind and rigid disinterestedness, in the high offices he has been called to fill: his reward is the universal estimation in which his name is held.

He related to me a number of interesting anecdotes concerning some of the inhabitants of Odessa; and as the duke spoke in a very loud tone of voice, the other guests were unavoidably drawn into our conversation. Thus, during the whole time of dinner, nothing was spoken of but the plague, of which M. de Richelieu painted the

disasters at Odessa, while I described what I had witnessed at Constantinople. Gradually, however, other subjects were started, and the conversation became general. M. Pozzo di Borgo, whom I now met for the first time, appeared to me to combine, with a considerable fund of information, the shrewdness of mind common among his countrymen. From the commencement of his career, he had been the declared enemy of Bonaparte, and he did not dissemble the satisfaction he experienced at his downfall. He pointed out, with great clearness of reasoning, all the circumstances which had accelerated the catastrophe.

When we retired to the drawing-room, we found a number of distinguished personages assembled. On seeing most of the members of the diplomatic body grouped round M. de Talleyrand, a stranger might have supposed that his hotel was the place appointed for the sittings of the congress. The Countess de Perigord, who did the honours with her usual grace and spirit, tempered the occasional dryness of the political discussions which, in the course of the evening, turned upon the affairs of Saxony. M. de Talleyrand maintained the rights of that country with dignity and sound logic: "It has been the fate of Saxony," said he, "to be too frequently drawn into quarrels to which she ought to have been a stranger, and the consequences of

which have several times proved fatal to her. Augustus of Saxony, by allying himself with the Czar Peter, drew Charles XII. into Poland; Augustus II., by taking part in two wars of Frederick II., abandoned his states, and retired to Warsaw, where he forgot his disasters in the bosom of pleasure. For upwards of forty years Saxony has flourished quietly and unenvied, distinguished only for the paternal mildness of her government and her cultivation of the arts. Saxony may be more fatally involved in the present instance than she has ever been before; yet it is continually remarked here, that the king is saved, though he cedes the two Lusatias, the circles of ———, the county of ———, the duchy of ———, &c. The king may be saved, it is true, but the kingdom is lost. What will Saxony be when Prussia shall touch the suburbs of Dresden?"

A warm argument arose between Lord Castlereagh and the French envoys; which however I did not hear, as I had withdrawn to converse with the Duke de Richelieu. When the duke and I rejoined the circle, the prince had overcome the grand arbiter of the destinies of nations, and equity triumphed.*

* The author avows that he did not hear the conversation between the English and French plenipotentiaries; and this accounts for his having misunderstood the bearing of Lord Castlereagh's re-

Though there is an air of coldness and reserve in the person and manners of M. de Talleyrand, yet his avowed merit made every one eager to

marks in regard to Saxony. The British government had at no period of the congress expressed any thing which might have been construed into a sanction of the plan of dismembering that kingdom, or annexing it wholly to Prussia. It was, on the contrary, to the firmness displayed by the representative of England at the congress of Vienna, that the preservation of the Saxon monarchy is due. It was with the view of counteracting the influence of Russia and Prussia, and the other northern states, whose ministers appeared disposed to adjudge the dominions of the Saxon monarch to his neighbour of Prussia, that Lord Castlereagh proposed and carried into effect a secret treaty of alliance between the courts of Great Britain, France, and Austria. That treaty was signed at Vienna, by the plenipotentiaries of the three governments, on the 3rd of February, 1815. The kings of Hanover, Bavaria, and the Netherlands, soon after became parties to it. It was kept secret at Vienna; but during the hundred days, a copy of it having been found among the archives of the foreign department, Napoleon sent it to the Emperor Alexander, in the hope that the Russian autocrat would consider it as an act of perfidy on the part of his late allies, which would fully justify his withdrawing from the new contest that was about to commence with France. Alexander, in fact, expressed great indignation on becoming acquainted with the formal league which had been secretly formed against him, at the very moment when he thought that his motives and intentions could not be suspected, and that he received the most earnest assurances of friendship and confidence from his allies. Under existing circumstances, however, he judged it expedient to suppress his anger, and he fervently joined the coalition which was for the last time formed against Napoleon. —*Translator.*

court his favour; and even his apparent coldness served to increase the value of his interest and friendship. All were proud to obtain from him a kind smile, or a token of approbation. He possesses that flexibility of talent, which, without effort and pedantry, enables him to shine on great occasions, and which, in social intercourse, lends inimitable grace even to the most frivolous conversation. Sufficient justice has never been rendered to M. de Talleyrand's kindness of heart. He never rendered a service for the sake of ostentation; and he is the first to forget his own acts of goodness.

The party broke up at rather an early hour, the Countess de Perigord and most of the company being engaged to a concert at court. We therefore left the prince at the game of whist, which he usually played every evening, and we repaired to the Burg.

The concert was to consist entirely of instrumental music; and in one of the spacious apartments of the imperial palace were ranged a great number of piano-fortes, on which several professors and amateurs were to perform a concertante, led by the celebrated Salieri. The audience were seated in circular galleries; and the general *coup d'œil* was, as at all the court entertainments, magnificent and even dazzling. As to the per-

formance, in spite of the high talent of the maestro di capella, it might be called a musical *tour de force*, rather than a good concert. This new surprise was, however, worthy of the ingenuity of the committee appointed by the court, who sought to justify the confidence reposed in them by daily inventing some new and unexpected amusement.

Next day Count de Witt and Prince Ypsilanti called on me to request that I would accompany them to a royal hunting party, which had been got up for the amusement of the sovereigns, and which was to take place in one of the imperial preserves, near the castle of Laxembourg. The game had been all collected on the preceding day ; and when we arrived, the exalted personages for whom the amusement was destined were seated in a vast space prepared for the purpose, behind which was an amphitheatre for the company invited by the court. Each hunter was attended by four pages, who loaded their guns for them ; and behind the pages *piqueurs* armed with lances guarded against any possibility of danger.

At a given signal the *batteurs* drew together, and at the same moment there issued from the various outlets of the wood a countless number of wild boars, deer, hares, and other kinds of

game, which were shot by the privileged sportsmen. The sport was kept up until the number of animals killed amounted to several thousands.

My friends and I were stationed at a little distance from the Empress of Austria. She always aimed at hares, or some small kind of game, and rarely missed her mark !

On our return home Ypsilanti expressed himself surprised at the extraordinary dexterity of the empress. "Doubtless," observed I, "she takes her aim with wonderful accuracy ; but in the arsenal of Stockholm I have seen a carbine with which, it is affirmed, Queen Christina amused herself by shooting flies in her chamber ! Her majesty, it is said, was an excellent markswoman, and never missed her aim ! This, it must be confessed, was a novel sort of sporting."—"Yes," added the Count de Witt, "but that innocent amusement was very different from her sanguinary revenge on Monaldechi at Fontainebleau, the cause of which has never been accurately ascertained. But Christina was extraordinary in every thing : for example, her abdication, abjuration, &c."

We then began to talk of the pleasures and difficulties of different kinds of sporting. Ypsilanti observed, that in Wallachia the hares are so

common, that during the winter the peasants hunt them only with sticks ; which they throw at them so adroitly, that they kill ten or twenty in a day.

As I expected some friends to dine with me that day, I engaged Ypsilanti and De Witt to join us ; and soon after we reached the Yagér-Zeil we sat down to dinner.

CHAP. XXI.

Dinner-party with some friends—Anecdotes related by them—
Some particulars relative to Mr. Griffiths' Travels narrated by
himself.

By the rapid and extraordinary changes of latter times, how many men have been suddenly thrust out of the sphere of their affections and habits, far from the circle for which fate had destined them ! How many victims of violent political commotions have perished on the rock on which they had climbed to save themselves from the shipwreck ! Happy are those who, by their efforts, have succeeded in stemming the torrent, and who, turning to good account the lessons of their experience, or the vicissitudes of their destiny, create to themselves a second youth by the interest of their recollections. Still more enviable perhaps are those who, having lived in peaceful times, have only to relate a simple unostentatious tale,

and not a history, the extraordinary nature of which recommends it to posterity.

Among the persons I had invited to dine with me were Sir Sydney Smith, M.M. Rouen, Isabey, Borel, Ompteda, and Tettenborn. The party was small and select, and the conversation was consequently animated and unconstrained; and all seemed pleased one with another. Borel related some of the current anecdotes of the day, in that tone of good-nature and simplicity which rendered him so dear to his friends. In the world, which he loved, he was in his turn truly beloved for his excellent qualities of mind and heart: he was amiable in the strictest acceptation of the term; for he never sought to appear so at the expense of any one. It was not exactly so with Baron Ompteda: he took a minute survey, not of the interior of the cabinet of the plenipotentiaries, but he drew aside the curtains of the boudoir; and his happy vein of satirical humour, mingled with his immovable Hanoverian *sang froid*, produced a most amusing picture: his magic lantern exhibited in animated colours the page and the princess, the sovereign and the grisette, and the conqueror prostrate at the feet of the syren: and these traits, apparently darted off at random, never failed to reach the objects at which they were aimed. The baron seemed to be thoroughly installed in all the

love intrigues of the day; and the indiscreet Bussy-Rabutin, in his *Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*, to which he owed his long and just exile, did not evince greater boldness than did Ompteda, in quoting from the scandalous chronicle of the Austrian capital. I shall not repeat any of his anecdotes, which were no doubt, for the most part, founded on mere conjecture: but even if positively true, since they were kept secret there, they need not now be revealed.—“With your talent for observation and description,” said Ypsilanti to the baron, “why do you not publish a picture of the grand drama that is acting here, affixing to each of the great actors the seal of his peculiar genius?”—“Ah!” replied Ompteda, “at the present moment that would be either a piece of servile flattery or bitter satire; and indeed, with very few exceptions, the originals would not be worth the colours and the canvass. You know what Oxentier said to his son, who, on account of his youth, was unwilling to go to the congress of Munster: ‘Go, my son; you will see by what men the world is governed!’”—“But, baron,” observed Mr. Griffiths, “you must not forget that merit attracts envy as the loadstone attracts iron.”

Isabey related many amusing anecdotes in reference to the inauguration of the imperial court, where he had such ample opportunity to

observe and to caricature. He fully concurred in opinion with Pascal, who says, "*Rien n'est plus dû à la vanité que la risée.*" The new ranks and the new coats of the newly elevated dignitaries of the empire afforded a vast field for the exercise of his original humour. His description of the affectation of those who made a serious study of the art of imitating the noblemen of the old court was in the highest degree amusing, especially as Isabey accompanied his descriptions by appropriate action. The conversation gradually took a different turn, and each guest gave a biographical sketch of his life: and certainly the remarkable events which were crowded together in the career of some among them might have furnished materials for a volume or two of anecdotes connected with the history of the age. Tettenborn repeated with but little variety the history he had related to me on my first arrival in Vienna. Mr. Griffiths, when his turn came, was obliged, like the rest of us, to pay his tribute to the curiosity of the company.

"My life," said he, "though as full of varied incidents as those of other gentlemen present, has neither been military nor diplomatic; but may not improperly be termed wandering. However, I think I may justly lay claim to the interest which belongs to rapid movement and change of scene, for I have travelled over no less than 500,000

miles in different parts of the world!" These preliminary observations naturally excited our curiosity. "Whoever has seen much," said Tetenborn, "must remember much, and you will oblige us greatly by conducting us over the principal points of your vast itinerary." Mr. Griffiths readily complied; and when coffee and ices were served in the drawing-room, we collected round him, and he thus commenced the narrative of his adventures:

"I was educated at Merchant Tailors' school in London, which was then under the superintendence of the celebrated Dr. Townley. From Merchant Tailors' school I went to complete my studies at Oxford. Some circumstances having deranged the plans of my family, respecting my profession, I relinquished the bar and applied myself to medicine.

"The peace between England and America, by affording greater facility of communication, soon enabled me to gratify my inclination for travelling, which I did not regard as incompatible with the prosecution of my professional studies; for, as one of our English authors says, 'Travelling in youth is a part of education; in age a part of experience.'

"After remaining about two years in France, I passed through Italy, and from thence embarked

for Smyrna. During the passage I touched at Scio, Mytilene, and some other islands of the Greek Archipelago, so celebrated as the cradle of the arts and sciences. From Smyrna, crossing the Dardanelles and the sea of Marmora, I proceeded to Constantinople. There I employed some months in observations on a country abounding in historical recollections, and which had witnessed the rise and fall of a great empire. From Constantinople I repaired to the scenes celebrated by Homer. I visited the ruins of the walls raised by Dardanus, and trod the soil which, after the lapse of so many ages, is yet impressed with recollections of Achilles; and on the memorable banks of the Simois I reflected on the fate of the Atridæ.

“Again leaving Smyrna, to which I had returned for a short time, I penetrated into the interior of Natolia, taking the road to Sardis, the ancient residence of Crassus. After rapidly traversing Heraclea and Apamea, where I fancied the soil was still reeking with the blood shed by the fanaticism of the crusaders, I arrived at the foot of Mount Taurus. There, in spite of the obstacles that were opposed to me by the wildness of nature and the barbarism of the inhabitants, I visited that chain of mountains, the largest of the ancient continent, since it extends from the con-

finest of Caramania to the extremity of India. I crossed the Cydnus, and passing through the defiles of the mountains, whose winding course the river follows, often without a guide, and assisted only by my compass and my own slight knowledge of geography, I explored those wild regions, which perhaps no one before me had ever visited : and I was rewarded for all my fatigues by the sight of the most sublime scenery that the imagination can conceive.

“After having surmounted this formidable barrier, I directed my course towards Adena in ancient Cilicia ; and from thence, proceeding to the Mediterranean, I embarked on board a Turkish vessel, which conveyed me to Seleucia. There I gazed with astonishment on the sublime ruins of the port made by Seleucus. From Seleucia I advanced to Antioch, and at length arrived at Aleppo, where I stopped for a few days to rest.

“It was during this journey that I ventured to enter the mosque of Mesched-Ali, (or the tomb of Ali,) which is situated near Corfu, and which is closed against Christians, with all the rigor observed at Mecca. This act of temerity well-nigh cost me my life : I was discovered, and pursued by an infuriated mob, and owed my escape solely to my agility ; while my pursuers, in testimony of their holy indignation, assailed me

with showers of stones. If therefore I gained a sight of the sacred tomb, I paid dearly for the gratification of my curiosity.

“ But, alas ! an irreparable and far more severe misfortune awaited me. An old and dear friend, who had accompanied me in my perilous journey across the great desert of Arabia, and for whom my affection had been daily strengthened, by the fatigues, dangers, and privations we had shared together, fell a victim to that deadly wind called the Simooleh : after a fever, followed by some hours of frightful delirium, he expired in my arms. Alas ! we none of us know in what corner of the world our ashes may rest, nor on what side the breath of adversity may assail us ! Ah, gentlemen ! ” continued Mr. Griffiths, vainly endeavouring to suppress his feelings, “ only those who have suffered such a loss, and in such circumstances, can know how much anguish the heart may endure without breaking ! Having consigned the remains of my friend to the sand of the desert, I sat down upon the grave and watered it with my tears. All was silent around me : the caravan was slowly departing ; the moon, veiled by clouds, shed a dim light over the desert ; and the hurried beating of my heart alone interrupted the stillness of the tomb ! At length I was compelled to rise and pursue my journey, which the loss I had

sustained rendered more dreary than before. I reached the Euphrates at the point where it joins the Tigris, and directing my course towards Bas-sora, I embarked in a vessel belonging to the East India Company. Having entered the Persian Gulf, I visited Bushir in Persia, and Muscat in Arabia Felix, and then proceeded to Bombay, after having touched at all the ports on the coast of Malabar and Coromandel.

“Penetrating into the interior of the Peninsula of India, I visited the kingdoms of Travancore, Tanjore, and the possessions of the nabob of Arcate. Then ascending the immense mountains of the Ghauts, I accompanied the army of Lord Cornwallis as far as Seringapatam, where I witnessed that memorable event, the fall of Tippoo Saib and of the empire of Mysore.

“I next proceeded to Calcutta, and after visiting the European establishments on the Hooghly and the Ganges, I repaired to the ancient city of Murshedabad. Returning from thence, I passed through the island of Ceylon, the straits of Malacca, and several of the islands dependant on the kingdoms of Pegu, Siam, Queda, and Achem.

“After an absence of fifteen years, I naturally felt anxious to return to my native country. Having engaged my passage on board a vessel which touched at Mauritius, and enabled me to

visit that delicious island, I returned to Europe, and landed in Hamburg, after a voyage of six months.

“From Hamburg I proceeded to France, where I employed myself in arranging some notes which I had brought home with me relative to the mythology of the Hindoos, and the manners and customs of the East, and I published the first volume of my Travels in Asia Minor. I also published a Translation of Lenoir’s work on the Monuments of France ; and I commenced a description of the treasures contained in the gallery of the Louvre, of which I proposed having engravings executed by the first artists of England and France.

“The renewal of hostilities soon after obliged me to quit France and return to my country. After visiting the manufactories of England and Scotland, the sight of which affords so vast an idea of our national industry, I turned my attention to those monuments of antiquity with which England abounds, and which are associated with so many glorious recollections of great men and illustrious deeds. After a tour through Cumberland, Derbyshire, Gloucestershire, Warwickshire, &c. I embarked for Sweden, where I wished to see the famous canal and sluices of Trolhatta.

“ I travelled through Sweden as far as Lapland,

and returned to Ystad, whence I embarked for Stralsund. I then visited Berlin, Dresden, and finally Vienna, where, under the auspices of a few kind friends, I was received with true Austrian hospitality by the most distinguished families.

“The entrance of the French soon obliged me to quit Austria ; but I obtained permission to repair to the baths of Trescuro, near Bergamo, where my health being speedily improved, I embraced the opportunity of travelling through Italy in various directions. The peace of Presburg having restored tranquillity to Austria, I returned, in the winter of 1806, to Vienna, by the way of the Tyrol and Munich. During the interval of peace, I visited Cassel, Pyrmont, and all the towns of Holland, from Arnham to Rotterdam, and from Rotterdam to Cleves ; from the latter place I proceeded to the lake of Constance, and saw the prison of the celebrated John Huss ; after which I successively visited Zurich, Berne, Geneva, the Castle of Hapsburg,* the baths of

* Historians for the most part agree respecting the cause and origin of the elevation of the House of Austria to the imperial throne. It is stated that Rudolph of Hapsburg, when one day riding in the vicinity of his estate, met a priest who was bearing the viaticum to a dying man. Rudolph alighted from his horse and desired the venerable ecclesiastic to mount it. Next day, when the horse was sent back, Rudolph refused to receive it,

Schwernach and Baden, the field of Morat, where, in 1476, Charles the Bold saw his brave Burgundians defeated,* the majestic fall of the Rhine; and finally, I returned by Schaffhausen, Ulm, and Ratisbon, to Vienna. In the course of my tour I visited the hospitals and prisons, endeavouring to follow the example of our illustrious Howard, and to support the philanthropic system by which he has immortalised himself.

“New plans having again induced me to visit the north, I proceeded through Poland to St. Petersburg, where I remained some months, and afterwards returned to Vienna, by the provinces of the Ukraine and Gallicia. On my way I visited Prince Czartoryski at Pielaway, Countess Potocka at Tulczin, and the delicious Arcadia of Princess Radziwill.

“The war of 1809, between France and Austria, again obliged me to quit Vienna, and I accompanied Sir Charles Stuart to London, passing

alleging that it could not return to his possession after having been employed on so sacred a mission. The priest became private secretary to the elector of Mentz, whom he prevailed on to lend his influence in favour of Count Hapsburg, whose generous courtesy he had not forgotten. Thus was founded the imperial House of Austria. This occurrence took place in 1273. (See Appendix.)

* See Appendix.

through the north of Hungary by Kremnitz, Chemnitz, Neusohl, and Yablouska.

“After a short stay in London, I once more embarked for Sweden. From Gottenburg I proceeded to Carlsrona, whence I sailed to Calberg, and from Calberg repaired to Berlin, having stopped for a few days at Stutgard, on a visit to Prince Blucher.

“As soon as the intelligence of the peace of Vienna was transmitted to the cabinet of Berlin I started for Tyrnan, by the way of Olmutz and the mountains of Hungary. From Tyrnan, proceeding by the fortress of Komorn to Pest, I returned to Vienna, which had now become my second country.

“After a year’s residence in Austria I undertook a second journey to Poland. My object was to found agricultural and manufacturing colonies in the Crimea ; and at that period I possessed all the means necessary for the purpose : but some circumstances occurred which thwarted the whole project. From the southern provinces of Russia I went to Hungary, and Transylvania ; and after paying a visit to the baths of Mahadia, built by Trajan, and crossing the mountains of the Balkan, I continued my journey to Sofia, Ceres, and Salonichi. I then penetrated northwards as far as Widdin, a fortress formerly belonging to the

Templar knights. At Widdin I obtained an audience of the new pacha Haffiz Ali Chelebi, in the course of which he gave me a promise, that the exactions committed by the Turks on foreigners passing through Turkey should no longer be permitted.

“With the view of promoting the interests of science and public health, I made some observations on the plague, which had spread from Constantinople to Bucharest: and I returned in the beginning of this year to Vienna, for the purpose of presenting a report on the subject to the governor, and of pointing out the necessary measures to be adopted in the lazarettos established on the frontiers of Transylvania.

“And now, gentlemen,” added Mr. Griffiths, “I have to apologise for my tediousness, and to thank you for the indulgence with which you have listened to my long geographical vocabulary. It is of course scarcely possible for a man to have traversed the globe in every direction without meeting with a multitude of accidents on his way. Even dangers or misfortunes are remembered with pleasure, when they have no other effect than that of creating momentary apprehension, and by their interest engaging the attention of one’s friends. I have not travelled without my share of such events. I ought to have mentioned

that, when near Belasor, our vessel was, through the unskilfulness of the pilot, driven upon a sand-bank, where we remained for eight hours, in a state of inconceivable anxiety: our ship also struck upon the coast of Achem, and the captain and myself were the only persons who escaped from the wreck. Upon that occasion we experienced the hospitality of the king's admiral, and received all the assistance our situation required. Our protector was a Dutch seaman, who had succeeded in gaining the confidence of the sovereign of Achem, and was placed by that monarch at the head of the navy. But his newly acquired greatness did not prevent him regretting his native village of Sardam, and his little cottage near that of Peter the Great. I should likewise mention that, in crossing the bay of Bengal, a violent storm arose, in which all our provisions, and particularly the water, were lost: we were afterwards driven about for thirty days by contrary winds, and were under the necessity of reducing the daily allowance of the crew to one handful of rice and a very small quantity of fresh water; which I was occupied day and night in distilling from the sea water.

“It would also be surprising if, during my long journies by land, I had had no adventures with robbers. I have, indeed, met with every variety,

from those who live by robbery on the coasts of Africa, among the Bedouins, or the Malays, to those who pay the forfeit of their crime in civilised Europe. On one occasion, when returning from Naples by the Abruzes, I was attacked at day-break near Pesaro by twelve bandits: after seizing and binding me, they commenced breaking open my travelling trunks, whence they took every thing they considered valuable. Fortunately they were frightened away by the barking of a dog, which they imagined gave notice of the return of the servants and postilions, who had fled at their approach. They therefore left me, and I thought myself lucky in escaping with my life, though stripped of every thing I possessed.

“As to adventures of a less various kind, which derive all their interest from the various scenes in which they took place, I will spare you any detail of them. I know there are persons in the world who take a pleasure in recording their own errors; and far from repenting of them, seem to think that they diffuse a charm over the evening of life. But confessions of this sort are not much approved of in my country, and I therefore beg to be excused for withholding them.”

“I am sorry for that,” observed Tettenborn, “for you might have afforded us a vast field of comparison between the different ways in which

love may be felt and expressed. If the passion be influenced by variations of climate, the knowledge you must have acquired would afford materials for an excellent thermometer."

He smiled at this remark, and all complimented Mr. Griffiths on his extraordinary pilgrimage. I was gratified to observe that my worthy friend had risen in the estimation of all who had heard the narrative of his adventures: as for me, his happiness was so closely connected with my own, that I could never hear him speak too much of himself.

The hour had now arrived for the masked ridotto at court, and we all proposed to set off, promising, as usual, to conclude the evening with one of those pleasant pic-nics which were then very customary at Vienna.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Court Ridotto—Anecdote relative to Duport the dancer—Rencontre with two fair masks—Sketch of M. de Talleyrand's career—Loss of opportunity—Consequences thereof—Prince Reuss's acknowledgment of the French republic—Humorous reply of M. de Talleyrand.

As it often happens that I cannot avoid bringing myself into the foreground of the pictures I trace, I fear that I may sometimes appear to occupy too prominent a place. But in describing what I have seen and heard, I cannot speak as an eye-witness ; and if I do not pretend to captivate by the charms of style, I at least claim the merit of a strict adherence to truth.

The Court Ridotto, at which we had now arrived, differed but little from other entertainments of the same kind, one of which took place almost weekly at Vienna. I met the Prince de Ligne, who appeared somewhat less dejected than at our last nocturnal interview on the ramparts, which I accounted for by presuming that the cause of vexation he then experienced now presented a remedy. Judging

from the figure, the tone of voice, and the graceful manners of the domino by whom he was accompanied, I could easily imagine the regret which the disappointment must have occasioned him.

“Look,” said he, as I approached him, “at the elegant Bayadère who is dancing in that quadrille! would you not swear that she is one of the most charming girls in the room? Yet I found him out before he had spoken three words. He is no other than young Alfred, the brother of Count Voyna.” —“How, prince,” exclaimed I, “a boy!” —“Yes, a boy in female attire. Is there any thing so very wonderful in that? Your celebrated dancer Duport came to Vienna disguised as a female, and alighted from his travelling carriage at the residence of the Princess Jean Lichtenstein. There he danced the whole evening without changing his dress, to the great astonishment of a circle of admirers, who, on the following evening applauded him to the skies at the Court Theatre, where he appeared in a female character in his ballet of *Achille à Syros*. This travestie reminds me of one of those poetic *bluettes* which used to escape from me in the spring of life as they now do in the autumn. It is one of those sins which youth alone can excuse.* But here we live in such a continual

* See Appendix.

vortex of ambition or pleasure, that there is no time for judging or estimating any thing correctly: thus an ignorant fellow with a little talent for compilation, may pass for a clever author; and a man of mediocrity, with a stock of anecdotes, and an hour's reading every morning on the subject on which he means to converse in the evening, may easily acquire a reputation for talent. People do not scrutinise very narrowly. Happy is he who has nothing to do but to observe the follies of others!"

While I was listening with interest to the Prince de Ligne's lively remarks, two ladies wearing masks approached and drew me aside:—"When you address verses to ladies, sir," said one of the two, "you should not make them travel three hundred leagues to thank the author."—"As Vienna is three hundred leagues from Paris, St. Petersburg, or Naples, where I have occasionally addressed bad verses to ladies, permit me, fair mask, to request you to explain yourself more clearly, otherwise it will be long before I find out my unknown heroine."—"Well," said the other lady, "suppose it should have been at St. Petersburg, and that Lafont should have turned your verses into a romance?"—"Then," said I, "I am not vain enough to flatter myself that any thanks are due to me."—"Why not, if your compliments afforded pleasure?"—"The most timid bird may salute the sun at his

rising, but the eagle alone can gaze on him in his full brightness.”—Here the Grand-duke Constantine accosting the ladies, put an end to our conversation. I had discovered the names of my fair interlocutors ; but all my efforts to speak to them again were fruitless. The dream ended there !

Ah ! più non v'è
Come son brevi orme
L'ore felici.

In one of the rooms I found Prince Cariatí engaged in a very animated conference with a lady disguised as a gipsy, who soon after made herself known to me. This was Countess Z——, our charming neighbour at the Jager-Zeil. “Come both of you, and breakfast with me to-morrow,” said she, “I want to consult you about a trick which I intend to play upon some one. It has been suggested to me by a little intrigue, which I will explain to you. I assure you the man I wish to plague is well worth the trouble ; so pray come to-morrow at twelve without fail.”

A trick to be played, an intrigue to be made acquainted with, and a breakfast with a pretty woman, were powerful attractions ; and we accordingly took leave of the lady, promising to be with her next morning at the appointed hour.

While I was sauntering about, weary of the buzz of conversation, the noise of the music, and the mo-

notonous whirling of the waltz, I happened to cast my eye on Achille de Rouen, who was languishing on a sofa, and appeared to be quite as *ennuyé* as I was. I sat down beside him, and asked him whether he had seen the two dominos whom I was anxious to meet again.—“If,” said he, “you mean the two ladies who were with the Grand-duke Constantine, (and I knew them to be the same from his description,) they left the ball about a quarter of an hour ago.”

To me all the enchantment of the evening had now vanished. I stayed with Achille de Rouen until supper-time, and as I happened to mention the name of M. de Talleyrand, our conversation turned on that celebrated man; of whom Rouen, who was on a footing of the closest intimacy with him, drew the following picture:—

“Of M. de Talleyrand history will be as lavish of her praise as some of his contemporaries have been of their censure. When, during a long and difficult career, a statesman has acquired and preserved many faithful friends, and made but few real enemies, his conduct must be pronounced to be wise and moderate, his character honourable, and his talent profound. It is impossible to know M. de Talleyrand without loving him. All who enjoy the happiness of his acquaintance must, I am sure, judge of him as I do. He is an undefin-

able mixture of simplicity and dignity, of grace and sound sense, of severity and urbanity. Near him one learns, as it were, unconsciously, the history of ancient and modern times, and a thousand interesting anecdotes of courts. His conversation leads one through an instructive and varied gallery of events and portraits."—"And yet, my dear Achille, how severely he is sometimes attacked ! It is a pity that people who possess no reputation of their own should have the power of conferring reputation on others, and that mediocrity should make talent pay so dearly for the favour it enjoys."—"Especially," resumed Rouen, "when talent is accompanied, as in the case of M. de Talleyrand, by the most amiable qualities of heart. Of this I will give you an instance. M. de R———— applied to the Prince de Benevento for the loan of 15,000 francs, and the sum was without hesitation presented to him. A few days afterwards the prince was informed that M. R———— had shot himself in consequence of distress of mind occasioned by pecuniary embarrassment. 'How glad I am that I did not refuse him the money !' observed M. de Talleyrand immediately. This little trait sufficiently characterises the disposition of the man. By the by, if I recollect rightly, a circumstance occurred between you and M. de Talleyrand some years ago, which must have had an influence on your destiny."

—“My dear Achille,” replied I, “how often have I regretted having let slip one of those rare opportunities—those bright meteors of fortune, which show themselves only in early life, as flowers appear in the spring ! How often does it happen that a moment decides the fate of a whole existence ! There is an opportunity which, if not seized when it presents itself, is not to be won back by regret. In this labyrinth called the world, the path we pursue, the outlet we arrive at, and the end we attain, depend on an infinity of little causes, in which our foresight and our will sometimes have considerable influence, and at other times have none at all. Of this, the circumstance to which you have just alluded is a proof. It is as follows :—

“When M. Ouvrard was in the apogee of his fortune, I was on a visit at his residence at Rancy, where I occupied apartments in the pavilion called the *pompe à feu*. I was then seventeen years of age, and circumstances, with which you are in part acquainted, brought me into contact with all the eminent individuals who composed what might then be called new France.

“M. Daneucourt gave a hunting party and a dinner at the Russian cottage at Rancy, to celebrate his appointment as captain-general of Bonaparte’s hunts. Among the company were MM. de Talleyrand, Destillières, Ouvrard, Admiral Bruix,

Generals Berthier and Lannes, and no other lady than Madame Grand, who afterwards married the Prince de Benevento. In spite of the talent and information which distinguished most of the individuals present, the conversation became languid towards the conclusion of the dinner. During a pause which ensued, M. Ouvrard asked me how I had contrived the day before to get to Paris, my horse having been hurt when I was out hunting, and there was not another in the stables. 'I fell upon a very simple plan,' replied I, 'as you shall hear.'

“ ‘ With my head still aching from the effects of the wine of which I had drunk copiously the night before, to prove to my friend Montrou that I was no longer to be looked upon as a boy, I went down from the *pompe à feu* to the chateau. My poor foundered horse was, as you know, the only disposable one in the stables: however, I was obliged to be in Paris at three o'clock to accompany the Duchess of Gordon and her charming daughter, Lady Georgina, on a visit to the deaf and dumb school, to which they had been invited by the Abbé Sicard. As there was no probability of riding, I naturally enough determined to walk. I set off, and about noon reached the village of Pantin, without having met with any conveyance on the road. Being oppressed by the heat, and having gained a good appetite by my morning walk, I stopped at a mill, about a gun-

shot distant from the road-side, where I ordered breakfast. I asked the miller whether he could procure me a horse? 'I have but one, sir,' replied the man, 'and for five francs it is at your service. It is a sure-footed beast, and I will answer for his carrying you safely to Paris. I shall be in town to-morrow, and will call for him.' The horse was produced. It was about the height of an ass, and was provided with a pack-saddle. 'But how am I to mount him?' said I to the miller: 'have you not another saddle? That, for example, which is hanging against the wall.'—'Oh, sir, that saddle is new, and I cannot let you have it.'—'I will give you five more francs.'—'No, sir, not if you give me a hundred: the saddle is new, and I will not let it out on hire.' The man was obstinate, and I began to think what a ridiculous figure I should cut as I approached Paris, wearing my hunting dress, and perched upon a pack-saddle. What would you have done, gentlemen, in my dilemma?—You, Ouvrard, whose vast resources feed our armies, and who contribute so materially to our national glory;—you, Daneucourt, who can bring back to the track a pack of hounds when at fault, and defeat the cunning of the fox;—you, admiral, who dispute with the English the trident of Neptune;—you, Messieurs Berthier and Lannes, who, in Italy and Egypt, have each been

the friend and the Parmenio of the modern Alexander ;—you, minister for foreign affairs,’ continued I, addressing myself to M. de Talleyrand, ‘who know so well the springs by which empires are moved, and who can stir up war and make peace at will ;—what, I ask, gentlemen, would you have done, to get possession of the saddle which was so pertinaciously refused? You laugh, gentlemen, but that is not an answer. However, I can perceive that that lady,’ continued I, pointing to Madame Grand, ‘has guessed the secret ; which is, that I made love to the miller’s wife. The saddle and horse were then at my disposal, and I really believe that if I had wished it, I might have had the mill itself ; such is the power of female influence in the cottage as well as in the palace !’

“When I had finished this foolish story, my hearers were kind enough to applaud me, and to drink my health, and like all young persons whose talking is listened to, I began to be exceedingly loquacious. Every thing I said met the approval of Madame Grand and of the minister, who was then the lady’s ardent admirer. The rest of the guests applauded me because M. de Talleyrand did : as people often find it more easy to adopt the opinion of a man of talent than to take the trouble of forming one of their own.

“When we rose from the dinner table, M. de

Talleyrand took me aside and conversed for a considerable time with me. My remarks on Sweden, whence I had just arrived, appeared to him accurate. He was also interested by the picture I drew of the emigrants at Hamburg : and he desired me to call upon him on the following morning at ten o'clock. ' I shall expect you,' added he : ' but you are young and thoughtless, and I fear you will forget. Promise me that you will not fail to come : I ask this as a favour.' And as he uttered these words, he affectionately pressed my hand. Madame Grand now stepped up to us and added her invitations to those of M. de Talleyrand. I promised, my dear Achille, and I ought to have kept my promise :—but on what trivial circumstances our fate sometimes depends ! Next morning, I cannot say I forgot my appointment :—but I was afraid to keep it. My life was at that time such an unbroken tissue of happiness, that whatever might have been proposed to me, I should have feared being awakened from a dream, which my youth and inexperience easily persuaded me would be eternal. However, the friendship and influence of such a man as M. de Talleyrand would have given a new direction to my ideas and my conduct, and would have transferred me, as it were, to another sphere. Alas ! I learned too late that favour has wings as well as pleasure. It was a chance

held out by the god of opportunity, and I neglected to take advantage of it."

"I lately heard a story," observed M. de Rouen, "which, though it has no connexion with yours, affords another example of the caprice of the god of opportunity, whom Frederick the Great philosophically denominated *his Majesty Chance*. It relates to the celebrated banker Tortonia of Rome, whose father was nothing more than a *valet de place*. Tortonia, who was an active, intelligent young man, at first entered into business in a small way as a jeweller. In course of time he became a sort of banker: and an unexpected circumstance brought him in contact with Cardinal Chiaramonti. On the death of Pius VI, a conclave was to be held at Venice for the election of a new Pope. Chiaramonti was unable to attend for want of money, and Tortonia advanced him a few hundred crowns. The cardinal accordingly repaired to Venice, where, in the church of St. George, he was elected Pope, under the title of Pius VII. In gratitude for this act of service, the Sovereign Pontiff, on his return to Rome, appointed him banker to the court. He was created a marquis, and afterwards a duke, and is now perhaps one of the richest capitalists in Europe."

Just as M. de Rouen had finished this little biographical sketch, Tetenborn came to inform us

that he was waiting supper. We accordingly followed him, and found all our party collected at the supper-table, and each individual present could have related some curious anecdote to add to the word 'opportunity' in the dictionary of Fortune. During supper the Prince de Reuss approached us, and addressing himself to M. de Rouen, made some inquiries respecting M. de Talleyrand. "His father, the reigning Prince of Reuss," observed Rouen, "during the time of the French Republic, commenced an official dispatch with the words, 'The Prince of Reuss acknowledges the French Republic.' M. de Talleyrand, whose business it was, as minister of foreign affairs, to reply to the note, wrote at the head of his, 'The French Republic is happy to make acquaintance with the Prince of Reuss.'"

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Countess Z.'s scheme regarding Lord S.—Prince de Ligne's opinion of the Archduke Charles's military talents—Some account of Malmaison—Origin of the name given to that chateau.

IF anecdotes and stories of time past are read and listened to with interest, it may easily be conceived that I experience no slight degree of pleasure in describing facts connected with the memorable events of which I have been a witness, as well as with the distinguished persons with whom I was at one period of my life on a footing of intimacy. Though then only twenty years of age, I could laugh at the movements of certain actors in the drama, and at the importance which was attached to little things. My character as a foreigner rendered me free and independent every where. In Russia I was a Frenchman, in Paris a

Pole, and in Vienna a cosmopolitan ; and in all places I frequented the best company ; for, as a witty female writer has justly observed, woe to him who forsakes it, for he is out of place every where, even in bad society.

Prince Cariati was with me at the appointed hour, and we both proceeded together to the Countess Z—'s, all impatience to know what trick she proposed to play, and what part we were to take in it.

As soon as breakfast was ended we adjourned to one of the saloons of the countess's elegant residence, where the sculptured marbles of Italy were overhung with rich draperies from France, and intermingled with the flowers of every climate. In this temple of Aspasia the countess desired us to sit down beside her, and she thus addressed us :

“ It is not likely,” said she, “ that a woman would wish to take a very malicious revenge, or even to any great extent, on a brave and handsome young man by whom she has been admired, though under a mask ; and who has proved the constancy of his taste by a fidelity of four weeks, during a succession of balls where there were so many objects calculated to divert his attention. Do not therefore be astonished, gentlemen, if I make you my accomplices, not in a mystification,

but merely a surprise, which I wish should be as ingenious as possible, in good taste and in the best *ton*. It is for this that I wish to call in the aid of your talent and gaiety:—but to come to the point.

“During four successive *ridottos* Lord S. has closely followed my footsteps, in the hope of becoming acquainted with a lady who took a little pleasure in tormenting him. On my part the task was not very difficult. I had only to make myself familiar with some events of his public life, and certain circumstances which have occurred during his residence in Vienna, to induce him to believe that the same gipsy who was then amusing herself at his expense, had followed him in the Peninsular war, to the camp of the allied sovereigns, and even kept watch upon him in his gallant adventures in England. I carefully availed myself of the information respecting different passages of his life, with which he himself supplied me in the course of my conversations with him, and in the course of a week after I gave it him back as if it had come from myself. Thus I wound up his curiosity to the highest pitch; and now that my little romance has arrived at its last chapter, you shall hear how I have prepared the *dénouement*:

“It is not in one’s power to give a heart which is

no longer one's own.—This was always what I urged in reply to his lordship's ardent declarations. But, gentlemen, you so readily persuade yourselves that we women resist only for mere form's sake, that it is often necessary to prove that we resist in good earnest. Of this fact I wished to convince his diplomatic lordship. While I render full justice to his powers of pleasing, I cannot sacrifice to the caprice of a moment, the happiness of an affection which is inseparable from my existence. I wish that he should know me in my own character, and I am desirous to make a friend of one of whose character I know enough to make me prefer his esteem to his gallantry.

“It appears to be the fashion of the day to give to every amusement an air of singularity and mystery; and I have moreover observed, that his lordship has somewhat of a romantic turn. I therefore proposed, that if he wished to know me, he should repair at eight o'clock on Thursday evening, to the end of the grand alley of the Prater; that there he must suffer himself to be blindfolded, and a carriage would be in readiness to convey him and his guide to my abode.

“You may easily imagine that his lordship did not hesitate to accept the invitation; though it is not extremely prudent for the representative of a Court like that of St. James's to risk an adven-

ture of this kind, the consequences of which might be very different from what he hopes. I accordingly wish to give his lordship a reception, which, though whimsical, may be worthy the confidence he reposes in me. I have invited most of my friends to come here this evening: we shall all be masked, and Isabey and Moreau* have promised to superintend the arrangements of this Venetian fête. I am therefore confident that it will produce some effect. I shall have a concert in which several celebrated professors will perform. Mademoiselle Lombard will recite some verses suited to the occasion, and the amusements will conclude with a ball and supper: in short, I expect that the evening will make a lasting and pleasing impression.”—“Really, countess,” observed Cariati, “I fear the remedy you propose will not effect his lordship’s cure; such sedatives are more likely to increase, than to allay the fever in his head or his heart!”

The countess rang the bell. “Tell Mademoiselle Juliette I wish to speak with her,” said she to the servant. “This is a little accomplice whom I wish to introduce to you, gentlemen. She is my adopted daughter, and her talents will be of mate-

* M. Moreau is an eminent architect, to whom the city of Vienna is indebted for some of its finest structures, particularly known by the name of the Baths of Diana.

rial assistance to us in this business." Juliette entered, and the countess explained the task that was assigned to her. In the meanwhile I will endeavour to describe her.

Juliette, who was sixteen years of age, was a subject for the pencil of Raphael or Albano ;—the former might have portrayed her modesty, like a divine emanation, while the latter might have represented her grace, like that which he conferred on his celestial beings. Her father was an Englishman and her mother an Italian. Juliette herself passed her early childhood in France, and her education was completed in Germany ; and it might truly be said that she had received the impression of the best characteristics of the four countries. She was beautiful without either speaking or moving ; but when she spoke, danced, sang, or played, her charms were irresistible. In addition to these attractions she possessed an excellent heart, and her mind was as pure as her person was lovely.

The aid of such a conspirator of course facilitated the execution of the plot. After having made our arrangement we separated, promising to meet soon again.

On leaving the Jager-Zeil, I paid a visit to the Prince de Ligne, whom I found perusing a military book, intitled, "*Principes de Stratégie appliqués*

aux Campagnes de 1796, en Allemagne," which had been sent to him by its author, the Archduke Charles. "I am a little fatigued this morning," said the prince; "for I have been all night reading these volumes, which are full of the most curious details. I have but one fault to find with the author, and that is, that he has judged himself too severely. It never could be disputed that the Archduke Charles possesses military talent of the first-rate order; but that talent is combined with a degree of modesty, and with simple and unaffected manners, which it is difficult to reconcile with the reputation of the first captain of Austria. In valour and military genius, in firmness and the art of making himself feared and obeyed, he resembles Frederick the Great; for virtue, love of duty, strict integrity, and sound understanding, he is the image of Prince Charles of Lorraine. Some time ago I attempted to sketch his portrait in verse, and sent it to him incognito, being well aware that direct praise would not be agreeable to him. I suspect, however, that he has discovered the author, and as an answer to the verses he has sent me this work. It will no doubt be generally read; and what is more, it will obtain lasting admirers, were it only on account of the personal merit of the author." The prince then began to converse on the art of war, in the agreeable manner in which he

was accustomed to discourse on every subject. He read to me several passages of his military works, which contained a thousand amusing anecdotes. While he described the great captains of his age and their glorious actions, I felt that he communicated his ardour to me. To hear the conversation of such men is infinitely more instructive and gratifying, than to read their books. Having already collected many literary fragments which had emanated from the ready pen of that extraordinary man, who might justly lay claim to glory of every kind, I requested him to give me a copy of the lines on the archduke, which he readily did.* “Remember,” said the prince, when I took my leave, “that to-morrow evening is fixed for the carousal at court which has been so long announced, and so impatiently expected. Be here at seven o’clock precisely, and we will go together: thus, amidst balls, fêtes, hunting parties, and carousals, we advance to the grand result of this learned assembly, which as yet affords no indication of what is likely to be the future destiny of Europe. I must now bid you good morning, for I am engaged to preside at a chapter of the order of Maria Theresa,† of which

* See Appendix.

† No one can obtain the decoration of this Austrian order, which

General Onwaroff is to-day to be created commander. Farewell, and remember to-morrow evening."

After parting with the Prince de Ligne I called on the Countess Fuchs, who insisted on my staying to partake of a family dinner. In the evening she had as usual a numerous party, and among the company was Prince Eugene. Colonel Brosin, and Prince Gagarin, the Emperor Alexander's aides-de-camp, who had frequently accompanied their sovereign in his visits to the Empress Josephine, spoke with rapture of the palace of Malmaison, the splendid galleries filled with *chefs d'œuvres* of painting and sculpture; and the rich hot-houses, in which the plants of both hemispheres were collected: in short, all who had seen Malmaison concurred in eulogising the pure taste of the princess by whom it had been embellished.

"You will perhaps scarcely believe, gentlemen," said Prince Eugene, "that a place whose beauty and splendour now claims your admiration,

is one of the highest rank in Europe, who has not personally decided the successful issue of an action or an engagement, unassisted by his superior in command. The individual wishing to claim the decoration addresses himself to the chapter of the order, where his rights are discussed, and the cross awarded or refused, according to his merits.

was once viewed only with feelings of horror, as the abode of tyranny and the scene of human misery. Such, nevertheless, is the fact, as the name, *Malmaison*, serves to attest. The place has retained that appellation since it was the residence of Cardinal de Richelieu, the minister of Louis XIII., who, beneath the cover of the throne, committed acts of the most sanguinary despotism. I have heard," added the prince, "a traditional anecdote relative to Malmaison, which might furnish materials for a modern melo-drama." The company requested him to relate it, and he readily complied. It was as follows:—

"In a gloomy day in the month of November, a traveller on horseback stopped at the door of an inn in the village of Ruelle, which adjoins the park of Malmaison. The hostess went out to receive him, and having given his horse to the stable-boy, he ordered dinner. He was shown into the best room in the house, and the busy hostess set about preparing his repast. In a few minutes another traveller on horseback stopped at the inn, and also ordered dinner. 'I am very sorry that I cannot accommodate you, sir,' said the hostess; 'but every thing we have in the house has been bespoke by a gentleman who arrived a few minutes before you.'—'Go up stairs,' said the traveller, 'and tell your guest I shall be

obliged to him if he will permit me to share his dinner, and I will defray my portion of the expense.' The hostess delivered the message to the first traveller, who politely replied, 'Tell the gentleman I shall be glad of his company, but that it is not my practice to accept payment from persons whom I invite to dine with me.' The second traveller accordingly went up stairs, and having expressed his acknowledgments for the kind reception he had experienced, they both sat down to table.

"The dinner was as cheerful as could be expected, considering the short acquaintance of the parties; but during the dessert, when some excellent wine was placed before them, the conversation became more unrestrained, and the second traveller ventured to ask his obliging Amphytrion what had brought him to that part of the country, where he appeared to be a stranger. 'I have been ordered here,' he replied, 'by the cardinal.'—'By the cardinal!' resumed his companion, in a tone of surprise. 'Pardon my curiosity, sir, if I inquire whether you have reason to suppose you have given his Eminence any offence?'—'By no means,' replied the first traveller; 'and it is to free myself from any such imputation that I have come here. The fact is, there has been published at Rochelle, my native town, a virulent satire

upon the public conduct and personal character of the cardinal, several copies of which have been addressed to the king; and though I never in my life wrote a single word that has appeared in print, I am unjustly accused of being the author of this pamphlet. Nothing obtains such ready belief as the whisperings of folly and ill-nature; and I have therefore lost no time in obeying the summons of his Eminence, in the hope of effectually refuting the absurd charge that has been brought against me.'—'Sir,' said his companion, with an expression of marked anxiety, 'return thanks to Providence for the fortunate accident which has introduced me to you to-day. I also have been summoned hither by the cardinal, and for no other purpose, I am convinced, than that of beheading you!' A thrill of horror passed through the frame of the person to whom these words were addressed. 'Yes, sir,' resumed the speaker, 'I say again, my task would have been to behead you. I am the executioner of a neighbouring town; and whenever the cardinal has any secret act of vengeance to perform I receive orders to repair to the castle. The particulars I have just heard you relate, together with the hour of your appointment here, all convince me, beyond a doubt, that you are marked out as a victim.—But fear nothing; I will secure

your escape. Order your horse instantly, and go with me. I will acquit myself of the debt of gratitude which your courtesy has imposed on me.'

"The horror and alarm of the poor traveller may be more easily conceived than described. He instantly ordered the horses to be saddled, and having paid the bill, he and his companion set out, taking a private way through the wood of Butard. 'Do you see,' said his guide, as they approached the castle, 'that grated window which almost reaches the crannies of the central turret? In that dungeon sentences, against which there is no appeal, are pronounced and executed, and the mutilated bodies of the victims are hurled into the moat below, where they are speedily destroyed by quick-lime. Neglect not to observe my instructions. Conceal yourself behind that hedge; and if within the space of an hour you see a light glimmering at the window which I have pointed out, then you may conclude that I am ordered here to execute vengeance on another: but if, on the contrary, you see no light, rely on it that you yourself are the intended victim. In that case lose not a moment. Profit by the darkness of the night and the swiftness of your horse. Gain the frontier, and there plead your cause as you think fit. But permit me to tell you, that it

is absurd to seek to justify yourself against the imputation of an offence which you have not committed; for, where despotism reigns, law and justice are powerless.'

"Having expressed unbounded gratitude to his tutelary saint, the traveller withdrew to his hiding-place. The suspicions of the cardinal's agent proved well-founded. No light appeared at the window of the turret; and at the expiration of the hour the traveller galloped off. He immediately quitted France, and did not venture back until after the death of the cardinal.

"On returning to his native country, his first business was to visit the inn of Ruelle, and to make inquiries respecting his benefactor; who, however, had not been seen or heard of for several years. He then related his adventure, which has since become a local tradition, and has conferred celebrity on the inn of Ruelle, known by the sign of the *Cheval Blanc*. The room in which the two travellers dined is shown to this day, and is called *la salle de bon secours*.

"You see, gentlemen," added Prince Eugene, "that there is some difference between the impression which Malmaison produced on you, and that which was experienced when the *tour des oubliettes* was an object of terror to the neighbouring country."

The above story, which was told in a very interesting manner by Prince Eugene, introduced the narration of other terrific adventures, and next day all the ladies complained that they had been disturbed by frightful dreams. But it is pleasing to have the imagination excited even at the expense of a broken night's rest.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Account of the celebrated tournament given at Vienna during congress—Lady Castlereagh wearing the insignia of the Order of the Garter as a diadem.

GOOD taste is not I think so superficial a quality as it is generally considered. The concurrence of many requisites is necessary to form it; delicacy of mind and sentiment, acquaintance with the manners of polite society, and a certain tact spontaneously regulating the whole. Elegance in the habits of life is requisite to form good taste; and finally, the feeling should be superior to the condition of its possessor; for no one feels at ease, even in prosperity, unless he has a mind which raises him beyond its influence.

This definition of a valuable quality, which imparts too great a charm to actions insignificant

in themselves, may with equal justice be applied to whatever relates to fêtes, parties and entertainments of every kind. It may therefore properly precede the description of a spectacle, unique in its kind, and the splendour of which was greatly enhanced by a judicious display of taste ; as a brilliant varnish increases the transparency of a painting.

The engagement I had formed with the Prince de Ligne for the evening occupied my thoughts the whole day long, so anxious was I to be present at a fête, where the exhibition of ancient feats of chivalry would revive the recollections of the time when valour obeyed love, and beauty crowned them both. Many weeks had been spent in preparations for this carousal : so that no doubt was entertained that the court would display, on the occasion, the utmost splendour and magnificence.

At seven o'clock I was with the prince, and in a few moments after we were seated in a carriage on our way to the court.

“ Do not imagine,” said the prince to me, as we drove along, “ that we are going to witness a deadly conflict. The combatants will not maintain the honour of their mistresses by a feat of arms, nor by an appeal to the judgment of God, as the vanquished were accustomed to do, when

there was no other way of escaping death but by perpetual seclusion in a convent. Since the fatal accident, which took place in a tournament, and ended the days of King Henry II. of France, such barbarous amusements have given place to more harmless and graceful exercises, and our modern righters of wrongs now maintain the incomparable beauty of their ladies in a tournament with as little danger as if they were pleading a thesis in the court of love."

Several officers under the direction of Count Wurmbrand, grand-master of the ceremonies, waited at the gates for the persons invited, and conducted them to their allotted places.

The tournament was to be held in the imperial mews. The hall, the extent of which nearly equalled that of an ordinary church, was in the form of a long parallelogram. A circular gallery, supported by twenty-four Corinthian columns, from which were suspended the escutcheons of the knights, ornamented with their arms and devices, communicated with the different apartments of the palace : in this gallery benches were placed, raised gradually one above another, and capable of accommodating nearly one thousand spectators.

At each extremity of the hall there were two ranges of seats adorned with drapery, one for the monarchs, empresses, archdukes, and sovereign

princes, and the other for the twenty-four ladies whose knights were to maintain in the tournament that they were the fairest of the fair.

In the galleries surmounting these seats orchestras were placed: and it need scarcely be added, that every distinguished musical performer in Vienna was present.

A multitude of chandeliers with wax candles diffused a lustre through the hall, which rivalled the light of day.

We were placed between the Count de Montgelas, the Bavarian minister, and the Chevalier de Los-Rios, the Spanish envoy. Near us sat Prince Nicholas Esterhazy, dressed in the uniform of the Hungarian hussars, richly embroidered with fine pearls, which was an object of curiosity in itself, considering that it was valued at no less than 4,000,000 florins.

The whole front of the gallery was occupied by ladies distinguished for their beauty and rank. "Observe," said the Prince de Ligne, "Lady Castlereagh near the seat allotted to the sovereigns. She wears in her hair by way of a diadem, his lordship's order of the garter set with diamonds; a coquetish conceit, of which Edward III. could scarcely have dreamed in 1314, when he picked up the garter of the beautiful Countess of Salisbury."—"Perhaps," replied the Count de

Montgelas, "her ladyship wishes at the present moment to convey an allusion to the wish of the founder of the order of the garter to revive the institution of the knights of the round table. With this view he invited all the English and foreign knights to different fêtes given at Windsor; and but for the jealousy of Philip de Valois, they would doubtless have been no less brilliant than this."

On the two rows of seats behind the ladies princes and noblemen of every country presented a complete line of gold and diamonds; for their court dresses and uniforms were studded with orders and embroidery, while the turban of the Pacha of Widdin, the caftan of Maurojeing, and the calpack of Prince Mauny-Beg Mirza, gave picturesque variety to the *coup d'œil*. I was continually inquiring of the Prince de Ligne the names of the individuals whom I did not know; and on his finishing the long nomenclature, I could not help exclaiming, "Truly, prince, the whole world is here!"—"Not so," he replied; "there is still an important guest absent."—"And who is that?" I inquired, presuming that he meant Napoleon. "The mechanist Dégen, whom you remember to have seen here with me, in 1808, extending his wings and hovering over our heads.

I should like to see him here now, holding in his hand the crown which will presently be decreed to the victor in the sports, and descending from the roof to have it placed on his head. Dégen is in Vienna, and I am indeed astonished that he has not been thought of.

At eight o'clock precisely a flourish of trumpets from the heralds at arms announced the entry of the ladies, who were conducted by their champions to their seats. On beholding them one might have imagined that all the wealth of the Austrian monarchy had been put in requisition to contribute to their adornment. Their velvet robes were trimmed with rich lace, and made after the fashion of Louis XIV's time, but modified by the taste of the wearers, and enriched in every way that luxury could suggest: they were literally covered with pearls and precious stones, and their dresses were studded with diamonds. The dresses of Princesses Paul Esterhazy, of Maria de Metternich, of the Countesses de Perigord, Rezewouski, de Marassy, Sophia Zichy, &c. were valued at more than twenty millions. The whole scene was a revival of the old French court with new graces. The ladies were separated into four parties, and distinguished by different coloured dresses, viz. black, crimson, scarlet, and blue.

The cloak and scarf of each knight corresponded with the colour chosen by his mistress.

The knights were dressed in the Spanish costume, and their dresses were richly embroidered with gold and silver; and their hats, surmounted with waving plumes, were ornamented with loops of pearls or diamonds.

As soon as the ladies of the tournament had taken their place,—forming an assemblage of beauty such as I thought could only be seen in the native land of Raphael, or depicted by his pencil, a second flourish of trumpets announced the arrival of the sovereigns. I observed with pleasure the demonstrations of public respect paid to them. Every one rose on their entry, and universal plaudits bore testimony to the enthusiasm they inspired.

The two emperors sat with the empresses at their sides, and the other sovereigns and reigning princes ranged themselves in the order of rank: they were all in full costume, and presented the grandest spectacle that Europe could afford.* It was hoped that the empress Maria Louisa, and her son, young Napoleon, would have been present; but they were not. Maria Louisa felt the delicacy of her situation, and wisely deemed, that the only means of maintaining dignity in misfor-

* See Appendix.

tune was to live in obscurity. She accordingly left the palace of Schöenbrun but seldom : the prince, however, told me that she had several times attended the rehearsals of the tournament, accompanied by her father and her young sisters.

As soon as all the sovereigns and the rest of the spectators were seated strains of martial music resounded through the hall, and the twenty-four knights made their entry. They were the flower of the Austrian nobility, and had during the preceding campaigns gallantly won their spurs. They were mounted on superb horses, so richly caparisoned, that their colour could not be distinguished. Twenty-four pages preceded them displaying their banners ; and they were followed by thirty-six esquires bearing their shields. These esquires were also in the Spanish costume, but more plainly dressed than the knights, and were mounted on fine black horses.

The whole cavalcade advanced towards the sovereigns, whom they saluted with their lances ; then returning at a galloping pace, they offered the same mark of respect to their mistresses, who, rising, returned the salutation. Having twice made the round of the circus, they all withdrew, and four of them immediately re-entered to commence the elegant exercises of the evening. Turks and Moors' heads were fixed on slightly elevated

stakes, and each knight passing at a gallop had to carry one of them off on the point of his sword. This was a relic of an old custom, introduced for the purpose of maintaining the hatred of the German knights towards their daring and implacable enemies the Turks.

These and other feats were executed with singular address. Some of the knights carried off rings on the point of the lance, or pierced small objects suspended at a few feet from the ground.

Others were armed with short javelins, which they hurled with great dexterity at the image of a Saracen, which served as a target, and then with another javelin, having a hook at the point, they picked up from the ground, while passing at full gallop, the dart they had just thrown.

Another party armed with sabres cut in two an apple suspended by a thread, and afterwards cut it across again. This last feat required infinite dexterity, and the knight who most excelled in it was the son of Prince Trantmansdorff.

All these feats were performed alternately by the different knights, to the accompaniment of beautiful military symphonies, while the smiles of the ladies rewarded their address and dexterity. Unlike the fair dames who, in the tilts and tournaments of the olden time, uttered loud cries and shrieks, to excite their champions to defend their

fame, the ladies on this occasion seemed by their smiles to say to the knights, "remember that you are jousting for two bright eyes."

In a few minutes the whole cavalcade of knights and squires reappeared and executed various elegant manœuvres, terminating with a sort of dance, which served to display to advantage the intelligence and beauty of their horses. The prizes awarded to the conquerors were those distributed by fair hands, which enhanced their value. The knights having once more saluted the sovereigns and the ladies, rode round the circle for the last time, and withdrew in the same order in which they had entered.

A short time elapsed before they returned to lead out the ladies. I had been standing the whole time of the tournament: but the admiration which the grandeur of the spectacle excited banished every sensation of fatigue.

At length the knights reappeared in the gallery, and conducted their ladies to the grand suite of rooms, which were hung with flowers and tastefully decorated for the ball. A splendid blaze of light displayed the beauty of the ladies to the highest advantage; and the whole presented the most magnificent spectacle imaginable.

The knights and their fair partners now became the chief objects of attention, for the sovereigns

appeared incognito, and disguised in their dominos, mingled freely with the crowd.

The supper was of the most sumptuous description. Among the tables was one laid out with forty-eight covers, for the performers in the tournament. The perfume of the flowers, the magnificence of the dresses and jewels, and the blaze of wax-lights, sparkling in hundreds of crystal chandeliers, presented altogether a picture resembling those descriptions of enchanted palaces created by the imagination of poets and romance writers. During supper minstrels, accompanying themselves on the harp, sang *lays* and *sirvantes* in praise of beauty and valour.

After supper the company again repaired to the ball-rooms, where in a short time there were assembled upwards of three thousand persons. The quadrilles boasted all that was illustrious in rank and birth, and dancing was kept up until daylight. The company separated, apparently astonished at the unmingled pleasure they had enjoyed at one of those splendid fêtes, where *ennui*, accompanied by constraint and vanity, so frequently intrudes. In short the scene will, I am certain, never be forgotten by any one who had the happiness to witness it.

After supper I again joined the Prince de Ligne, whom I met in one of the ball-rooms, admiring

the dancing of some of the ladies of the tournament. "Observe," said I to him, "how beautiful the Countess Rezewouski looks this evening: the elegance of her dress is rivalled only by the charms and graces of her person."—"To see her surrounded by all this splendour and happiness," said the prince, "you would not suppose her to be the heroine of one of the most extraordinary adventures of this extraordinary age; but I can assure you that a prison was her cradle, and a poor laundress's garret her first school." As I expressed some surprise on hearing this, he added, drawing me aside, "Come this way, and I will relate to you an episode of her life, which I have heard twenty times from her own lips."

"At that period of the reign of terror, when France was covered with scaffolds, Princess Fanny Lubomirska, who was as celebrated for beauty as she was illustrious by birth, resided in Paris. She had with her her only daughter Rosalie, who was then five years of age; and for her safety she confidently relied on the sacred law of nations. She was however denounced to the revolutionary committee, on the charge of conspiring against the republic, and arraigned before that sanguinary tribunal:—to be suspected, accused, and condemned to death, was in a few days the fate of the unfortunate victim.

“ During her imprisonment in the Conciergerie she was separated from all her servants ; but she was allowed to have her daughter with her ; and the day on which she was carried to the scaffold she recommended Rosalie to the care of some of her fellow-prisoners. But the latter, in their turns, speedily experienced the same fate as the princess, and left Rosalie as a dying bequest to their companions in misfortune. The poor child was at length consigned to the charitable care of the laundress of the prison, whose name was Bertot. This poor woman, though she had five children of her own to maintain, generously took charge of the poor orphan, and removed her from the prison to her own obscure lodging.

“ Rosalie, who was now consigned to a sphere of life very different from that which fate had marked out for her, was alike remarkable for her beauty and amiable disposition. She diligently assisted her benefactress in her domestic occupations, and her adopted mother cherished the same affection for her as for her own children.

“ The reign of blood had ceased, and the list of the victims, which was at that period published throughout Europe, informed the friends of the countess, that in a country which was called free an illustrious Polish lady had paid the forfeit of

her head for her imprudent confidence in a misguided people.

“On being made acquainted with the horrible intelligence, Count Rezewouski, the princess’s brother, hastened to Paris, where, with the assistance of the magisterial authorities, he actively endeavoured to discover the daughter of his unfortunate sister. For several weeks, however, his efforts were unavailing: advertisements, promises of reward, nothing had been neglected. But the advertisements never reached the eye of the poor laundress, and the jailer of the Conciergerie, the only person who could give him any account of the orphan, was dead, and had had two successors. The count almost relinquished every hope of attaining his object, and began to fear that misery had hastened the death of his niece. However, Rosalie’s trials were drawing to a close:—it happened that the laundress of the Conciergerie also washed for the hotel *Grange Batellière*, where the count had put up on his arrival in Paris.

One morning when Rosalie, accompanied by her adopted mother, brought home some linen to the hotel, the count saw her as she crossed the court-yard. He was struck with her beauty, and thought he could trace in her features some resemblance to those of her sister: ‘What is your name, my little girl?’ said he. ‘Rosalie.’—

‘Rosalie!’ repeated the count with surprise. ‘My good woman,’ continued he, addressing himself to the laundress, ‘is this your child?’—‘I might say she is mine, sir,’ replied the woman, ‘for I have brought her up since she was three years old: however, I am not her mother; she is the daughter of a lady who died a prisoner in the Conciergerie, and she has now neither father nor mother.’—‘A lady who was a prisoner in the Conciergerie?’—‘Yes, sir, and a lady of quality too; but she was guillotined like many others by Robespierre.’ The count no longer doubted that his niece stood before him. He immediately addressed Rosalie in the Polish language, the accents of which revived all the impressions of her childhood. She burst into tears, and running into the arms of the count, she exclaimed, ‘I understand you, sir, I understand you! that is the language which my mother used to speak!’ The count pressed the child to his bosom, saying, ‘Have I at length found thee, Rosalie! the child of my beloved sister?’ Then turning to the laundress, who stood motionless with surprise, he said, ‘Bertot, continue still to be her mother—she shall not leave you. She has been a part of your family—you shall henceforth be a part of hers:—Rosalie shall now begin to share her bettered fortune with you!’ With

these words he put into her hand a purse of gold, and desired her to remove with her children to the hotel *Grange Batellière*. A few days afterwards he left Paris to return to Poland, whither Bertot and her family accompanied Rosalie.

“The children of the laundress were brought up under the eyes of the count. The boys were placed at the university of Wilna; and afterwards having entered the Polish army, they became the aides-de-camp of Prince Poniatowski; and the girls, to whom handsome portions were given, married Polish gentlemen.

“The beautiful Countess Rosalie, who is very naturally the object of your admiration, married her cousin Count Rezewouski. Since, happiness has spread its golden veil over her destiny: her benefactress, the estimable Bertot, continues to reside with her; and the countess, who loves her as a mother, calls her her Providence.

“This,” added the prince, “is an anecdote which deserves to be engraven in the hearts of all women.”—“Yes, observed I, it ought to be made known, so that public esteem may reward actions which unfortunately are but too rare.”

CHAPTER XXV.

Visit to the porcelain manufactory, and to the Imperial treasury—

Account of a tournament in Sweden—Description of the battle of the bridge at Pisa.

How many people there are in the world who love to compare rather than to applaud;—who examine a book with prejudice, lest it should afford them too much pleasure! These persons imagine they display talent in proportion as they affect to be fastidious;—they judge before they read, and criticise rather than allow their feelings to be moved. Yet a few short lines imbued with sentiment and imagination are preferable to a whole encyclopedia of words, and a few hours' pleasant reading are sometimes worth twenty learned dissertations.

Colonel Brosin and the Chevalier Danilewski gave me an early call, and requested me to accompany them on a visit to the celebrated porce-

lain manufactory situated in the suburb of Rosseau. The Emperor Alexander had bespoke several articles at the manufactory, and had directed his aide-de-camp Brosin to hasten their completion. On our arrival we met the Duchess of Oldenburg, accompanied by her charming sister the hereditary princess of Saxe Weimar, and the prince royal of Wirtemberg. The illustrious party had ordered dinner services, which were nearly ready, and were certainly the most tasteful productions of the manufactory. The designs were executed by Vienna artists. On one of the services were represented the costumes of the fifty-two Russian governments, copied from the designs in Count Charles Rechberg's work on Russia; and on another were retraced the games and costumes of the Slavonians, after the sketches of the painter Orłowski. The vases ordered by the emperor were ornamented with fanciful designs, similar to those which the manufactory exports to Turkey and China.

Nearly six hundred individuals are employed in this porcelain manufactory, and of these one hundred are artists. Two vases of great beauty, ornamented with open work, cut almost as fine as lace, were presented to the prince royal. "Ah!" observed he, "I am afraid to take charge of things which require so much care." Then, turning to the princesses, he added,—“Ladies, allow me to

transfer these elegant fragilities to you—they will be more safe in your keeping than in mine.” On leaving the establishment, which is far inferior to those of Sèvres, Saxony, and Berlin, we accompanied the prince and princesses to the imperial treasury, which contained a few objects of antiquity, and a rich collection of modern curiosities. Among other things were several specimens of clock-work, and the first watches made in Nuremberg, which, being contained in oval cases of carved ivory, have received the name of eggs. We were also shown some splendid vases of crystal, and others cut from blocks of jasper and agate, cups and lamps formed of lapis-lazuli, and a vase ten inches high and four in diameter, cut out of a single topaz. We also saw an assortment of crowns, sceptres, and jewellery of every kind, which, though very old-fashioned, had been several times copied and re-copied.

In a separate apartment we found a collection of the early works of Raphael, executed at a time when that great artist was employed to make designs for the Italian pottery. This unique collection was a present from the pope, and a high value is set upon it. The pictures are fixed into the carved panelling of the wall. Though the talent of the great painter is scarcely discernible in these imperfect sketches, yet they possess the interest

which cannot fail to be attached to every production of his immortal pencil.

As my friends and I had no engagement for dinner, we repaired to the empress of Austria hotel, which was the resort of foreigners, where the numerous parties who daily assembled, constantly formed an agreeable sort of a club.*

During dinner the conversation turned exclusively on the carousal of the preceding day, at which most of the guests had been present. The knights and their ladies, the music and the horses, &c. were praised and criticised by turns: but it was universally admitted that so splendid a spectacle and so illustrious a circle of spectators, had never before been seen in Europe. "As tournaments probably had their rise in Germany," observed the prince of Hesse Homburg, "it was very natural that an endeavour should have been made yesterday to revive the recollection of that circumstance."—"Since the reign of Louis XIV.," said General Jomini, "certainly nothing similar

* Notwithstanding the influx of foreigners of rank and fortune in Vienna, the expense of living was by no means extravagant. A Dutch ducat was at that time worth twelve florins in paper money: its numerical value being thus doubled, the property of foreigners was augmented in an equal proportion. Pick-nick dinners, served with profusion, did not exceed five florins per head, including wine.

has been attempted ; and the great Colbert, could he have witnessed the fête of yesterday, would have acknowledged himself outdone.”—“ Pardon me,” interrupted the Chevalier Hermansen, “ I think that Stockholm has occasionally been the scene of equal gaiety and splendour. At the beginning of the reign of Gustavus Adolphus IV. several tournaments were given at the queen’s palace at Drotningholm, for the king was of opinion that such amusements tended to keep up in Sweden that valour, elegance, and courtesy of manners, of which Gustavus III. and his court exhibited such perfect models. I can assure you, gentlemen, that though yesterday’s carousal was certainly a splendid spectacle, those at which I have been present in Sweden have rivalled it, not in magnificence, but in the accurate fidelity to old traditions. The last at which I was present was very remarkable. The German papers had for some time previously announced that a knight who wished to remain unknown, challenged to single combat any Swedish knight who might dispute with him the prize of the tournament, which was a scarf embroidered by the hands of the queen. He accordingly suspended at the barrier of the camp his shield, which was ornamented with stars on an azure ground, with the device *fra tanti una*. His gauntlet was taken up

by young Count Oxenstiern. A circumstance which added to the whimsicality of the combat was, that the knight chose as his weapon the battle-axe, the use of which had been exploded for centuries. On this occasion there were, as you may naturally suppose, a thousand reports in circulation, and a thousand various conjectures afloat. However, the most accredited story was, that the unknown Don Quixote was a young English nobleman, who, during a visit to the court of Baden, had become passionately enamoured of the queen, then Princess Dorothea. It was for a time supposed he would obtain her hand ; but one of the daughters of the Margrave having become empress of Russia, and another queen of Bavaria, policy made Dorothea queen of Sweden. The lover was discarded ; but he was unable to master his unfortunate passion ; and his only remaining wish was to die or to triumph over his adversary in the presence of the object of his adoration. The king, who rarely failed to take part in these amusements, and to dispute the prizes with the other champions of the carousal, was unwilling that so public a duel should violate the observance of the laws, which by his coronation oath he had sworn to maintain ; and in consequence the combat did not take place.

The tournament was however extremely magni-

ficent. The queen crowned the conqueror, who proved to be young Count Piper. After the tournament the count's banner was placed in an antique car, drawn by two reindeer as white as snow ; and the entertainment, like that of yesterday, closed by a ball and supper, at which all the court were present."

"Well, gentlemen," observed Count Aldini, the Italian minister, "I may venture to affirm that neither the tournament of Stockholm nor the carousal of Vienna can be compared to the *battle of the bridge* which took place at Pisa, and which presented a perfect picture of the conflicts formerly kept up between the small states of Italy. As none of the company had been present at this sham fight the count was requested to give a description of it, which he readily did.

"The last of these battles," said he, "which I was fortunate enough to witness, took place during the brief existence of the kingdom of Etruria. The special permission of the queen was obtained on that occasion ; for the battle of the bridge had been abolished for a considerable time, owing to the many accidents to which it had given rise. The fête was announced throughout all Italy for some weeks previous to its celebration : this announcement was not without its effect ; for not less than one hundred thousand

persons assembled at it ; a circumstance not a little remarkable in a city, the population of which does not now exceed twelve thousand souls.

“ I cannot precisely say from what period is to be dated the origin of this conflict, which is denominated a sport, though it is in reality a serious battle. It must however be of very great antiquity, for the old chronicles of the town of Pisa mention the names of some champions of St. Maria, who formed a portion of the contingent sent by that republic on the crusades.

“ Pisa is, as you are aware, intersected by the Arno. A beautiful marble bridge is built across the river, and forms a communication between the two divisions of the town, one of which is under the protection of St. Maria, and the other of St. Anthony. At the game of the battle of the bridge three hundred champions are chosen on each side, to maintain the pre-eminence of the banner of their patron saint, and the knights are the strongest and bravest young men in their respective districts.

“ They are clothed in armour similar to that worn by their ancestors in the brilliant days of the republic. They are drilled by experienced chiefs in those exercises and manœuvres necessary for defending one half of the bridge, or invading the other half. A massive curass, a helmet, brassets,

&c. of steel are their preservatives, and their offensive weapon is a club of very hard wood, three feet long; a blow of which, aimed with force or skill, is sufficient to disable an adversary.

“A barrier across the middle of the bridge separates the two contending parties. When the cathedral clock strikes three a discharge of artillery gives the signal for raising this barrier, and then, to the sound of military music, the conflict commences. This sport, as barbarous as the age in which it was introduced, lasts three quarters of an hour. On the signal being given by a second discharge of artillery the barrier is lowered, and the party who have driven their adversaries beyond the line of demarcation, were it only the distance of a foot, is declared victorious. Shouts of joy and triumph then resound on one bank of the river, while on the other, mournful silence bears evidence of defeat and disgrace. The bets were immediately paid; balls, illuminations and banquets, commence on the victorious bank, whilst the opposite one presents such a picture of gloom and desolation, that it might be supposed to have been visited during the night by one of the scourges imposed on David.—But I am anticipating my own story; so I will go back a little, and proceed in better order.

“At the time of the last battle of the bridge I

was on a visit to my friend Count Roncioni, who was *Balli* of the order of St. Stephen of Tuscany, and one of the judges appointed to be arbiters of the battle. From him I obtained some curious details respecting that extraordinary fête.

“The week preceding the day fixed for the battle was employed in warlike exercises and pious devotions. The arms were scrupulously watched, and the champions confessed and took the sacrament. The bishop publicly pronounced his benediction on several magnificent standards richly embroidered by ladies of the first rank. In short, nothing was left that could tend to excite the courage of the champions, and stimulate them to support to the utmost the honour of the patron saint whose banners they defended. Considerable bets had been laid : indeed, it was said that sums of no less amount than a hundred thousand sequins had been staked on the occasion ; so that interest was wound up to the highest pitch, and liberal promises of reward were held out to the successful combatants. For the space of a week the champions lived like so many Podestas ; but they were strictly prohibited the use of strong liquors ; for, imitating the example of Richelieu at the siege of Mahon, the managers of the fête published an order of the day, declaring that any champion who might be intoxicated during the week should

not have the honour of fighting in the battle of the bridge.

“As early as six in the morning the windows of the houses along the banks of the Arno, which had been let at enormous prices, were occupied by elegantly dressed females. Scaffolds were erected for the spectators along both banks of the river. The Arno was covered with boats richly festooned and decorated, and provided with tables and bands of music. This flotilla formed in itself a gay spectacle. The quays were crowded with people from all parts of the country, who had come, as on a sort of pilgrimage, to attend the solemnity ; and their picturesque and varied costumes, the gaiety of which was heightened by the brilliancy of the sun, presented a perfectly unique spectacle. A spacious platform hung with rich draperies was occupied by the queen, the court, the *corps diplomatique*, and the numerous persons of rank who had thronged to Pisa from all parts of Italy to witness the sight. Add to this the tumultuous joy, the continual bustle, the diversity of dialects, and that external existence which in Italy seems to be a sort of a second life, and you may form some idea of the piquancy of the scene. About noon the champions put on their armour ; and it was not the least interesting circumstance connected with this curious affair to observe the

excitement which prevailed amongst the female relatives of the combatants. They seemed to be fired with all the enthusiasm which inspired the Spartan women when they armed their sons and husbands for battle.

“The combatants retired to their respective camps, where they were served with refreshments, and at the decisive moment each received an allowance of the best wine in Pisa. Then, to the sound of trumpets, they ranged themselves in the order of battle, and with their bands playing, and colours flying, each party marched slowly to that side of the bridge which they had sworn to defend. Those whose duty it was to protect the colours fastened them on the outside of the parapets of the bridge: this being done, each party arranged their plans of attack and defence. These plans were so well combined that General Duhême, who, having served in the campaigns of Holland, Italy, and Egypt, might be considered a competent judge of such matters, expressed to me his admiration of the way in which the masses were disposed in an engagement in which all was to depend on bodily strength.

“The two parties advanced, three o’clock struck, the guns were fired, and as soon as the barrier which separated the combatants was removed, the attack commenced with a degree of vigour of

which those who did not witness it can scarcely form an idea. If you consider, gentlemen, that besides the interest naturally attached to the conflict, most of the spectators were animated by the interest of fortune, of love, and of vanity, you may judge by what a strange mixture of cries the combatants were excited, and that each chance of success on either side was received with reiterated shouts of applause.

“During the height of the conflict, men belonging to each party threw at the legs of the combatants long ropes, at the ends of which iron hooks were affixed. This feat they performed with as much expertness as the Tartars display in throwing the slip-knot over the necks of the wild horses in the steppes of Yedissan. As soon as they perceived that the hook had caught the leg of one of the combatants, they pulled the rope, and the victim was overthrown, and dragged a prisoner to the enemy’s camp. Such a catastrophe was of course sufficient to damp the courage of Achilles or Ajax, and Homer himself would probably have been embarrassed to describe it. He certainly never would have imagined that at Troy, as at Pisa, the reproachful hootings of the populace saluted the ill-fated hero who was thus caught by the leg.

“At half past three neither one party nor the other had gained an inch of ground. Ten minutes

longer, and Victory, undecided, would, as in ancient times, have divided her crown. The opponents were so closely pressed together that they had not room to fight. The dense masses rolled back and forward like the waves of the sea ; and to augment the numbers of their party, each chief had ordered the musicians of his band to advance. At this juncture, when a dead silence reigned along both banks of the river, denoting that all hope of a decided result had vanished, two of St. Maria's champions climbed over the shoulders of their comrades, until they reached the foremost rank, whence with their heavy clubs they dealt out furious blows on the heads of their opponents. The latter, in spite of the defence afforded by their iron helmets, were unable to resist this unexpected attack, and fell beneath the blows of their triumphant adversaries. Tumultuous shouts then arose in St. Maria's ranks ;—the mass advanced, passed its own banner, and the two adventurous heroes who had secured the first step to victory, carried off the banner of St. Anthony. In vain the leader of the opposite party attempted a plan of defence similar to the attack—it was too late. Some of the champions of St. Anthony climbed on the shoulders of their comrades : a second combat ensued above the heads of the combatants, and the flag was nearly retaken. But time was running

on, and there was no Joshua to command the sun to stand still. The third quarter of an hour struck, the guns were fired, and the barrier fell. Most of the champions of St. Maria had advanced several feet upon their adversaries' ground. They were accordingly declared victorious, and the honours of the day were awarded to them.

“Joy was at its height among the triumphant party, while sorrow and shame prevailed among the vanquished. The champions of St. Maria were overwhelmed with caresses and presents, and were received with enthusiasm in their families, while the partisans of St. Anthony retired dejected to their homes, where they were for the most part overwhelmed with reproaches, the only balm they received for their wounds even from their own relatives.

“The spectacle which I have attempted to describe, gentlemen,” added Count Aldini, “may be said to have been unrivalled in Europe for the last century. A man who had never seen a real battle might have thought himself present at one, retrograding in imagination to that period when gunpowder had not yet lent its aid to support the last argument of kings.”—“For my part, count,” said I, “I feel infinitely obliged to you for having so perfectly retraced a picture which I as well as you witnessed. I was at that time in Florence on my

return from Naples, and M. de Aubusson la Feuillade, the French ambassador in Tuscany, with whom I was on a visit, requested me to accompany him to see the battle of the bridge. Places were reserved for us opposite the bridge, on the platform erected for the queen. Your description of the scene has brought it vividly to my recollection, and as you have truly observed, it was calculated to afford an idea of a real battle."—"Of a battle," observed Colonel Brosin, drily, "which may be compared to a storm in a glass of water." This *bon mot* excited a smile, and the company rose to take leave of each other. All were fatigued with the fête of the preceding day, and there was for one evening, by general consent, a truce to the amusements of the congress.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Some of Prince de Ligne's maxims—Prince Cz— —Claims preferred at the congress—Curious fête given to Lord S— —His lordship's splendid dinner in return—Discussion on London and Paris—Lord S—'s good manners.

To describe accurately the manners, laws, and national character of any country, it is necessary not only to have lived long in it, but also to have been acquainted with a vast number of individuals of different classes and opinions, otherwise we should be unavoidably led into error, according to the various situations, prejudices, or passions, which may give a colouring to the information we collect. But to know the spirit, the habits and customs of the brilliant society of a capital, the intrigues, the talents, and the adventures of the distinguished personages it contains, it is sufficient to have lived as I did at Vienna, on a footing of intimacy with an impartial and intelligent observer like the Prince de Ligne, and to have

noted down every shrewd remark that escaped him.

“Is it true,” said I, one morning when I called on the prince, “that you are the author of a song on the subject of the congress, the chorus of which is repeated even in the saloons of the empresses?”—“I am aware,” replied he, “that it is attributed to me ; but even if I could forget the way in which the Countess de Boufflers rewarded the vanity of Count de Tressan,* yet as I have only lines of words to oppose to the lines of bayonets which the occupants of thrones have at their disposal, I should not think the conflict equal. However, like other people, I have heard the song sung, and I have sung it myself. I have even copied it out, and if you wish to have it, here it is written with my own hand.”—“It would appear,” observed I, after I had perused the manuscript, “that the

* A song was made upon the Maréchale de Luxembourg, when Countess de Boufflers, which commenced with the following lines :—

“Quand Boufflers parut à la cour,
On crut voir la mère d'Amour,
Chacun s'empessa de lui plaire,
Et chacun l'avait à son tour.”

Suspecting Count de Tressan to be the author of the song, she said to him one day—“Count, have you seen this little production? It is so very clever that if I knew the author I would not only pardon him but embrace him.” The count, caught in the snare, said :—“I am the author, madam ;”—upon which the lady boxed his ears.

poet is a scholar, if I may judge from the motto he has chosen for his stanzas. Yet I doubt, prince, whether Rudolph of Hapsburg, the founder of your monarchy, would take a gold chain from his neck, and present it to the author of these lines, as the old chronicles say he did to reward a minstrel of his own time.”—“After all,” resumed the Prince de Ligne, “the song you so much admire is but an inconsequential *jeu d’esprit*.* When good intentions prompt a man to write what may entail dangerous results upon himself, it is not so much an effort of talent, as an instance of laudable zeal for the public cause or justice in general.”—“True, prince, and we do not often find men possessed of that sort of courage.”—“More often, perhaps, than you imagine. As long as there are abuses there will be people to complain of them; and if kings will not hear the plain truth, it must be conveyed to them through the medium of satire or ridicule. But as to you, you have fortunately not reached the age when people love to complain. Enjoy your youth while it lasts, and adopt as a maxim, carelessness till twenty-five, gaiety till forty, and philosophy to the end of life.”—“The maxim is short,” observed I, “and easily put into practice.”—“Yes, easy like every thing that is easily analysed. Life may be divided into three

* See Appendix.

parts: the past is history, the present poetry, and the future romance. May the first, which is truth, serve to enliven you by its recollections, if they be agreeable, or to correct and instruct you! May a somewhat ardent imagination diffuse a charm over the second part of your life! and may all that is brilliant and happy cheer your latter days!" We were interrupted in this conversation, to me so interesting, by the entrance of Prince Cz——. His highness immediately introduced politics, and though I must confess he possessed the secret of imparting to the driest subjects that captivating eloquence which seems to be a natural gift among his countrymen, yet I was heartily tired of political discussions, and could not endure to hear them maintained by men who on any other subject would have been equally profound and instructive, and more entertaining. The conversation turned on the demands made upon the congress, and truly they would have formed altogether an amusing *catalogue raisonné*. Ragusa, Genoa, Venice, and the other republics claimed their independence; the Grand-duke of Baden a portion of territory; Saxony her possessions which had been given to Prussia; Sicily the throne of Naples; the Hans Towns the restoration of their privileges; the town of Wetzlar its *chambre ardente* and Germanic tribunal; the queen of Etruria Tuscany; the pope his legation of Ferrara; Spain the duchy of

Parma; and in short there was not a descendant of the family of the *Buon' Compagni* who did not claim the Isle of Elba, and was angry at seeing it unlawfully bestowed upon Napoleon.

I perceived that the discussion was likely to be protracted to a considerable length, and as the surprise intended by the Countess Z—— for Lord S—— was fixed for that evening, I took leave of the Prince de Ligne, and proceeded to the Jager-Zeil. There I found the countess and some of her friends, among whom were Isabey and Moreau, engaged in preparing for the fête. The invitation cards requested the company to assemble at eight o'clock precisely, and all were punctual. The company were in fancy dresses, and those worn by the ladies were exceedingly rich and elegant.

At half-past seven Mr. Moreau, wrapped in a large domino, stepped into the countess's carriage, and drove to the prater, near the Lust-haus, where Lord S—— was to wait for his conductor. Curiosity, vanity, or some other powerful motive induced his lordship to be punctual, and according to his promise he came alone. Lord S—— permitted a bandage to be tied over his eyes, and accompanied by M. Moreau, who observed profound silence, he stepped into the carriage. At half-past eight o'clock it entered the court-yard of the hotel. M. Moreau removed the handkerchief

from the eyes of Lord S——, and then commenced a series of surprises which I am sure must have left in his lordship's mind an impression of gratitude and admiration. The residence of the Countess Z—— presented an exquisite combination of splendour and taste. The costly furniture, a great portion of which consisted of porphyry and lapis-lazuli, the pictures, &c. gave to the whole the effect of an enchanted palace; and to the charms of art were on this occasion added the beauties of nature. The staircases and drawing-rooms were adorned with fragrant shrubs and flowers. A grove of orange trees and vines, thickly hung with fruit, extended from the entrance hall to the drawing-room. The Countess Z—— received lord S—— in the same gipsy's costume in which he had repeatedly met her at the ridotto, and she introduced him to the assembled company. By a refinement of courtesy, the orchestra performed an English air on his entrance. When he had taken his seat, Juliette, the countess's interesting adopted daughter, and Mademoiselle Lombard, the actress whom I have mentioned in a preceding chapter, recited some lines in French and English, highly complimentary to lord S——. These recitations were succeeded by the national dances of the countries through which his lordship had travelled; and one amusement succeeded another until sup-

per was announced. It had been determined that the incognito should be kept up during supper; but at his lordship's earnest entreaties, the countess was prevailed on to give the signal for the company to unmask. Lord S—— now found that most of the individuals present were his intimate acquaintance, and he no doubt congratulated himself on this last agreeable surprise. The supper was magnificent, and partook of the gaiety which had enlivened the previous part of the evening. On taking leave of the countess, Lord S—— invited the whole of the company collectively to dine with him on the following day, which those who had not formed previous engagements promised to do.

Thus terminated this delightful evening, which passed off almost unnoticed amidst the brilliant festivities of the congress; but which was nevertheless one of the most pleasing fêtes of which any individual then in Vienna could boast of being the object.

The dinner given by Lord S—— next day was certainly a fair specimen of British magnificence and vanity. Besides the individuals who had attended the party of the preceding evening, there were present Princes Razumowski and Koslowski, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Cathcart, the Duke d'Aremberg, and some others. The dinner

was served with profusion, but in the best taste. The places allotted for the ladies were distinguished by bouquets of choice flowers; and the whole betrayed a desire to present in detail what the entertainment of the preceding evening had presented in a mass. During the first course all went off admirably; but when the second course was served, the appetite being somewhat satisfied, the conversation took a more free course, and our noble host, anxious to maintain that supremacy which sometimes the English as well as others love to arrogate to themselves, spoke in the most unreserved terms of the pre-eminence of his own country. He satirised the Germans without mercy; and as the quiet politeness of the Viennese checked any attempt to refute his arguments, he concluded that France would doubtless be more vulnerable. Accordingly he threw down the gauntlet, which was immediately taken up; for since his lordship transgressed the laws of common civility by openly attacking the country of his guests, it would certainly have been a weakness to allow such a want of urbanity to pass unnoticed. Isabey, who, in an arbitrary court, had already often ventured to return smart replies to unjust attacks, took up the defence of France in the following way:—

“It is our custom, my lord,” said he, “to

support our arguments by facts, which are always more convincing than mere assertions. We do not mistake emphasis for genius, nor diatribes for reasoning. You would wish to convince us that the most serious nation in the world alone possesses the merit of inventing every elegant fashion. I thought, and I believe all Europe is of the same opinion, that our supremacy in this respect is not to be disputed; but I am inclined to extend that supremacy, not only to the fine arts, but to all the arts of industry. Of this positive and indisputable proofs may be adduced. For example, have you ever succeeded in equalling our Gobelins tapestry, or French lace? In spite of all your efforts, has your Wedgwood's ware equalled our Sevres' porcelain? Can your composition crystal rival our rock crystal? Have your engravings ever attained the perfection of ours? By the invention of mezzotinto, a style devoid of vigour or firmness, your artists have appealed to economy rather than to taste. Do your looking-glass or your silk manufactures equal ours? Do your clocks and watches rival those of Breguet? In short, a thousand examples might be adduced to prove—"To prove nothing," interrupted Lord S——, "except indeed that in mechanics, literature, horses, carriages, manufactures, agriculture, laws and morals, we are your superiors, and that

the superiority of your fine arts consists solely in hair-dressing, opera-dancing and cooking, which the evidence of several centuries has sufficiently proved ;—but without entering into details, is Paris to be compared to London ?”—“ I would not presume to determine,” observed Count de Mejun, “ to which of the two capitals the preference is due. However, if I were to attempt a comparison, I should say that if London contains the greater number of objects worthy of interest and curiosity, it must be acknowledged that the lovers of the arts, the *belles lettres*, and of pleasure, must gladly turn from the fogs of England, to admire, on the smiling banks of the Seine, the majesty of our monuments, the elegance of our edifices, the attic wit of our brilliant literary circles, and the animation and taste which impart life and grace to every thing. Finally, in Paris one enjoys the reality of that happiness, which in London is only known in dull dreams. Nothing can be more singular than the contrasts which the English capital presents to a foreigner at the first glance. The monotonous regularity of those parts of London, in which the streets are wide, clean, and uniform, and the filth and closeness of other places ; the incredible activity of a crowd of persons who hurry through the streets, and the gloomy gravity expressed in every countenance ;

the brilliant illuminations at Vauxhall, and the silence of the promenaders in the gardens, who seem to have collected together for any purpose rather than amusement; the perpetual movement of the immense population on week-days, and the tranquillity which succeeds that agitation on Sundays; the tumult of the elections, the frequency of disturbances, and the facility with which order is restored in the name of the law; the universal feeling of civil equality and the maintenance of the most singular feudal customs; the admiration and honour rendered to talent and merit, and the almost exclusive respect entertained for wealth; finally, the insatiable thirst for amusement, and the almost incurable distaste for all the pleasures of life:—this is totally the reverse of our habits, manners, and tastes, and renders your nation, my lord, a sort of foreign family among the other great families of Europe.”

A conversation of this nature was not calculated to inspire gaiety and confidence among the company. Certainly our *Amphitryon* richly deserved that all these parallels should be summed up by a comparison between his manners and those of the other foreign ambassadors at Vienna. Some part of his lordship's conduct had astonished and shocked the grave Germans. However, respect for the presence of the Countess Z—— caused the

friends of that lady to forbear expressing in a decided way their opinion of that which, in any other place, might have been excused on the score of national prejudice; but which, at his lordship's own table, was very far from what might have been expected from the representative of one of the most polite, affable and elegant princes in Europe.

When the company retired to the drawing-room there was first a little music, and then an attempt to dance; but nothing could subdue the dulness which his lordship's want of good breeding had diffused among his guests. On our departure, at midnight, we could not but add a new paragraph to the chapter of oddities which, during his residence at Vienna, characterised a man who, by his own personal merit and his rank, might have been more honourably distinguished than by waging a war of *mauvais ton*.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Last moments of the Prince de Ligne—His death—Ceremonies observed at his funeral.—Appendix.

WE labour for glory and for the good opinion of posterity, which even to the atheist is a compensation for the immortality of the soul. But after all, is it not a melancholy error to attach so much importance to that posterity, which in all probability may know nothing of the present generation, especially if we admit the certainty of the physical revolutions of the globe? Shall we be thought of when ships are sailing over our proud cities and fertile plains? What, alas! is the voice of fame, for which man makes so many sacrifices, and which perhaps will to-morrow be drowned by the tolling of the bell which announces he is no more?

I hurried this morning to the Prince de Ligne,

who, I was informed, was dangerously indisposed. On entering, I found with him Dr. Malfati, his physician, and Count Golowkin, who gained notoriety by the failure of his embassy to China. The doctor blamed the prince for having imprudently left the court ball without his cloak, by which he had caught a violent cold, which terminated in erysipelas. The count, on the other hand, who had no more faith than Moliere in physic and physicians, sought to console the prince, who seemed somewhat uneasy at the tone and language of the doctor.

“I have always,” said the prince, “belonged to the incredulous sect, with all due deference to the faculty ; and I remember very well that when the Empress Catherine seriously urged me to submit to medical treatment, I replied ‘I have, madam, a peculiar mode of treating myself :—when I am ill I send for my two friends ;—I physic Segur and bleed Cobentzel, and I am immediately well again !’ ”—“But times are changed since then, prince,” observed the doctor, rather piqued ; “for, if I remember right, it is some thirty years ago since you joked in that way on your journey in the Crimea ; but we are now in Vienna, and you are thirty years older.”—“I have no doubt,” resumed the prince, “that now, since every sort of entertainment has been presented to our illustrious

visitors, no one will be sorry to relieve the monotony of pleasure by the funeral of a field-marshal. But, gentlemen, I really am not courtier enough to wish to be the principal performer in such a scene, though death is not to be feared by every body, as I have endeavoured to prove in fourteen articles which I wrote last night between a shivering fit and a fit of fever. You shall hear them, doctor; they will perhaps serve you as a text, when preaching resignation to patients whom you have condemned *in petto*. Death need not be feared—

“1st, By men of pure conscience, who are sure of their reward in the world to come.

“2nd, By those who are tormented by evil consciences, who do not believe in a future state and who being miserable in this life, are not sorry to exchange it for the annihilation which their infidelity persuades them is the fate for which they are reserved.

“3rd, By people of feeling minds, who, having suffered an irreparable loss, hope, by a pardonable illusion, to rejoin the object of their affections.

“4th, By the miserable; for they do not lose a life of which they have never known the value, and which is a mere burthen to them.

“5th, By the happy; for if they do not die while their happiness lasts, they may live to see it forsake them.

“ 6th, By the truly unhappy in health and fortune.

“ 7th, By the unfortunate dupes of courts and of love, who are the martyrs of their taste for favour and favours.

“ 8th, By the wise, who are weary of the folly of the world.

“ 9th, By the virtuous, who are weary of its wickedness.

“ 10th, By people of taste, who are weary of those who have none.

“ 11th, By men who have seen the world, and who suffer the mortification of finding that those who have neither seen nor read any thing are believed in preference to them.

“ 12th, By the honest and the upright, who cannot endure the injustice, the falsehood, the intrigue, the selfishness, the malice, and the mediocrity of those by whom they are surrounded.

“ 13th, By those who have deceived, who have been deceived, or who have deceived themselves.

“ 14th, By those who are sated with pleasure, who have experienced ingratitude, and who unfortunately know mankind too well to esteem them.”

After having heard this little moral lecture the doctor took his leave, and Count Golowkin endeavoured to divert the prince from the gloomy thoughts to which he gave way in spite of his philosophy. The count spoke of his embassy to

China, which introduced a variety of anecdotes, and served to revive the spirits of the prince. However, his two days' illness had produced a melancholy change in his appearance.

His daughter, the Countess Palffy, entered, bringing the medicine which Malfati had prescribed, and we left him, promising to return in the evening. When the count and I reached the rampart we could not forbear expressing the anxiety we mutually felt on account of the prince. Count Golowkin, who had known him long, and who, like all who knew him, loved him with enthusiasm, said to me as we walked along, "What an irreparable loss to the family and friends of that great man would be the termination of a life, of which each glorious action would in itself suffice to confer immortality! Where shall we find such another model of ancient chivalry and courtly *bon ton*? Where shall we find a man who in so eminent a degree possesses the art of rendering himself beloved and admired by amiability of temper, original talent, and lively imagination? During forty years of military service he was distinguished by the most chivalrous courage; and he is alike remarkable for the extent of his information, military, historical, and literary. He is kind to his equals, affable to his inferiors, and familiar even with sovereigns. He is adored by

his children, of whom he is the companion and playfellow ; and the frivolity for which he is sometimes reproached is so varied, so piquant, and agreeable, that it is impossible to refrain from loving even his faults."

Just as the count had concluded this brief but accurate portrait, we perceived the Emperor of Austria coming towards us. He was alone, not having even a single attendant with him, for, as Voltaire says—

Comme il était sans crainte, il marchait sans défense.

As his majesty approached us he recognised Count Golowkin, and accosted him. Supposing that he might probably have something to communicate to the count in private, I withdrew, and called on Mr. Griffiths, to whom I communicated the apprehensions I felt on account of the illness of our incomparable friend.

At eight in the evening I made another visit to the prince, accompanied by Mr. Griffiths, who had made the healing art the study of his life, and now offered his services to assist in preserving the friend whom he dearly loved.

We found the prince exceeding weak, and the presentiment of his dissolution rendered him thoughtful and melancholy. "Nature has ordained," said he, "that we shall all in our turns abandon the space we occupy in the world to

make room for others. We must submit to our fate. Yet," added he, with deep emotion, "it is a painful struggle to part from those we love—that is the severest pang." At these words a tear, which I had not power to repress, dropped from my eye. "Come, come," said he, "fear nothing. Death will miss his aim this time ; and to-morrow you will find that all this illness will have vanished like a dream."—"In that case, prince," replied I, "this nightmare will form one page more in your memorandum book."—"Alas ! how melancholy it is to look back on the past ! If it has been unfortunate, it is distressing to think of it. If happy, it is painful to say—*it has been*. If we think of our days of glory and pleasure, our youthful occupations, and even the sports of our childhood, all are calculated to excite regret." Here he paused for a few moments, as if collecting his ideas, and then he added, "Yet, were I to begin my life over again, I would do almost every thing I have done, except indeed that I would not afford the same opportunities for ingratitude ; and that I would take a little more pains to avoid the want of money, that I might have it in my power to aid those who do want it."

The prince's illness continued to make rapid and alarming progress, and all about him were plunged into despair. I remained with him during

a great part of the day, and I returned in the evening. His afflicted family were assembled at his bed-side, and the most distinguished personages then in Vienna were momentarily sending to inquire how he was. When Malfati arrived, about eleven o'clock, the prince said, "Nothing ails me, doctor, except the difficulty of dying. I did not know it was an affair of so much ceremony. Truly, the uncertainty and the briefness of existence are not worth this." He afterwards began to converse in a very cheerful tone of the legacies he had bequeathed. "My fortune is not difficult to divide," said he; "but I wish to do it fairly. As to you, my boy," said he, addressing me, "your family has already received the best share of your portion.* Conformably with an old custom," continued he, "I must leave a legacy to my company of Trabans, and I have made that legacy my posthumous works, which are well worth a hundred thousand florins." In vain we endea-

* When my grandfather lost his first wife, a Princess de Ligne, he was bound by an agreement to return to her family the fortune he had received with her. The Prince de Ligne, however, refused to receive back some shares in salt mines in Brabant, which produced about 40,000 francs per year. Whenever the Prince de Ligne used to introduce me to any one under the title of his *petit cousin*, he would add, "to whom I have given 40,000 francs per annum."

voured to divert him from this melancholy train of ideas: he constantly turned the conversation on the subject of death. "I admire," said he, "the manner in which Petronius departed from the world. Wishing that his death should be as voluptuous as his life, he commanded soft music to be played and fine poetry recited to him in his last moments. But for my part I will do better. Surrounded by all whom I love, I will expire in the arms of friendship." Some moments afterwards he said to us—"Do not be so cast down. Perhaps we shall not part yet awhile. One illness sometimes saves us from a worse; for there is a connecting link between all that has happened and all that is to happen, and uncertainty is sometimes a blessing."

He was suddenly seized with a fainting fit, which greatly alarmed us. When he was somewhat restored he said—"Ah! I feel that I have not strength to live; but I have yet strength to love you." At these words all his children threw themselves on the bed, and kissed his hands, which they watered with their tears. "What means this," said he, "my children?" withdrawing his hands, "I am not yet a saint!"

A potion which the doctor prescribed had the effect of composing him for a few hours; but about three in the morning his imagination seemed to be

suddenly excited. He fancied he beheld Death enter his chamber, and raising himself up in his bed, he assumed the attitude of a man who was about to struggle with an adversary. In a tone of inconceivable agitation he exclaimed—"Close the door!—See, he is coming in!—Turn him out!" He then seemed to be struggling with all his strength, uttering incoherent sentences, and calling us all to his aid. This last effort completely exhausted him, and he afterwards continued insensible. This was on the 13th of December, 1814.*

* * * *

The Prince de Ligne is no more!—How melancholy it is to write these words! One of the brightest intellectual luminaries of the age has disappeared. How justly may be applied to him the words that he employed in allusion to the death of another great man—"Il n'est plus! Il n'est plus! Ce prince qui faisait honneur à l'homme, l'homme qui faisait le plus d'honneur au prince."

* In the last moments of existence, it would appear that an imaginary phantom sometimes presents itself to the sight. Lucien Bonaparte, in his Memoirs, states that in the delirium which preceded his father's last moments, he was seen to struggle powerfully against Death, which appeared to be visible to him, and that he called upon his son Napoleon to come and defend him with his great sword.

The Prince de Ligne was for sixty years a model and an example to his contemporaries. Dignities reflected less lustre on him than he reflected on them, and he died an object of veneration to all friends of glory, virtue, and talent, and an object of regret and of just pride to his family and his country. When celebrated men cease to exist it is allowable and useful to judge their characters; but my praise might be subject to suspicion, for I returned him in enthusiasm what he granted me in friendship.—But he now belongs to history, and history I am sure will judge him as I do.

* * * *

Yesterday the last honours were rendered to the Prince de Ligne. The funeral procession left his house at noon, to convey the body to the Kalemberg, which had been his favourite retreat during life, and which he singled out as his resting-place after death.

The body was conveyed to the tomb with the honours due to the high rank which the deceased held in the army; and the mournful ceremony was accompanied with a degree of pomp which had never before been observed at the funeral of a private individual in Vienna. Ten thousand troops, infantry and cavalry, were ordered out to follow the procession. The prince's company of Trabans surrounded the funeral car, and the officers wore

the insignia of mourning. A man in armour, on horseback, wearing a crape scarf *en bandoulière*, followed the car, holding a drawn sword inclined towards the earth. The streets through which the procession passed were thronged with crowds of people. Among the mourners were, besides the relatives of the deceased, Sir Sidney Smith, Prince Eugene, Generals Ouwaroff, de Witt, Ypsilanti, the Prince de Lorraine, the Duke de Richelieu, and a multitude of persons of distinction.

Fugitive, like all human pomp, the field-marshal's funeral procession passed before the sovereigns. The King of Prussia and the Emperor Alexander beheld it from that part of the ramparts which had been razed by the French, and their countenances sufficiently indicated the grief they felt for the death of the prince.

When we accompanied the body to the vault prepared for it in the little chapel of the Kalemberg the sun, as if eager to illumine the asylum of that justly celebrated man, saluted us with his parting ray.

After the funeral service was read, all the members of his family, his friends, and his servants, took an affectionate farewell of his beloved remains.

On leaving the house where I had passed so many happy hours, I heard his praises in every mouth, and I saw tears in every eye. The sincere

regret which accompanied him to the tomb was more eloquent than the most solemn funeral oration.

Mr. Griffiths and I returned to Vienna, carefully avoiding the crowd of people who were also hurrying back to town. The trees were leafless, but the sky was serene. Not a breath of air was stirring, and a dead stillness prevailed around us. "How calm the evening is!" said Griffiths. "See, my friend, how nature is resigned:—surely from this the heart of man should learn resignation."

APPENDIX.

SATIRICAL DIALOGUE, ON THE ENTHUSIASM PROFESSED FOR MADAME DE STAËL AT VIENNA,

Attributed to the Prince de Ligne.

L'ENTHOUSIASTE.

CLÉON REMONTRANT ARISTE.

L'AVEZ-VOUS vue ? ah ! mon ami,
D'honneur j'en suis dans le délire ;
Quelle aimable façon de dire !
Vous m'en voyez encor ravi.
D'un mot enlever les suffrages,
Unir la grâce à l'enjouement,
Avoir l'esprit de tous les âges,
Et modeste avec du talent !
On court après, chacun espère
Dans sa maison la recevoir ;
Il n'est savant qui ne préfère
Le souper où l'on peut la voir.

Depuis long-temps chez Dorimène
On attendoit l'instant heureux ;
Le jour est pris, on nous l'amène,
Et du talent ce phénomène
Dans son éclat s'offre à nos yeux.
Non, jamais je ne pourrai rendre
Ce qu'en la voyant j'éprouvois ;
De lui parler je palpitois,
Et je redoutois de l'entendre.
Le silence le plus profond
Tenoit en suspens l'assemblée :
Elle parla ! . . . l'âme étonnée,
Que chacun de ses mots confond,
Crut par un songe être abusée :
Quel triomphe alors, quelle cour !
C'est bien là jouer le beau rôle :
Je crus voir Corinne en plein jour
Improvisant au Capitole.

ARISTE.

Eh ! mon Dieu, parlez, cher Cléon,
Nommez-moi donc cette merveille :
Mais qu'elle emphase sans pareille ;
Avez-vous perdu la raison ?

CLÉON.

Oui, j'en suis fou ; l'enchanteresse
A jeté son charme sur moi,
Et désormais ma seule loi
Sera de l'admirer sans cesse ;
De recueillir avidement
Chaque bon-mot, chaque axiôme ;
Comme elle parle sentiment !

Que ne l'ai-je connue à Rome,
Au Capitole improvisant ?

ARISTE.

Mais enfin dites-moi, de grâce,
Le nom d'un être si parfait ;
Est-ce le chantre de la Thrace,
Le Dieu des vers sur le Parnasse,
Ou d'Anacréon le portrait ?

CLÉON.

Quelle est l'erreur qui vous abuse ?
Mais où vivez-vous, mon ami ;
Ignorez-vous que la dixième Muse
Tout récemment vient d'arriver ici ?
N'auriez-vous jamais lu Delphine,
Ce *nec plus ultra* des romans,
Ni les douloureux sentimens,
Qui nous font admirer Corinne ?
Mon cher Ariste, où vivez-vous ?
Gardez-vous bien, je vous conjure,
N'ayant point fait cette lecture,
D'oser vous montrer parmi nous.

ARISTE.

Ah ! je commence à vous entendre ;
Vous parlez d'une femme auteur.

CLÉON.

Oui, d'une femme dont le cœur
Formé sensible, aimable et tendre,
De l'amour peignit le malheur.

ARISTE.

Je la connois ; et son ouvrage,
Où règnent le goût et l'esprit,
Intéressant et bien écrit,
Peut instruire et plaire à tout âge.
Cependant, on peut, selon moi,
Trouver quelque chose à redire ;
Mais mon avis ne fait pas loi,
Et je déteste la satire.

CLÉON.

Ah ! parlez, parlez sans détour ;
J'aurai plaisir à vous répondre,
Et veux, certain de vous confondre,
Plaider la cause de l'amour.

ARISTE.

C'est justement ce qui me blesse
Dans le roman dont vous parlez ;
On peut aimer avec ivresse,
Mais des sentimens exaltés
Peindront toujours mal la tendresse.

CLÉON.

Mais quelle étrange opinion !
L'amour vous plaît-il à la glace ?
Il faut, pour écrire avec grâce,
Outrer un peu la passion.

ARISTE.

Mon cher Cléon, de la nature,
Si je veux rendre la couleur,

De la lumière la plus pure
Mes teintes prendront la fraîcheur :
N'outrons rien, ou sachons nous taire.
Quand Ricoboni, Sévigné,
L'auteur charmant de La Valière,
La Fayette, et Deshoullière,
Cottin, Grafigni, D'Aubigné
Ecrivoient, elles savoient plaire.
Sans doute elles ne faisoient pas
Courir sous la zone torride
L'héroïne pâle et sans guide
Après le plus grand des ingrats,
Encor moins seule et par l'orage,
Lorsque le ciel se fond en eau,
Toute la nuit sur le rivage,
Chercher le sillon d'un bateau.
Mais elles peignoient une belle
Donnant le prix de la valeur
Au héros constant dont le cœur
Savoit vivre et mourir pour elle ;
Ou la beauté s'embellissant
De l'incarnat de l'innocence ;
Lorsque modeste et rougissant,
Son cœur ému, charmé, s'offense
Du tendre aveu d'un sentiment ;
Et non pas l'amour-propre extrême
D'une Sibylle, s'écoutant,
N'aimant, ne pensant, ne parlant,
A tout venant que d'elle-même,
Et pour charmer l'amant qu'elle aime,
Devant le peuple improvisant.

CLÉON.

Votre critique est trop sévère ;
Mais avant de la refuser,
Analysons le caractère
Du héros qu'elle a su tracer.
Avez-vous lu, de votre vie,
Quelque chose d'aussi parfait
Que l'ensemble de ce portrait ;
Et du plus étonnant génie
Y voyez-vous briller le trait ?
Quelle tendresse conjugale,
Dans son esprit quel heureux tour !
Il n'est rien, je crois, qui n'égale
Et son courage et son amour,
Que sa piété filiale.
Mais je vous tiens : que dites-vous
De cet effort de grandeur d'âme—
Dans Ancône parmi la flamme
S'exposer pour sauver des foux ?

ARISTE.

Ce que j'en dis ? L'invraisemblance ;
Mon cher Cléon, ne plut jamais ;
Il faut garder la convenance
Pour obtenir un plein succès.
Présentez Nelvil moins frivole,
Ne trahissant par ses sermens
Les Italiens moins rampans ;
De Corinne changez le rôle,
Et j'aimerai la perle des romans.
Mais un Anglais sans caractère ;
Des Anconitains à genoux ;

D'un Français la tête légère
Ressemblante à celle des foux ;
Lucile, qui, dans la nuit sombre,
Sans la voir reconnoît sa sœur,
Et s'évanouit de frayeur,
S'imaginant que c'est son ombre ;
Ce Derfeuil qui, sans débrider,
De Suisse en Ecosse chemine
Tout à point pour sauver Corinne,
Et dans ses bras la ranimer ;
Le récit pompeux des voyages
Qu'on lit au long dans Dupaty,
Des axiômes, des adages—
Voilà Corinne, mon ami.

CLÉON.

La critique est aisée et l'art est difficile,
Boileau sagement le disoit ;
Répondez donc, censeur habile,
Quels chef-d'œuvres avez-vous fait ?

ARISTE.

Je n'ai rien écrit, je l'avoue ;
Mais, mon cher Cléon, en ce cas,
Faut-il malgré moi que je loue
Un livre qui ne me plaît pas ?

CLÉON.

Oui, quand le livre est d'une femme ;
Vous, que je croyois si galant,
Vous venger par une épigramme
Et déchirer à belle dent
L'ouvrage enchanteur d'une dame ?

ARISTE.

Mais en frondant ce qu'elle écrit,
Je la respecte, je l'admire ;
Si par l'éloge on affadit,
On corrige avec la satire,
Et je ne juge que l'esprit.
Vous savez qu'un grand homme a dit :
" Elle en a trop pour le conduire."

CLÉON.

Mon cher ami, ce sont des mots ;
Trop de talent voilà son crime :
L'esprit est toujours la victime
Ou des envieux ou des sots.
Enfin sur Corinne ou sur elle
Avez-vous donné votre avis ?

ARISTE.

Modérez-vous, point de querelle ;
Encor un mot et je finis.
Pourquoi, lorsque mon âme émue
Verse les pleurs du sentiment,
M'entretenir d'une statue,
D'un palais ou d'un monument ?
Ou quand Nelvil d'une voix tendre
A Corinne adresse ses vœux,
Je le voyois prêt à surprendre
Et ses secrets et ses aveux ;
Au même instant le tableau change
Comme une scène d'opéra,
Où Corinne dissertera
Tandis qu' Oswald, qui tout arrange,
Patiemment l'écouterà

De nouveau retourner encore
Des paysages à l'amour ;
Vivre avec l'amant qu'elle adore,
Comme elle dit : au jour le jour.
Qu'arrive-t-il ? infortunée,
De sa gloire désenchantée,
Corinne n'intéresse plus ;
L'auteur auroit dû pour mieux faire,
Rendant moins faux ce caractère,
Changer son esprit en vertus.

CLÉON.

Vous la jugez sur un ouvrage ;
Mais enfin quand vous entendrez
Le charme heureux de son langage,
Plus que moi vous l'admirez.

ARISTE.

Lorsqu'elle parle de son père,
J'approuve l'élan de son cœur ;
Voilà l'écrit que je préfère,
Il a ce charme séducteur
Qui nous entraînant, sachant plaire,
Caractérise un grand auteur.

CLÉON.

Un grand auteur, et séduisante—
Ah ! je vous vois tout repentant,
Revenir à mon sentiment.
Allez, la femme qui m'enchanté
Peut plaire universellement ;
Dans son esprit de la finesse,
Le don naturel de narrer ;

Croirez-vous qu'elle peut parler
Sciences, vers, beaux-arts, tendresse,
Au même instant sans se troubler ?
La verrez-vous sans un transport extrême
Sans une vive émotion ?

ARISTE.

Cela se peut ; femme à prétention,
Cher ami, n'est pas ce que j'aime.
J'éprouve toujours des regrets
De voir au sexe tant de gloire ;
Quel est le but de tels succès ?
C'est comme l'âne de la foire ;
Dont on rit en courant après.

CLÉON.

Ah ! c'en est trop ; votre esprit fronde,
Ariste, impitoyablement,
Ayez le goût de tout le monde,
Ou taisez votre sentiment.
On ne jure ici que par elle,
C'est la divinité du jour.

ARISTE.

Ainsi qu'une mode nouvelle,
Brillante comme l'étincelle,
Nous plaît et s'éteint sans retour,
L'esprit, le talent, et la grâce
Charment aussi, l'instant se passe,
Ils sont oubliés pour toujours.

CLÉON.

Bon, mais enfin la renommée,
Qui dans ce lieu l'a devancée,

Contre vos phrases la défend ;
Et demandez à qui sait vivre,
Si la femme qui fait un livre
N'est pas un être surprenant.

ARISTE.

Mon cher Cléon, je le répète,
La renommée et sa trompette
Au sexe aimable ne vont pas :
Pour vanter les soins d'une mère,
L'amour, l'amitié, le mystère,
A-t-on besoin de tels éclats ?

CLÉON.

Je sais qu'on ne pardonne guère
Aux femmes de nous égaler ;
Notre sexe en tout veut primer ;
Et dans peu, mon ami, j'espère
Qu'on nous verra leur disputer
Le don d'aimer et l'art de plaire.

ARISTE.

Cher Cléon, vous exagérez :
Comme vous je les apprécie,
Et leur accorde le génie
Que justement vous admirez ;
Mais je dirai toujours de même :
Le savoir nuit au sentiment.

CLÉON.

Eh bien, soyez donc ignorans
Vous et la femme qui vous aime ;
Moi, celle qui m'épousera,

Je la veux avoir passé maître,
Et qu'enfin la voyant paroître,
Chacun s'écrie : Ah ! la voilà !

ARISTE.

Préférez donc à la nature
La froide illusion de l'art,
A l'innocence la plus pure
La coquetterie et le fard ;
Préférez à la modestie,
Aux soins attentifs et constans
D'une épouse sage et chérie,
Les succès les plus éclatans :
Mais lorsqu'au sommet du Parnasse
L'encens l'enivrera d'erreur,
C'est bien en vain que dans son cœur
Vous réclamerez une place.

CLÉON.

Est-ce vous que j'entends parler,
Et tous ces mots contre une femme ?

ARISTE.

Vous ne voulez-pas que je blâme
Ce que vous aimez à louer.
Mon cher Cléon, votre colère
Prouve en faveur de mes discours,
Qu'également on ne peut plaire
Et moins encore briller toujours.

CLÉON.

A tout ceci je ne veux rien comprendre ;
Si c'est une erreur, je m'y plais,
Moi j'idolâtre ses succès ;

Et de ce pas, sans plus attendre,
Je vous quitte et vais tout exprès
La voir, l'admirer, et l'entendre.

ARISTE (*seul*).

Cours, insensé, joins tes accens
Au triomphe qui l'environne;
Et pour fleuron à sa couronne,
Ajoute encore un grain d'encens,
Cours, hâte-toi. Le monde est un théâtre
Où nous conduit la nouveauté;
L'être aujourd'hui qu'on idolâtre,
Demain est à peine écouté:
Il veut briller, il veut séduire;
L'encens s'allume sous ses pas,
Et l'amour-propre est en délire;
Du pinacle il n'apperçoit pas
L'instant où chacun se retire;
Mais quand le voile se déchire,
Il ne trouve que des ingrats.

THE PRINCE DE LIGNE'S INTERVIEW WITH
JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

When Rousseau returned from his exile, I called to see him in his garret in the Rue Platrière; but up to the moment of my reaching the landing-place of his apartment, I had not made up my mind as to the most advisable way of introducing myself. Instinct has frequently served me better than reflection; so that I trusted to chance, and entered boldly. "Who is there?" said Jean Jacques.—"I beg

pardon, sir," I said, "I wish to see M. Rousseau of Toulouse."—"I am Rousseau of Geneva."—"Oh! the great botanist, I suppose, from what I see there. What a number of plants and big volumes! They are more valuable than all those that are written!" Rousseau made a grin which almost amounted to a smile, and he forthwith set about showing me the collection of leaves and plants inserted in his folio volumes. I feigned an admiration, which was surely not deserved by what I saw before me, and Rousseau resumed his work, with his spectacles and nose almost touching the sheets, and quite unmindful of my presence. I asked pardon for interrupting him once more, and inquired where M. Rousseau of Toulouse was to be found; but for fear he should tell me, and thus cut off at once all pretext for my staying, I added, "Is it true that you possess so much skill in copying music?" Upon this he immediately went and fetched some books, which he showed me, saying, "See how neat that is!" Then he went on speaking of the difficulty of the labour, and of his own peculiar aptitude for it, like Sganarelle, who prided himself so much in making fagots. The respect I felt for such a man had given me a sort of shivering when I put my hand on the latch of his door to open it, and prevented me from prolonging a conversation which might have seemed an intended mystification had it been made to last longer. I thought enough had passed to serve as an introduction, and appearing as if I was about to withdraw, I observed that I supposed he had merely recourse to such an occupation for the purpose of cooling occasionally the heat of his imagination. "Alas!" said he, "other occupations, intended for my own and other people's instruction, have done me but too much injury." I observed that the only part of his writings on which I fully agreed

with him, was where he shows the danger of possessing historical and literary knowledge without a mind sufficiently matured in judgment. On this, he put aside his work and his spectacles, and he entered into a discussion of the subject, in which he displayed a refinement of ideas superior to what is evinced by most of his writings, and which perhaps the solitude around him, when committing his thoughts to paper, has always prevented his works from bearing the exact character of. In the course of his remarks, he indulged freely in exclamations on the perverseness of mankind. I had so far succeeded as to venture to contradict him. I said, "Those who complain of mankind are themselves men, so that they may very easily deceive themselves in regard to others." This made him reflect a little. I added that I was likewise of his opinion as to the manner of granting and receiving favours, and the extent of gratitude when favours come from those for whom it is impossible to entertain any regard. This appeared to hit his fancy. I then entered on the other extreme which was to be apprehended—ingratitude. On this he darted into a variety of reflections, and made the most vivid allusions, which he mixed up with some sophistical maxims. I interrupted him at last by saying, "But supposing Mr. Hume were sincere?" He asked me if I was acquainted with him. I said that I had had a very animated conversation with him regarding his (Rousseau's) writings, and that the fear of being unjust prevented me from expressing the opinions I had formed relative to persons.

His nasty wife, or maid-servant, interrupted us occasionally by asking questions about her linen or her broth. He answered her always in a manner which would have exalted even the most unworthy things in nature. He did not appear to distrust me in the least. I had, indeed,

kept his mind in a constant tension since I had come in, that he might not have even a moment's time to reflect on my visit. I put an end to it at last, much against my inclination, and after fixing for a moment the countenance of the author of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, I quitted the garret, the abode of rats, but the sanctuary of genius. He rose, conducted me to the stairs with an air expressive of interest, but he did not ask my name. He would not, to be sure, have retained it in his memory, for the names only of such men as Tacitus, Sallustus, and Pliny could make a lasting impression on his mind.

When afterwards I learnt among the intimate friends of the Prince de Conti, such as the Archbishop of Toulouse, the President d'Aligre, and other prelates and parliamentary members, that those two classes of corrupted men intended to throw Jean Jacques again into trouble, I addressed to him the letter which he showed about, or very improperly caused to be copied, and which appeared afterwards in all the public prints. He thought proper, according to his usual practice, to look upon the offer it contained of a retreat as a snare which his enemies had prevailed on me to set for him. This kind of madness had most strangely taken possession of this great and unhappy man. His first impression, however, was always good; and the day after he received my letter he called on me to return his thanks. When Rousseau's name was announced I could hardly trust my ears; when he opened the door, I could hardly trust my eyes. Louis XIV did not perhaps experience a prouder feeling when he received the embassy from Siam than I did on this occasion. The account he gave of his misfortunes, the description of his enemies, and his belief that all Europe had conspired against him, would have been really painful,

had he not embellished his discourse by the charms of eloquence. I endeavoured to divert his mind from thoughts so gloomy by directing his attention to rural amusements. I asked how he, who was so fond of the country, could think of remaining in such a noisy and bustling place as Paris. He then made some of his paradoxical reflections relative to the power of writing on liberty in prison, and of describing the charms of spring whilst the snow is lying on the ground. I spoke of Switzerland, and I showed, without seeming to intend it, that I knew his *Héloïse* and Saint-Preux by heart. It became evident to him that his *Nouvelle Héloïse* was the only one of his works which suited my fancy, and that even if I were capable of deep thought, I should never give myself the trouble of thinking intensely. I believe I never displayed so much wit (and it was perhaps the only time in my life that I took any pains for that purpose) as during the eight hours that my two conversations with Jean Jacques took up. When he intimated to me that he was determined to await in Paris all the decrees of arrest with which he was threatened by the clergy and the parliament, I took the liberty of making some severe remarks relative to his mode of conceiving what celebrity consisted in. "Monsieur Rousseau," I said, "the more you hide yourself, the more you expose yourself to notoriety; the more you wish to live like a misanthrope, the more you will become a public man."

His eyes were as brilliant as two stars. There was a radiancy of genius in the expression of his features which almost electrified me. I remember that our conversation closed by my saying to him two or three times, with tears in my eyes, "I wish, sir, you may be happy in spite of yourself. If you are determined not to inhabit the temple I would raise for you on the estate to which I have a

sovereign right, and where there is neither clergy nor parliament to molest you, but in lieu thereof the prettiest sheep in the world, stay, and you may be happy in France. If, as I hope, you are suffered to remain unmolested, sell all your works, buy some pretty little country-house in the neighbourhood of Paris, open your doors only to a few of your admirers, and depend upon it you will be soon forgotten." I do not believe this would have suited him exactly, nor do I think that he would have stayed much longer at Ermonville had not death overtaken him there. He seemed touched with the effect he produced on me; and convinced of the enthusiastic feeling I entertained for him, he expressed a greater interest and acknowledgement than he was in the habit of evincing to any one. I experienced after his leaving me the same kind of vacuous feeling which is felt on awaking after a very fine dream.

PRINCE DE LIGNE'S LETTER TO ROUSSEAU.

Sir,—I am the person who called on you the other day. I would wish to do so again, but I will not, for you are not fond of eager manifestations.

Pray think of what I proposed to you. In my country people are unable to read, therefore you will neither be admired nor persecuted there.

You shall have the key of my library and of my gardens. You shall see me or not, just as you please. You shall have a pretty little country-house to yourself, at a short distance from mine: you will plant and sow there, and do just as you please.

Jean Baptiste and his wit ended their days in Flanders;

but he only made verses. Jean Jacques and his genius would live there. Let it be at mine or his abode that you may continue *vitam impendere vero*. If you desire still greater liberty, I have another bit of land which is dependent on no one, where the sky is clear and the air pure, and it is only eighty leagues from hence. I have neither an archbishop nor a parliament; but instead of them, I have the finest sheep in the world. There are beehives in abundance, which shall be yours if you like them: if not, they shall be taken away. That republic would behave better to you than the republic of Geneva, to which you have done so much honour, and would have done so much good.

Like you, sir, I neither love thrones nor arbitrary rule. You will reign over no one, but no one shall reign over you. If you accept my offer, I will call for you, and take you to the Temple of Virtue. That shall be the name of your habitation; but *we* will not call it thus, and your modesty shall be spared all the triumphs you deserve. If all this does not suit you, let it pass as if it had never been said. I shall not see you, but I shall continue to read your works, and to admire you.

THE PRINCE DE LIGNE'S VISIT TO VOLTAIRE.

The best thing I could do at Monsieur de Voltaire's was to make no display of wit. I spoke merely to make him speak. I remained eight days in his house, and I wish I had retained in my memory all the sublime, simple, gay, and amiable things which incessantly flowed from his lips: but, in truth, it was impossible. I laughed or

admired, and I was in a state of constant enchantment. Even his faults, his errors, his prejudices, his want of taste for the fine arts, his caprices, his pretensions, all was charming, new, piquant, and unforeseen. He so wished to pass for a profound statesman, or for a man of deep learning, that he cared little whether he would be tiresome as such. At that time he was partial to the English constitution. I remember saying to him, "M. de Voltaire, you may as well say that its support is the ocean, without which it could not last."—"The ocean!" he exclaimed, "you have started a thought which induces a good deal of reflection." A visitor from Geneva was announced. "Quick, quick," he said, "*du Tronchin*;" that is, he was to pass as being indisposed, and the Genevan went away without seeing him. "What do you think of Geneva?" he said to me one day. I knew that at that moment he detested that city. I answered that it was a horrid place; though I thought differently. Another time he said, "As you were lately at Venice, did you see there the procurator Pococurante?"—"No," I answered, "I do not remember him."—"What! have you not read *Candide*?" he exclaimed in a passion; for there was a time when he had a special partiality for some one of his works. "I beg pardon, Monsieur de Voltaire," I said, "when you asked me I was thinking of the astonishment I had been thrown into on hearing Tasso's *Jerusalem* sung by the Venetian gondoliers."—"How was that?" he said: "pray explain it to me."—"They exercise their voices and their memories on the *canale-grande* during the fine summer evenings in that way. The one begins in the recitative style, the other takes up, and so they go on alternately. I do not believe the hackney coachmen of Paris know the *Henriade* equally well by heart; and if they did, they would

make a sorry business of any attempt to sing its beautiful verses with their rough voices, their vulgar and hard accent, and their throats stimulated by brandy.”—“Sir, they are barbarians!” observed Voltaire with petulance: “they are enemies to harmony, and miserable cut-throats! That is the character of the people. And as to your men of wit, they have so much of it, that they thrust it even into the titles of their works. *Un livre de l’Esprit ! c’est de l’esprit follet que celui-là. L’Esprit des lois, c’est de l’esprit sur les lois.** I have not the honour of understanding that book. But I understand the *Lettres Persannes*; that, indeed, is a good book.”—“There are some men of letters,” I observed, “of whom you think highly.”—“It cannot be otherwise,” said Voltaire; “for instance—d’Alembert, who, for want of imagination, calls himself a geometrician; and Marmontel, whose poetry, between you and me, is unintelligible. Those men would no doubt say that I am jealous. Let them think what they please about me. People believe that I am a flatterer at court, and too much of a philosopher elsewhere; that at the Academy I am an enemy to philosophers; at Rome an anti-Christian, owing to my having turned to ridicule the abuses of the church; a preceptor of despotism in parliament; a bad Frenchman, for having spoken well of the English; a robber and benefactor to literary publishers; a libertine, on account of a certain *Jeanne*, whom my enemies represent as worse than she is; curious and complimentary with men of wit; and intolerant because I preach toleration. Did you ever see one of my epigrams or songs? They are made the handles of those who are ill disposed towards me. Those Rousseaus

* The reader will perceive the impossibility of rendering this quibble on words into English.

have made me wish them at the devil ; and yet my beginning with them both was good. I drank champagne with the one at your father's table, and that of your relative the Duke d'Aremberg, at whose suppers he always fell asleep. I have been on certain coquetish terms with the other ; but having once said that he almost made me wish to walk on all-fours, I was sent away from Geneva, where he is detested."

On another occasion he said, "Some persons imagine that criticism is very galling to me. There, look at this. I cannot conceive how the deuce that man (Frederick II.), who does not know common orthography, and who drives verses before him as he would a troop of horse, has succeeded in making such good verses as these :

Candide est un petit vaurien
Qui n'a ni pudeur ni cervelle ;
Ah ! comme on le reconnoit bien
Pour le cadet de La Pucelle !

That man is incapable of gratitude : he has only evinced it for the horse on which he took flight at Molwitz. The beast has had a pension assigned to it ; but the chasseur who came and told him that the battle was won, is still a chasseur at the present day."—"You seem to be on bad terms at present with Frederick," I observed, "c'est querelle d'Allemand et d'amant à la fois." This little quibble made him smile.

One day he said to Madame Denys, "Come, my niece, we will give him something of Molière : let us go into the other room, and perform *Les Femmes Savantes*." He played the part of Trissotin in a shocking manner ; but he was highly amused. Mademoiselle Dupuis, sister-in-law to Corneille, was a pleasing woman, and frequently di-

verted my attention from the performance, which he did not like at all.

He never spoke against Christianity, nor against Fénélon. "I do not like persons of bad faith," he used to say, "and who are apt to contradict themselves. It is madness to write formally in favour or against religions. Take as an instance, that *profession de foi du Vicaire Savoyard*, by Jean Jacques."

At that time the parliaments were not in favour with him; so that when he happened to meet his donkey near the garden-gate, he said to the beast, "Mr. President, I beg you will go in first." His mistakes and blunders were sometimes highly amusing. One day he took his niece's pianoforte tuner for a shoemaker, and after a long *quid pro quo*, on finding what the man was, he said to him, "I beg pardon, sir; I really was not aware that you were a man of talent, and I was placing you at my feet: allow me now to place myself at yours!"

A visitor with a grey hat and grey shoes suddenly made his appearance one morning. Voltaire was hastening to another room. The visitor followed him, saying, "Sir, I am the son of a lady for whom you have made some very pretty verses."—"Oh, I dare say, sir; I have made verses for so many ladies!—good day, sir."—"It was Madame Fontaine Martel."—"Oh, she was very handsome.—Your servant, sir;"—(going into the other room).—"Pray, sir, what model have you taken for the tasteful furniture of this apartment?—your house is really charming."—(Voltaire, coming back,)—"It is all my taste, sir: I gave all the drawings."—"Sir, one of the reasons why I have come to Switzerland is to see Mr. Haller.—(Voltaire going again to the next room)—Oh, sir, you must have laid out a good deal of money on all this;—what a charming garden!"—(Voltaire, coming back,) "As to that, sir, I

can assure you it was all my own planning : my gardener is a stupid fellow.”—“I dare say, sir.—As I was going to say, Mr. Haller is really a great man.—(Voltaire again going)—How long does it take, sir, to build a château like this?”—(Voltaire coming back.)

Without intending it, they both played one of the most amusing scenes I ever witnessed. Voltaire gave me many others still more comical, by his vivacity, his humour, and his contrition ; sometimes as a man of letters ; at others as a nobleman of the court of Louis XIV. ; and then again as a man of the world and a highly finished gentleman.

He was extremely good to all around him, and frequently made them laugh. He was in the habit of embellishing every thing he saw and every thing he heard. I recollect his questioning one day an officer of my regiment, whose answers appeared to him of a very superior order. “What religion do you belong to, sir?” he asked.—“My parents brought me up in the Roman Catholic faith.”—“A great answer that ! He does not say it is the religion of his own choice.” All these things may appear ridiculous, and made him appear ridiculous too ; but in his presence it was otherwise. It was admirable to see him, animated by his splendid imagination, distributing and scattering wit and *reparties*, and making others appear as if they did so likewise ; abounding in sense, and animating others with it ; referring every thing to what he wrote and what he thought ; making those who were able speak and think ; giving succour to the unfortunate, building for poor families, doing good to his own dependents, and to all the neighbouring villagers ; a good and a great man at the same time ; an union without which it is impossible to be completely the one or the other, for genius gives a greater extent to goodness, and goodness imparts nature to genius.

LETTER ADDRESSED BY SOBIESKY, KING OF
POLAND, TO THE QUEEN, HIS CONSORT, THE
DAY AFTER THE DEFEAT OF THE TURKS
BEFORE VIENNA, DATED IN THE GRAND-
VIZIER'S TENT.

Blessed be the God of arms, who has vouchsafed to us a victory, the glory of which has not been equalled for ages past ! Routed and put to flight, the enemy have left on the field of battle the whole of their artillery, and an immense battery has fallen into our hands, the powder magazines of which alone are estimated at upwards of a million. The camels, oxen, and sheep, with which their camp abounded, have fallen to the share of our soldiers.

Kara-Moustapha, who has fled with all the swiftness that his horse was capable of using, and with nothing but the clothes on his back, has left immense treasures behind him, to which he has made me his successor. All this happened in the following manner. When I pursued the enemy to their very intrenchments, I wished to find out the vizier ; but he had not thought proper to wait for me : one of his pages came to me, however, and conducted me to his immense pavilion. The tails, emblematic of his authority, and Mahomet's standard, which he received from the sultan, are now in my possession. I am about to despatch the standard to Rome as a tribute to his holiness the pope, by my secretary Talanti. With regard to the other trophies found in the vizier's camp, composed of precious metals or precious stones, their value exceeds by a great deal what was taken after my victory at Hotimm. I reserve them for you, that you may not say, like the wives

of the Tartar warriors when they returned with empty hands, "You are not a man, for you come without any booty."

Our soldiers are all of them well provided, and the vizier's parade-horse, with accoutrements, as if intended to figure in a tournament, has become my property. His master had not even the time to mount him. His kiaya, or lieutenant, and several pashas, have perished fighting bravely at the head of their janissaries. Even the besieged have come for booty, and the pillage of the enemy's camp will last at least eight days!

During their flight, the barbarians put to death all the prisoners they had made in Austria, and nearly all the women they had brought with them: some of the latter, however, having only been wounded, will most likely be saved.

During yesterday's engagement the grand vizier attacked our right flank with his whole army, and I had a long and desperate conflict to sustain before any reinforcements came to assist me. In the hottest part of it the Duke of Bavaria joined me, and remained with me the rest of the day. Prince Waldeck and several other imperial generals did the same. They are now around me, offering their congratulations in a thousand ways: my own officers and soldiers point at me, exclaiming, "There is our king!" The Elector of Saxony and the Prince of Lorraine came to me this morning. I could not speak to them yesterday, for they were at the extremity of the left wing. Their visit was followed by that of the governor of Vienna, Count Stahremberg, who came at the head of a deputation from all the classes of citizens. It would be impossible to describe the enthusiasm evinced by the whole population of Vienna, who are flocking around me, and

are repeatedly exclaiming, "May the deliverer of our city live for ever!"

I have already been to offer up my thanks to the Divine throne; and at church I was received with renewed acclamations.

The emperor has sent me a few hasty lines, to say that he will immediately set out to meet me; but as I intend going in pursuit of the enemy, I do not think I shall be able to see him.

On our side the loss in killed has not been very great; but I lament to say that among the dead is the court-treasurer, Count Modozewsky, and the only son of the palatine of Cracovia, young Totocki. The imperials have to regret the loss of the Prince de Croi, and some other officers of distinction.

The reverend father Marcus Ariano, whose joy is as unbounded as that of every one else around me, assures me that during the battle he saw a white dove hovering over our heads.

When the grand vizier found that it was no longer possible for him to maintain himself in the field, he sent orders to his son to come and join him immediately, and then said to the khan of the Tartars, "Use your best endeavours to protect our retreat: you alone can do it with your talents and valour."—"I am so well acquainted with Sobiesky's movements," answered the Tartar, "that I fear nothing can be attempted to resist him with any chance of success: we must think therefore of flying together:"—and so they did.

Whilst I was writing what precedes a great number of waggons loaded with ammunition were brought to me from the flying enemy. It is evident that the fugitives are left without any possible means of defending them-

selves: twenty pieces of cannon have already been left behind by them. We shall immediately commence our march towards Strigonia, where, please God, we shall be able to defeat the enemy completely. The Electors of Saxony and Bavaria have promised to accompany me. The weather is at present so excessively sultry, that we shall be obliged to keep about two leagues off the road, in order to avoid the infection produced by the numerous dead which are scattered over it.

I shall write to the King of France, as the most Christian king, to inform him of the victory which has saved Christianity.

Our son has displayed the most surprising valour: he never quitted my side for a single moment, and notwithstanding the prodigious fatigue he has undergone, he is still full of energy.

The landgrave of Cassel has just now joined me, and our united armies are now equal in numbers to those which Godfrey de Bouillon conducted to Asia for the deliverance of the Holy Land.

Our enemies have so far succeeded only in saving their lives; but they have left on the field of battle all their banners and an immense booty.

Let Christianity rejoice, and return thanks to the Almighty, who has not suffered that the infidels should insult us by saying, "Where is now your God?"

THE PRINCESS OF WIRTEMBERG, NOW EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

The Prince Royal, now King of Wirtemberg, had been made a victim of Napoleon's political arrangements, by

being compelled to contract a marriage with a Bavarian princess for whom he could feel no affection, notwithstanding her eminent virtues and agreeable qualities, because he had never seen her. His father's wishes were favourable to this alliance, as it was likely to put an end to the long pending quarrels between the two houses of Bavaria and Wirtemberg: but the young prince declared to his parent, that as he could not look upon this princess as a person of his own choice, he should never treat her as such. A marriage concluded under such auspices was necessarily followed by a system of coldness and reserve. The spouse for a long time supported with an admirable courage her strange position. After the successes of the coalition of 1814 the King of Wirtemberg having no longer any reasons for wishing the continuance of an union formerly prescribed by political expediency, caused a divorce to be pronounced. The young princess retired to the palace of Wurtzbourg, which had become the property of the King of Bavaria, her father, where she lived almost secluded from the world. Her excellent qualities, and her amiable disposition made her almost an object of adoration among those who lived in her intimacy: they subsequently met with a still more splendid testimony by an offer from the Emperor of Austria to share his throne; and she has since become the empress of a vast empire, where she reigns in the hearts of all her subjects.

ALEXANDER IPSILANTI.

Alexander Ipsilanti was the eldest son of Constantine Ipsilanti, formerly hospodar of Wallachia, and whose ac-

quaintance I formed at Kioff, as is related in the early part of the first volume of this work. Alexander Ipsilanti was hardly fourteen years of age when his father emigrated into Russia. At the desire of the emperor, he was sent to St. Petersburg, and placed in the military school there, where his education was completed at the emperor's expense. On coming from school, he received a commission in the imperial guards, and he advanced rapidly in the military career. Having performed the whole of the last campaign against Napoleon, he was wounded on several occasions, and at the battle of Dresden had the misfortune of losing his arm. He retired on half pay after the peace with the rank of major-general in the Russian service, and was living at Kioff when the managing committee of the Greek Hetaria, of which he was a member, urged him to place himself at the head of the movement which was intended to bring about the liberation of Greece. Both Ipsilanti and the leading Heterists were perfectly aware that it was not by the assistance of a Moldavian and Wallachian army that the independence of Greece was to be achieved. But they knew also that an insurrection in those provinces, excited by persons coming from Russia, and who were still in the military service of that country, would naturally engross the attention of the Turkish government, who, thinking that the movement was a mere manoeuvre on the part of the Russian government, in order to involve Turkey in a war, would necessarily have directed the whole of their military strength to that part of the empire, and thus leave Greece unguarded, and perfectly at liberty to throw off entirely the Turkish yoke.

Matters went on pretty nearly in the manner that the directing committee had foreseen; but poor Ipsilanti be-

came the victim of his own good faith, by placing himself in the power of a government which wished to be at peace with the Turks, and was inimical to every species of popular effort in favour of national liberty. After being several years immured within the fortresses of Montgatz, in Hungary, and Teresienstadt, in Bohemia, he was released at the intercession of the present Emperor Nicholas of Russia: but vexation and disappointment had too long and too deeply preyed on him, and he died at Vienna shortly after his release from captivity, in the thirty-seventh year of his age.

PROTEST OF THE STATES OF GENOA.

The undersigned minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary from the states of Genoa has the honour to submit to their excellencies the ambassadors and plenipotentiaries assembled at the congress of Vienna, a declaration which he had been instructed to notify to them in the event of his note, dated the 14th of October, being suffered to remain unanswered.

Notwithstanding his high respect and veneration for the illustrious assembly to which he has the honour to address himself, the undersigned would be deficient in the duty he owes to his country if he did not openly protest against any measure or resolution which would infringe its rights and independence. Those rights, which the Genoese have already submitted to the consideration of congress, are founded on the most unquestionable claims—a political existence as ancient as that of most monarchies; innumerable treaties entered into during several centuries

with the different courts of Europe; the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, which formed the basis of that of Paris, to which the Genoese republic became a party, and reciprocally guaranteed the respective rights of the courts; the evident nullity of their annexation to an usurped empire, which has since been destroyed; an independent administration since that period, with every attribute of sovereignty, which met no opposition; and, above all, the immortal declarations of the allied powers themselves.

The towns of Chaumont and Chatillon bear witness to the declarations that no edifices would be raised on the ruins of the states which were formerly independent; that the sole object of the alliance entered into by the most powerful monarchs was that of putting an end to the usurpations which had so long desolated the world; and that a glorious peace, the result of their alliance and their victories, would restore to nations their rights, and insure their freedom and independence.

The justice of the governments by which these conservative maxims have been proclaimed may operate tardily; but soon or late their object ought to be accomplished. It is the duty of the states which are feeble and unknown to invoke those maxims, and to wait with confidence and courage for their application.

The undersigned respectfully requests that this declaration be inserted in the protocol of the congress; and has the honour to subscribe himself, &c.

(Signed)

THE MARQUIS OF BRIGNOLE.

THE CHATEAU OF HAPSBURG.

The château of Hapsbourg no longer exists. The only remains of it are an old tower half ruined, and a few walls. This old building was situated on an eminence, near the borders of the Simmat. The Emperor Rodolphus of Hapsbourg derived his origin, on the paternal side, from the Counts Tierstein, near Bâle, and on the maternal side from the Counts of Hapsbourg. Rodolphus extended his house by the acquisition of Austria, Styria, Carniola, and Carinthia, which still form the hereditary states of that illustrious house, whose name should properly be Tierstein. Rodolphus took his mother's name, because he inherited from her the county of Hapsbourg, and because at that period the custom was introduced among great families to adopt the name borne by their manors. More important interests induced Rodolphus and his successors to fix themselves at a distance from their feudal inheritances, which, being long neglected and uninhabited, gave way to the destructive ravages of time.

NAPOLEON AND GUSTAVUS OF SWEDEN.

The emperor said, that after the battle of Leipsic, Gustavus intimated to him that he had long been his (Napoleon's) enemy, but that for a long time he had had less cause to complain of him than of the other sovereigns, and that for a still longer time Gustavus had entertained no other sentiments for him than those of admiration and

sympathy. He added that misfortune now enabled him to say this without any hesitation; and he requested to be made his aide-de-camp, and to receive an asylum in France. "I felt an interest for him," observed the emperor; "but it appeared to me that if I consented to receive him, my dignity would require that I should make exertions in his favour. At that time I no longer governed the world: then the small-minded men would not have failed to construe my concern for the dethroned king into an impotent hatred against Bernadotte. Finally, Gustavus had been dethroned by the will of the nation, and it was the national suffrage which had raised me: there would therefore have been inconsistency of principle had I espoused his cause. Besides all this, I was afraid of complicating the affairs of Europe; therefore it was necessary to stifle the voice of generosity. I sent him for answer that I felt thankful for his message, but the policy of France would not allow of my yielding to my own private impulses: on the contrary, that it imposed on me the painful necessity of refusing to him the asylum he had desired. I assured him moreover that he would be mistaken if he supposed that I entertained any sentiments for him but those of extreme kindness, and any desire but for his welfare."—*Memorial of St. Helena.*

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE VERSES BY THE
PRINCE DE LIGNE, ON THE STATUE OF JO-
SEPH II., ALLUDED TO IN THE 5TH CHAP-
TER.

J'AVANCE avec respect vers le lieu qui rappelle
D'un héros Souverain la bonté paternelle ;
Je crois à chaque pas entendre ses sujets,
De son humanité me retracer les faits.
Beinfaiteur de ton peuple, accepte mon hommage,
Capitaine, Empereur, Législateur, ou Sage,
Tu fus sublime en tout, et la postérité
A désigné ta place à l'immortalité.
Il étoit dû, ce prix, à cette prévoyance
Qui protégea les arts et força l'abondance
Par des soins attentifs, par de nombreux bienfaits,
A venir de ses dons enrichir ses sujets.
Vers ces tems fortunés le talent me rappelle ;
Les arts en ont acquis une gloire nouvelle.
Honneur à toi, Zaüner, dont la savante main,
En modelant ses traits, sut animer l'airain.
Ce front serein et pur, où la majesté brille,
Retrace un père bénissant sa famille.
Le commerce y rend grace au pacificateur,
Les sciences, les arts, au régénérateur.*
En étendant la main, ne semble-t-il pas dire :

* Allusion au bas-relief qui décore le piédestal de cette Statue.

“ Je veille sur mon peuple, et protège l’empire,
 “ Je suis encore pour vous ce que je fus jadis ;
 “ En moi régnoit ma mère, et je règne en mon fils ;
 “ Il achève le bien que je ne pus vous faire.
 “ Et vous rend à la fois et le monarque et le père.”

Lorsque ton souvenir étonne l’univers,
 Je sens qu’il est hardi de te peindre en mes vers ;
 Mais ces grands écrivains, ces successeurs d’Homère
 Ont chanté les hauts faits des fléaux de la terre ;
 Je peius son bienfaiteur ; cette excuse, je crois,
 Peut faire pardonner le faible de ma voix.

LE CONGRÈS D’AMOUR, PAR LE PRINCE DE LIGNE.

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis ?—HORACE.

1.

APRÈS une longue guerre,
 L’Enfant ailé de Cythère
 Voulut en donnant la paix
 Venir à Vienne au Congrès.
 Il convoque en diligence
 Les Dieux qu’on put réunir,
 Et par une contredanse
 On vit le Congrès s’ouvrir.

2.

Au bureau de Terpsichore,
 Dès le soir jusqu’à l’aurore,
 On agitoit des débats

Sur l'importance d'un pas.
Minerve dit en colère :
" Cessez au moins un instant,
Si vous ne voulez pas faire
A Vienne un Congrès dansant."

3.

Vénus et la Jouissance,
Qui savoient bien que la danse
Ajoutoit à leurs appas,
Vouloient qu'on ne cessât pas.
" La Sagesse doit se taire,"
Dit en riant le Désir ;
" A Vienne l'unique affaire
C'est de traiter le plaisir."

4.

A ces mots on recommence ;
Des masques entrent en danse ;
Mars, Hercule, et Jupiter
Valsent un nouveau Landler.
Soudain, Minerve en furie,
Dit dans son courroux : " Je crois
Qu'à ce Congrès la folie
Présideroit mieux que moi."

5.

" Taisez-vous, Mademoiselle,"
Lui dit l'Enfant infidèle,
" Laissez ces propos oiseux,
Et livrez-vous à nos jeux.
Assez long-tems sur la terre
Votre sœur nous fit gémir,

Laissez-nous, après la guerre,
Respirer pour le plaisir."

6.

A l'instant à la barrière,
Pour entrer dans la carrière,
S'offrent trente Chevaliers,
Le front couvert de lauriers.
On lisoit sur leurs bannières
Ces mots : " Loyal et Fidel."
C'étoit les Chargés-d'Affaires
Du Congrès au Carousel.

7.

Enfin de tout on se lasse,
Les bals, les jeux, et la chasse
Avoient été discutés,
Et résumés en Traités.
" Que ferons-nous davantage ? "
Dit l'Amour ; " donnons la paix,
Et cessons ce badinage
En terminant le Congrès."

THE END.

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APPENDIX.

Laissant tout, après la guerre,
Rejoindre pour le plaisir.

6.

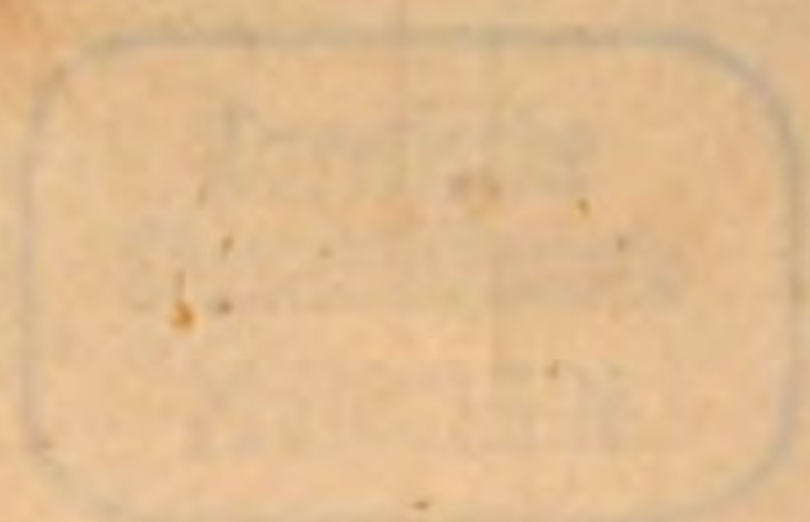
A l'instant à la barrière,
Pour entrer dans la carrière,
S'offrent trente Chevaliers,
Le front couvert de lauriers.
On lit sur leurs bannières
Ces mots : " Loyal et Fidèle."
C'étaient les Chefs d'Affaires
Du Congrès au Carrouel.

7.

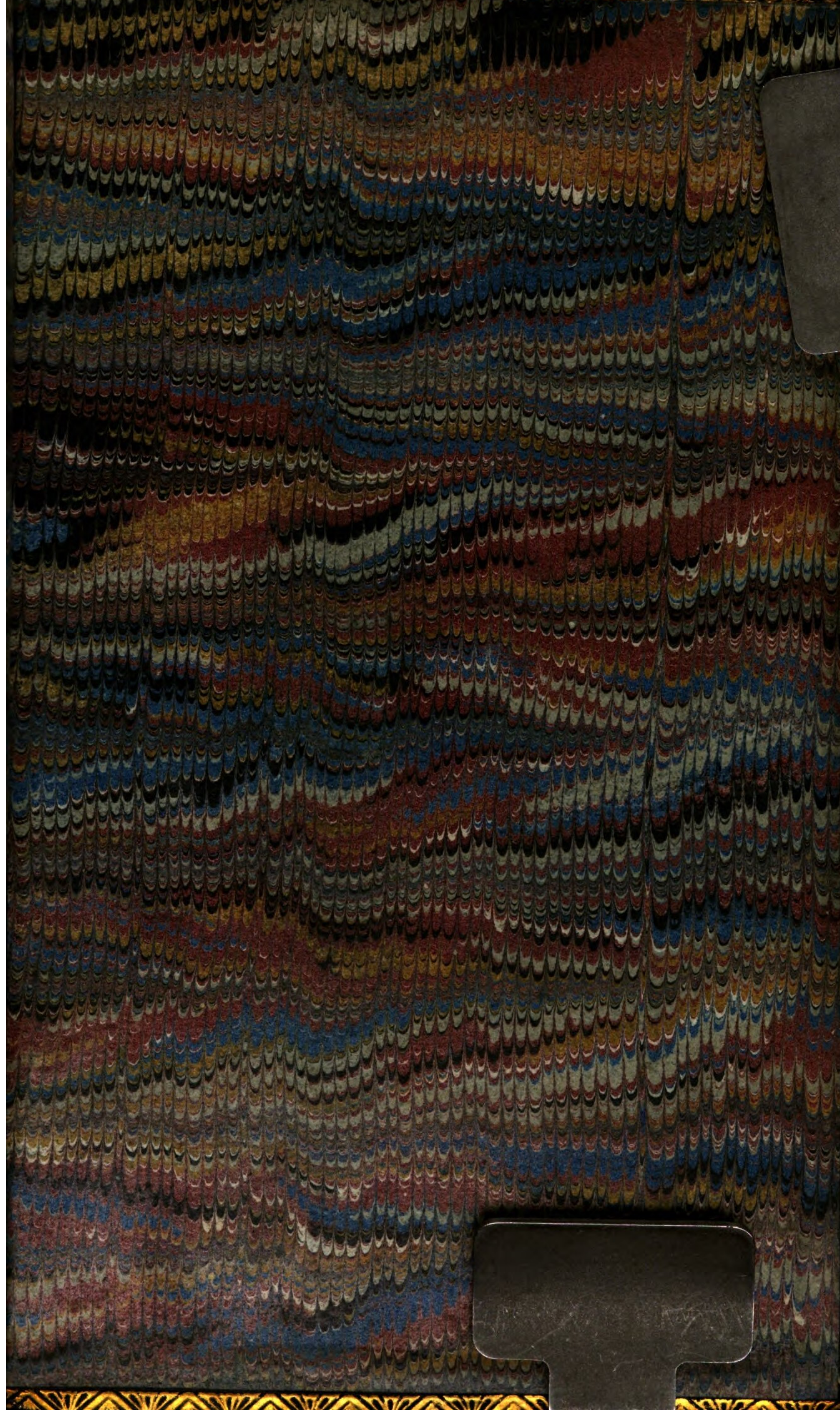
Rien de tout on se lasse,
Les jeux, les jeux, et la chasse
Avec les dîners,
Et résolu en Traités.
" Que ferons-nous davantage ?"
Dit l'Amour : " donnons la paix,
Et cessons ce badinage
En terminant le Congrès."

THE END.

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